

The Famous
HISTORY
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

*St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain,
St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick
of Ireland, and St. David of Wales.*

SHEWING

Their Honourable Battels by Sea and Land : thier Tilts,
Jufts, Turnaments, for Ladies : their Combats with Gyants,
Monsters and Dragons : their Adventures in forraign Nati-
tions : their Enchantments in the *Holy Land* : their
Knight-hoods, Prowess, and Chivalry, in *Europe*,
Africa and *Asia* ; with their victories against the
Enemies of Christ.

Also the true manner and places of their Deaths, being seven
Tragedies : and how they came to be called the seven
Saints of *Christendom*.

The first Part.

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in St. Pauls Church-yard.





To all Courteous Readers,
RICHARD IOHNSON
wilteth encrease of vertuous
Knowledge.



Entle Readers, in kindness accept
of my Labours, and be not like the
chattering Cranes, nor Momus
Mates, that carp at every thing.

*What the simple say, I care not: what the
spightful speak, I pass not: onely the censure
of the conceited I stand unto, that is the mark
I aym at: whose good likings if I obtain, I have
won my Race: if not, I faint in the first at-
tempt, and so lose the quiet of my happy goal.*

Yours in kindness to command,

R. J.



The Authors MUSE upon the HISTORY.

THefamous facts, O MARS, deriv'd from thee,
By weary pen, and painful Authors toyl,
Enrol'd we find such feats of Chivalry,
As hath been seldom seen in any soyl.

Thy Ensigns here we find in field displaid,
The Trophies of thy victories erected:
Such deeds of Armes, as none could have assaid,
But Knights whose courage fear hath ne're dejected.

Such Ladies saved, such Monsters made to fall,
Such Gyants slain, such Hellish Furies queld:
That humane Forces, few or none at all,
In such exploits their lives could safely shield.

But vertue stirring up their noble minds,
By valiant Conquest to enlarge their fames,
Hath caused them seek adventures forth to find,
Which registreth their never dying names,
Then Fortune, Time, and Fame agree in this,
That honours gain the greatest glory is.

The Honorable History of the Seven Champions of Christendom.

CHAP. I.

Of the wonderful and strange Birth of *St. George of England*: how he was cut out of his Mothers womb, and after stolen from his Nurse by *Kalyb the Lady of the Woods*: Her love to him, and her gifts: and how he inclosed her in a Rock of stone, and redeemed six Christian Knights out of Prison.



After the angry Greeks had ruined the chief City in Phrigia, and turned King Priams glorious buildings to a wast and desolate Wilderness, Duke Aeneas exempted from his native habitation, with many of his distressed Countrymen (like Pilgrims) wandred the World to find some happy Region, where they might erect the Image of their subverted Troy: but before that labour could be accomplished, Aeneas ended his days in the confines of Italy, and left his Son Ascanius to govern in his stead: Ascanius being, left Silvius to Rule: Silvius deceasing, left the Noble and adventurous Brutus: which Brute (being the fourth descent from Aeneas: first made conquest of this Land of Britain, then inhabited with Monsters, Gyants, and a kind of wild people without Government, but by policy he overcame them, and established good Lawes: where he found the first foundation of new Troy, and named it Troynovant, but since by process of time called London. Thus began the Isle of Britain to flourish, not onely with sumptuous buildings, but also with valiant and courageous Knights, whose adventures and bold attempts in Chivalry, same shall describe what oblivion buried in obscurity. After this the Land was replenished with Cities, and divided in

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to Shires and Countries : Dukedomes, Earldomes, and Lordships, were the Patrimony of high and Noble minds : wherein they lived not then like Cowards in their Mothers bosoms, but merited renown by martial Discipline : For the famous City of Coventry was the place wherein the first Christian of England was born, and the first that eber sought for forraign adventures, whose name to this day all Europe highly bath in regard : and for his bold and magnanimous deeds at Armes, gave him this Title, The valliant Knight *St. George of England*, whose golden Charter is not onely worn by Nobles, but by Kings, and in memory of his Victories the Kings of England fight under his Banner. Therefore Caliope thou sacred Sister of Muses, guide jo my pen, that it may write the true Discourse of this worthy Champion.

When nature by true consanguinity had recreated him in his Mothers Womb, she dreamed to be conceived of a Dragon, which should be the cause of her death : which Dream she long concealed and kept secret, until her painful burden grew so heaby that her Womb was scarce able to indure it, so finding opportunity to reveal it to her Lord and Husband, being then Lord high Steward of England, she revealed her Dream after this manner. My Honourable Lord, you know I am by birth the King of *England*s Daughter, and for these one and twenty years have I been your true and lawful Wife ; yet never was in hope of Child till now, or that by me your name should survive : Therefore I conjure you by the pleasure of your youth, and the dear and natural love you bear to the Infant conceived in my womb, that either by Art, Wisdom, or some other inspiration, you calculate upon my troublesome Dreams, and tell me what they signifie : For these thirty nights past, my silent slumbers have been greatly hindered by greivous Dreams : for night by night no sooner could sweet sleep take possession in my lences, but me thought I was conceived with a dreadful Dragon, which would be the cause of his Parents death : even as *Hecuba* the beauteous Queen of *Troy*, when *Paris* was in her Womb, dreamed to be conceived of a Fire-brand, which indeed was truly verified : for *Paris* having ravished the Paragon of *Greece*, and brought *Helena* into *Troy*, in revenge thereof the *Grecians* turned the Towers of *Ilium* into blazes of fire. Therefore
most

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most dear and well beloved Lord, prevent the like danger, that I be not the mother of a Viperous Son. These words struck such terror to his heart, that for a time he stood speechless, but having recovered his lost senses, he answered her in this manner :

My most dear and beloved Lady, what Art, or Learning can perform, with all convenient speed shall be accomplished, for never shall rest take possession in my heart, nor sleep close up the closets of mine eyes, till I understand the signification of these thy troublesome Dreams. So leaving her in her Chamber, in company of other Ladies that came to comfort her in her melancholly sadness, he took his journey to the solitary walks of Kalyb, the wise Lady of the Woods, without any company except another Knight that bore under his Arm a white Lamb which they intended to offer unto the Enchantress. So travelling for the space of two days they came to a Thicket beset about with old withered and hallo w trees, wherein they were entertained with such dismal croaking of night Ravens, hissing of Serpents, bellowing of Bulls, and roaring of monsters, that it rather seemed a Wilderness of Furies then a Wooddy habitation : by which they knew it to be the Enchanted Vale of Kalyb, the Lady of the Woods, so passing to the middle of the Thicket, they came to a Cave, whose Gate and Entry was of Iron ; whereon hung a Brazen Horn for them to wind that would speak with the Sorceress. First, offering their Lamb with great humility before the postern of the Cave, then exempting all fear, they winded the Brazen horn, the sound whereof seemed to shake the foundation of the earth : after which they heard a loud and hollow voice that uttered these words following :

Sir Knight from whence thou cam'st return,
Thou hast a Son most strangely born ;
A Dragon that shall split in twain,
Thy Ladies Womb with extream pain :
A Champion bold from thence shall spring,
And practise many a wondrous thing,
Return therefore, make no delay,
For it is true what I here say.

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This dark Riddle, or rather mystical Oracle, being thrice repeated in this order, so much amazed them that they stood in doubt whether it were best to return, or to bind the Brazen Horn the second time: but being perswaded by the other Knight, not to move the impatience of Kalyb, he rested satisfied with that answer.

Thus he left the Enchanted Cave to the Government of Kalyb, and with all speed dispatched his journey to his native habitation: but in the mean time his Lady being overcharged with extreme pain and bitter anguish of her laboursome womb, was forced either to the spoil of her Infant, or decay of her own life: but regarding more the benefit of her Country than her own safety, and for the preservation of her Child, she most willingly committed her tender Womb to be opened, that her infant might be taken forth alive.

Thus with the consent of many learned Chirurgions, this most Noble and Magnanimous Lady, was cast into a dead sleep, her Womb cut up with sharp Razors, and the infant taken from the dead of his Creation. Upon his breast nature had pictured the libellous form of a Dragon, upon his right hand a blood red Cross, and on his left Leg a Golden Garter: they named him George, and provided him three Nurses; one to give him suck, another to keep him asleep, and the third to provide him food. Not many days after his Parturition, the fell Enchantress Kalyb, being the utter enemy to true Nobility, by Charms and Witchcrafts, stole this Infant from his careless Nurses: At which time (though all too late) her Noble Lord and Husband returned, in good hope to hear a joyful delivery of his Lady, and a comfort of a Son: but his wished joy was turned into an unlookt for sorrow, for he found not onely his Lady dismembered of her womb, but his young Son wanting, without any news of his abode, which was a full spectacle bereaved him of his wits, that for a time he stood senseless, like weeping Niobe, but at last brake into these bitter exclamations.

O Heavens! why cover you not the earth with everlasting Night? Why do these accursed eyes behold the Sun? O that the Waves of *Oenipus* might end my days, or like an exile, joy in banishment, where I may warble forth my sorrows to the whispering Woods, that senseless Trees may record my loss; and untamed Beasts grieve at my want. What monster hath bereaved me of

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of my childe? or what Tyrant hath been gluttred with this Tragedy? O that the wind would be a messenger, and bring me happy news of his abode: if he be drencht in the deepest seas, thither will I dive to fetch him up: if he be hid in the caverns of the earth, thither will I dig to see my son: or if he like a feathered Fowl lie hovering in the air, yet thither will I flie and embrace him that never yet mine eyes beheld. But why do I thunder forth my exclamations thus in vain, when neither earth nor seas, nor any thing in earth nor seas will grant me comfort for his recovery?

Thus complained he many months for the loss of his Son, and sent messengers into every circuit of the Land, but no man proved so fortunate as to return him happy tidings. He thus being frustrate of all good hopes, stored himself with jewels, and so intended to trabel the wild world, either to spend in his journey, or to leave his bones in some foreign region. Thus leaving his native Countrey, wandred from place to place, till the hairs of his head was grown as white as silver, and his beard like the thistle down, but at last he ended his trabel in Bohemia, where, what for age and excessive grief, he laid himself down under a ruined Monastery wall, and died: The Commons of that Countrey having knowledge of his name (by a jewel he wore in his bosom) engraved it in marble stone right over his Sepulchre; where we leave him sleeping in peace, and turn to his Son remaining with Kalyb the Lady of the Woods in the enchanted Cave.

Now twice seven years were fully finished since Kalyb first had in keeping the noble Art-George of England, whose mind many times thirsted after honourable adventures, and often attempted to set himself at liberty, but the fell Enchantress tendering him as the apple of her eye, appointed twelve sturdy Satyrs to attend his person, so that neither force nor policy could further his intent: She kept him not to triumph in his Tragedy, nor to spend his days in Slavery, but feeding his fancy with all delights that Art and Nature could afford: for in him she fixed her chief felicity, and lusted after his beauty: But he seeking to advance himself by Martial Discipline and knightly attempts, utterly refused her proffered courtesie, and highly disdained to affect so wicked a creature. She seeing her love bestowed in vain, upon a time being in a secret corner of the Cave, began to flatter him in this manner.

Thou knowest (my dear George) how worthily I have deser-

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ved thy love, and now for thy sake I have kept my Virginitie un-
stained, yet thou more cruel then the Tygers bred in *Libia*, re-
jectest me. Dear Knight, fulfil my desires, and at thy pleasure, my
charmes shall practise wondrous things, as to move Heaven, to
rain showers of stones upon thy enemies, to conuert the Sun to
fire, the Moon to blood, or make a desolation of the whole World.

The Noble Knight *St. George* considered in his mind that love
would make the wisest blind: Therefore by these her fair promises,
he hoped to obtain liberty, the which moved him to make her this
Answer.

Most wise and learned *Katyb*, thou wonder of the World, I con-
descend to all thy desires, upon this condition, that I may be sole
Protectour and Governour of this Inchaned Cave, and that thou
describe to me my Birth, my Name, and Parentage: thereto she wil-
lingly consented, and began her discourse in this manner. Thou art
by Birth said she, Son to the Lord *Albert* high Stewart of *Eng-
land*, and from thy birth to this day, have I kept thee as my child,
within these solitary Woods: so taking him by the hand, she led
him into a Brazen Castle, wherein remained six Prisoners, six of
the bravest Knights of the World. These are, said she, six worthy
Champions of Christendom; the first, is *St. Dennis* of *France*; the
second, *St. James* of *Spain*; the third *St. Anthony* of *Italy*; the fourth
St. Andrew of *Scotland*; the fifth *St. Patrick* of *Ireland*; the sixth
St. David of *Wales*; and thou art born to be the seventh; thy name
being *St. George* of *England*, for so thou shalt be termed in time to
come. Then leading him a little farther, she brought him into a
large fair Room, where stood seven of the goodliest steeds that euer
eye beheld, six of these (said she) belong to the six Champions, and
the seventh will I bestow on thee, whose name is *Bayard*: likewise she
led him to another Room, where hung the richest Armour in the
World: so taking out the strongest Coat from her Armour, she with
her own hands buckled it about his breast, laced on his Helmet, and
attired him with a rich caparison: then fetching forth a mighty
Saucion, she put it likewise in his hand. Now (said she) art thou
armed in richer furniture then was *Ninus* the first Monarch of the
World: thy Steed is of such force and invincible power, that whilest
thou art mounted on his back, there can be no Knight in all the
World so hardy as to conquer thee: thy Armour is of the purest

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Lydian steel, that neither Weapon can pierce, nor Battel Ax bruiſe: thy Sword which is called *Aſcalon*, is made of the *Cyclops*, that it will ſeperate and cut the hardeſt Flint, & hew in ſunder the ſtrongeſt Steel: for in the Pummel lies ſuch precious vertue, that neither treaſon, witchcrafts, nor any other violence can be offered thee, ſo long as thou weareſt it.

Thus the luſtful Kalyb was ſo blinded in her own conceit, that ſhe not onely beſtowed the riches of her cave upon him, but gave him power and authoritie through a ſilber wand which ſhe put in his hand, to work her own deſtruction: for coming by a huge great Rock of ſtone, this balliant Knight ſtrook his ſharming rod thereon: whereupon it opened, & ſhewed apparently beſore his eyes a number of ſucking Babes, which the Enchantreſs had murdered by her Witchcraft and Sozceries. O, ſaid ſhe, this is a place of hor- rour, where nought is heard but ſcreeks and ruſul grones of dead mens ſouls: but if thy earſean endure to hear them, and thy eyes behold them, I will lead thee the way. So the Lady of the woods, boldly ſteping in beſore, little doubting the pretended poken of St. George, was deceived in her own practices: for no ſooner entred ſhe the Rock, but he ſtrook his ſilber wand thereon, and immedi- ately it closed, where ſhe bellowed forth Exclamations to the ſenſe- leſs ſtones, without all hope of delibery.

Thus this noble Knight deceived the wicked Enchantreſs Kalyb, and ſet the other ſix Champions likewiſe at liberty, who rendered him all Knightly courteſies, and gave him thanks for their ſafe-de- libery. So ſozing themſelves with all things fitting to their de- ſires, took their journeys from their Enchanted Grobe, whoſe pro- ceedings, fortunes, and heroical Adventures ſhall be ſhewed in the Chapters following.

CHAP. II.

Kalybs Lamentation in the Rock of Stone, her VVill and Teſta- ment, and how ſhe was torn in peices by Spirits: with other things that hapned in the Cave.

But after the departure of the ſeven worthy Champions, Kalyb ſeing her ſelf ſaſt closed in the Rock of ſtone, by the policy of a *English* Knight, grew into ſuch extream paſſi- on of mind, that ſhe curſed the hour of her creation, & bit- terly banned all motions of Conjuratiſon, the Earth ſhe wearied

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with her cries, whereby the very stones seemed to relent, and as it were wept pearled tears, and sweat with anguish of her grief: the blasted Oaks that grew about the Enchanted Rock, likewise seemed to rue at her exclamations, the blustering of winds were silent the murmuring of birds still, and solitary dumbness took possession of every creature that abode within the circuits of the Woods, to hear her woful lamentations which she uttered in this manner,

O miserable Kalyb! accursed be thy destiny: for now thou art inclosed within a desolate and darksome den, where neither Sun can lend thee comfort with his bright beams, nor Air extend breathing coolness to thy woful body, for in the deep foundations of the earth thou art for evermore enclosed, that hast been the wonder of time for magick: I that by Art have made my journey to the deepest dungeons of hell, where multitudes of ugly, black, and fearful spirits have trembled at my charms: I that have bound the Furies up in beds of Steel, and caused them to attend my pleasure like swarms of Hornets, that overspread the mountains of Egypt, or the flies upon the parched Mills, where the tawny tanned Moors do inhabit, am now constrained to languish in eternal darkness: Wo to my soul, wo to my Charms, and wo to all my Magick Spels, for they have bound me in this hollow Rock: pale be the brightness of the clear Sun, and cover the Earth with everlasting darkness: Skies turn to pitch, Elements to flaming fire, rore Hel', quake Earth, swell Seas, blast Earth, Rocks rend in twain, all creatures mourn at my confusion, and sigh Kalybs woful and pitiful Exclamations.

Thus wearied she the time away, one while accusing Fortune of tyranny, another while blaming the falsehood and treachery of the English Knight, sometimes tearing her curled locks of bristled hair, that like a wreath of Snakes hung dangling down her deformed neck, then beating her breasts, another while rending her Ornaments, whereby she seemed more like a Fury than an earthly creature, so impatient was this Enchantress Kalyb, but being frustrate of all hopes of recovery, began again to thunder forth these terms of Conjurat[i]on: Come, come you Princes of the Elements, come, come and tear this Rock in peices, and let me not be inclosed in this eternal languishment: Appear you Shadows of black misty night, *Magol, Cumoth, Helveza, Zentomo*: Come when I call, *venite, sustinate, ingnam*. At which words the earth began

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began to quake, and the very elements trembled, and all the spirits both of Air, of Earth, of Water and of Fire, were obedient to her Charms, and by multitudes came flocking at her call: some from the fire in the likeness of burning Dragons, breathing from their fearful nostrils Sulphur and flaming Brimstone; some from the Water in Shape of Fishes, with other deformed Creatures that have their abiding in the Seas; some from the Air the purest of the Elements, in the likeness of Spirits and other bright Shadows; and other some from the gross earth, most ugly, black and dreadful to behold. So when these Legions of spirits had encompassed the wicked Enchantress, hell began to roze such an infernal and harsh melody, that the enchanted Rock burst in twain, and then Kalybs Charms lost their effect; her Magick no longer endured then the term of an hundred years, the which as then was fully finished and brought to an end: then the Obligation which she subscribed with her dearest blood, and sealed with her own hands, brought as a witness against her, by which she knew and fully persuaded herself that her life was fully finished: therefore in this most fearful manner she began to make her last Will and Testament.

First, welcome (said she) my sad Executors, welcome my grave and everlasting Tomb, for you have digged it in the fiery lakes of Ph'egeron, my winding sheet wherein to shrowd both my body and condemned soul, is a Cauldron of boiling lead and Brimstone, and the Worms that should consume my carcass, are fiery forks which toss burning Fire-brands from place to place, from Furnace, to furnace, and from Cauldron to Cauldron, therefore attend to Kalybs woful Testament, and engrave the Legacy she gives in brass Rolls, upon the burning banks of Acheron,

First, these eyes that now too late weep helpless tears, I give unto the Watry Spirits, for they have wrakt the treasures hidden in deepest Seas, to satisfy their most insatiable looks: Next I bequeath these hands which did subscribe the bloody obligation of my perpetual banishment from joy, unto those spirits that hover in the Air: my tongue that did conspire against the majesty of heaven I give to those spirits which have their being in the fire: my earthly heart I bequeath to those gross Demons that dwell in the dungeons of the earth, and the rest of my condemned body, to the torments due to my deservings. Which strange and fearful Testament,

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flament, being no sooner ended, but all the Spirits generally at one instant, seized upon the Enchantress, and dismembred her body to a thousand pieces, and divided her limbs to the four Elements, one member to the Air, another to the Water, another to the Fire, and another to the Earth, which were carried away in a moment by the Spirits, that departed with such a hozroz, that all things within the hearing thereof suddenly died, both Beasts, Birds and all creeping Worms which remained within the compass of those enchanted Woods: the trees which before were wont to flourish with green leaves, withered away and died, the blades of grass perished for want of natural moisture, which the watry clouds denied to flourish in so wicked a place.

Thus by judgement of the Heavens, senseless things perished for the wickedness of Kalyb, whom we leave to her endless torments, and return to the seven worthy Champions of Christendom, whose laudable adventures fame hath inrolled in the Books of Memory.

CHAP. III.

How St. George slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, and redeemed Sabra the Kings Daughter from death: How he was betrayed by Almidor the black King of Moroccho, and sent to the Soldan of Persia, where he slew two Lyons and remained seven years in Prison.

After the seven Champions departed from the Enchanted Cave of Kalyb, they made their abode in the City of Coventry, for the space of nine moneths, in which time they erected a costly Monument over the Herse of St. Georges Mother, and so in that time of the year, when the Spring had overspread the earth with the mantles of Flora, they armed themselves like wandring Knights, and took their journey to seek for foreign Adventures, accounting no dishonour so great as to spend their days in idleness, attending no memorable accident. So travelling for the space of thirty days without any Adventure worthy the noting, at length they came to a broad Plain, whereon stood a brazen Pillar, where seven feveral ways met, which caused the seven Knights to forsake each others company, and to take every one a contrary way: to where we leave six of the

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the Champions to their contented Trabels, and wholly discourse upon the fortunate success of our worthy English Knight, who after some few Moneths trabel, happily arrived within the territories of Egypt, which Country as then was greatly annoyed with a dangerous Dragon: but before he had journeyed fully within the distance of a mile, the silent night approached, and solitary stillness took possession of all living things: at last he espied an old poor hermitage, to wherein he purposed to rest his Horse, and to take some repose after his weary journey, till the Sun had renewed his mornings light, that he might fall to his trabel again: but entering the Cottage, he found an aged Hermit over-torn with years, and almost consumed with grief, with whom in this manner he began to confer.

Father (said he) for so you seem by your gravity, may a Traveller for this night crave entertainment within your Cottage, not only for himself but his Horse: or is there some City near at hand, whereto I may take my journey without danger? The Old man starting at the sudden approach of St. George, replied unto him in this order:

Sir Knight (quoth he) of thy Country I need not demand, for I know it by thy Burgonet, (for indeed thereon was graven the Armes of England) but I sorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy destiny to arrive in this our Country of Egypt, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the dead, such is the distress of this Land; through a dangerous and terrible Dragon, now ranging up and down the Country, which if he be not every day appeased with the body of a true Virgin, which he devourerth down his venomous bowels, that day so neglected, will he breath such a stinch from his Nostrills, whereof grows a most greivous plague and mortality of all things, which use hath been observed for this four and twenty years, and now there is not left one true Virgin but the Kings Daughter throughout Egypt, which Damsel to morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the Dragon: Therefore the King hath made Proclamation, that if any Knight dare prove so adventurous as to combat with the Dragon, and preserve his Daughters life, he shall in reward have her to his Wife, and the Crown of Egypt after his decease.

This large proffer so encouraged the English Knight that
he

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he bowed either to redeem the Kings Daughter, or else to lose his life in that honourable enterprize. So taking his repose and nightly rest, in the old mans hermitage, till the chearful Cock, being the true messenger of day, gave him warning of the Suns rise, which caused him to buckle on his Armour, and to furnish his Steed with strong habiliments of War, the which being done, he took his journey, guided onely by the Old Hermit, to the Valley where the Kings Daughter should be offered up in sacrifice; But when he approached the sight of the Valley, he espied a far off a most fair and beautiful Damsel, attired in pure Arabian Silk, going to sacrifice, guarded to the place of death onely by Sage and modest Patrons: which woful sight encouraged the English Knight to such a forwardness, that he thought every minute a day, till he had redeemed the Damsel from the Dragons tyranny: so approaching the Lady, he gave her comfort of deliverie, and returned her back to her Fathers Palace again.

After this the Noble Knight, like a bold adventurours Champion, entred the Valley, where the Dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but he gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundered in the Elements: the bigness of the Dragon was fearful to behold, for betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his Scales glittering as bright as Silber, but far more harder then Brass, his belly of the colour of Gold, but more bigger then a Tun. Thus welstred he from his hideous Den, and so fiercely assailed the sturdy Champion with his burning wings; that at the first encounter he had almost felled him to the ground: but the Knight nimble recovering himself, gave the Dragon such a thrust with his Spear, that it splintered in a thousand peices. Whereat the furious Dragon so fiercely smote him with his benemous Tail, that down fell man and horse, in which fall two of St. Georges ribs were soze bruised: but yet stepping backward, it was his chance to leap under an Orange Tree, which Tree had such precious vertue, that no benemous Worm durst come within the compass of the branches, nor within seven foot thereof, where this valiant Knight rested himself, until he had recovered his former strength: who no sooner feeling his spirits revived, but with an eager courage smote the burning Dragon under his yellow burnisht belly, with his trusty

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Sword Ascalon, whereout came such abundance of ugly benome, that it sprinkled upon the Champions Armour, whereby immediately through the imposed strength of the benome, his Armour burst in twain, and the good Knight fell into so grievous a dead swoond, that for a time he lay breathless: but yet having that good memory remaining that he tumbled under the branches of the Orange Tree, in which place the Dragon could offer him no further violence. The fruit of the Tree being of such an excellent vertue, that whosoever tasted thereof, should presently be cured of all manner of Diseases and infirmities whatsoever. So it was the noble Champions good and happy fortune, a little to recover through the vertue of the Tree, and to espie an Orange which a little before had dropped down, wherewith he so refreshed himself, that he was in short time as sound as when he began the Encounter. Then kneeled he down and made his Divine supplication to Heaven, that God would send him (for his dear Sould sake) such strength & agility of body, as to slay the furious, and terrible Monster: which being done, with a bold couragious heart, he smote the Dragon under the wing, where it was tender without Scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon, with an easie passage, went to the very Hilt through both the Dragon's Heart, Liver, Bone, and Blood, whereout issued such abundance of purple goze, that it turned the Grass, which grew in the balley into a crimson colour, and the ground which was before parched, through the burning stinch of the Dragon, was now quenched with over-much moisture proceeding from his benemous bowels, where, at last through want of blood, and long continuance in fight, the Dragon yielded his vitall Spirits to the force of the conquering Champion. The which being happily performed, the noble Knight Saint George for England, first yielding due honour to Almighty God for the Victory, then with his good Sword Ascalon cut off the Dragons Head, and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a Spear, which at the beginning of the battell he sibered against the Dragons Scalp back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty Steed lay altogether in a swoon without any moving, which caused the English Champion with all speed to crush the juyce of an Orange into his mouth: the vertue whereof presently expelled the venomous popson, and recovered his former strength again. C There

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There was as then remaining in the Egyptian Court one Almidor, the black King of Morocco, who long had prosecuted (in the way of marriage) the love of Sabra the Kings Daughter, but neither by policy, means, nor manhood, could he accomplish what his heart desired: and now finding opportunity to express his treacherous minde intended to rob and spoil Saint George of his Victorie, whereby he thought to attain the gracious favour and singular good liking of his Lady and Mistress, who loved his company like the detested Crocodiles: even as the Wolf, though all in vain barks at the Moon, so this fantastick and cowardly Almidor, though many gifts and fair promises, hired twelve Egyptian Knights to beset the Valley where Saint George slew the burning Dragon, and by force bereave him of his conquest, and so when this Magnanimous Champion of England came riding in Triumph from the Valley, expecting to have been entertained like a Conquerour, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have heard the Bells of Egypt King a joyfull sound of Victorie, or to have seen the Streets beautified with Bonfires, contrary to his expectation, he was met with Troops of Armed Knights, not to conduct him peacefully to the Egyptian Court, but by falsehood and treachery to dispoil him of his life and honour: for no sooner had he ridden past the entry of the Valley but he espied how the Egyptian Knights brandished their Weapons, & divided themselves, to intercept him in his journey to the Court: by which he knew them to be no trusty friends, but bated Enemies. So tying his Horse to a Hathorn tree, he intended to try his fortune on foot, for fear of disadvantage, they being twelve to one: in this Skirmish Saint George so valiantly behaved himself with his trusty Sword Ascalon, that at one stroke he slew three of the Egyptian Knights, and before the Golden diamond of Heavens had wandered the Zodiack the compass of an hour, some he dismembred of their heads, some had their limbs lopt off, some their bodies cut in twain, and some their intrals trawling down; so that not one was left alive to carry news to Almidor, the black King, which stood (during all the time of the Skirmish) afar off upon a Mountain top, to behold the success of his hired Champions. But when he saw the Egyptians bloody Tragedies, and how the happy fortune of the English Knight had won the honour

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of the day, he accursed his destiny, and accused the Queen of Chance with cruelty for disappointing his pretended enterprise : but having a heart still fraught with all wicked motions, secretly bowed in his soul, to practise by some other treachery Saint George's utter confusion: so running before to the Court of King Ptolomy, not revealing what had hapned to the twelve Egyptian Knights, but crying, Victoria, Victoria, the Enemy of Egypt is slain. Then Ptolomy immediately commanded every Street of the City to be hung with rich Arras and imbroidered Tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous Chariot of Gold, the Wheeles and other timber-work of the purest Ebony, the covering thereof of pure Silk, Crossebard with pure staves of Gold : likewise an hundred of the noblest Peers of Egypt attyred in Crimson Welbet, mounted on Milk white-Courfers, with rich Caparisons attended the coming of Saint George. Thus were all appointed for his honourable Entertainment, which they performed in such solemn order, that I lack Eloquence to describe it : for when he first entred the Gates of the City, he heard such a melodious Harmony of heavenly sounding Musick, that it seemed in his conceit to surpass the sweetness of all he ever had heard before. Then they most Royally presented him with a sumptuous & costly Ball of Gold, and after invested him in that Ebony-chariot, wherein he was conducted to the Pallace of King Ptolomy, where this noble and Princely minded Champion, surrendered up his Conquest and Victory to the hands of the beauteous Sabra : where she with like Courtesie, and more humility requited his bounty : For at the first sight of the English Knight, she was so ravished with his Princely Countenance, that for a time she was not able to speak : Yet at last taking him by the hand, she led him to a rich Habillion, where she unarmed him, and with most precious salbes imbalmed his wounds, and with her tears washed away the blood : which being done, she furnished a Table with all manner of delicacies for his repast, where her Father was present, who enquired of his Countrey, Parentage, & Name : after the Banquet was ended he entailed him with the honour of Knight-hood, and put upon his feet a pair of Golden Spurs. But Sabra who fed upon the Banquet of his love, conducted him to his nights repose, where she sat upon his bed, and warbled forth most heavenly melody upon her

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Life, till his senses were overcome with a sweet and silent sleep, where he left him for that night, after his late dangerous battell. So sooner did Auroras radiant blush display the beauty of $\frac{1}{2}$ East, and the Sun shew his morning countenance, but Sabra repaired to the English Champions lodging, and at his first uprising presented him with a Diamond of most rare and excellent vertue, the which he tooke upon his finger. The next that entred his lodging, was the treacherous Almidor, the black King of Moroccho, having in his hand a bowl of Greekish Wine, which he offered to the Noble Champion Saint George of England, but at the receipt thereof, the Diamond the Lady gave him, which he tooke upon his finger, wayed pale, and from his nose fell three drops of blood whereat he started, which sudden accident caused the Kings Daughter to suspect some secret poison compounded in the Wine, and thereupon so vehemently shrieked, that a sudden uprore presently overspread the whole Court: whereby it came to the Kings intelligence of the profered treachery of Almidor against the English Champion: But so dear was the love of the Egyptian King, to the black King of Moroccho, that no beleif of treachery could enter into his minde.

Thus Almidor the second time was prevented of his practice, whereat in minde he grew more enraged than a chased Boe; yet thinking the third should pay for all, he expected a time wherein to work his wicked purpose, which he brought to pass in this manner.

Many a day remained Saint George in the Egyptian Court, sometimes Rebelling among Gentlemen, dancing and sporting with Ladies, other times in Tilts, and Turnaments, with other honourable Exercises: Likewise long and extream was the love that beauteous Sabra bore to the English Champion, of the which this treacherous Almidor had intelligence by many secret practices, and many times his ears were witnesses of their Discourses. So upon an Evening, when the Gorgeous Sun lay level with the ground, it was his fortune to wander under a Garden Wall, to take the coolness of the Evenings Ayre, where unseen of the two Lovers, he heard their amorous Discourses as they sat dallying under a bowre of Roses, courting one another in this manner:

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My soules delight, my hearts chief comfort, sweet *George of England*, said the love-sick *Sabra*, Why art thou more obdurate than the flint, whom the tears of my true heart can never mollifie? how many thousand sighes have I breathed for thy sweet sake, which I have sent to thee as true messengers of love, yet never wouldest thou requite me with a smiling countenance? Refuse not her, dear Lord of *England*, that for thy love will forsake Parents, Country, and inheritance, which is the Crown of *Egypt*, and like a Pilgrim follow thee throughout the wide World: O therefore kn t that Cordian knot of Wedlock, that none but death can afterwards untie, that I may then say, The Sun shall loose his brightness, the Moon her splendant beams, the Sea her tydes, and all things under the cope of Heaven grow contrary to kinde, before *Sabra* the heir of *Egypt* prove unconstant to sweet *George of England*.

These words so fired the Champions heart, that he was almost intangled in the snares of love, which befoze time only affected Partial Discipline: hee yet to try her patience a little more, made her this Answer: Lady of *Egypt*, canst thou not be content, that I have ventured my life to free thee from death, but I should link my future fortunes in a womans lap, and so bury all my honours in oblivion? No, no, *Sabra*, *George of England*, is a Knight, born in a Country where true Chivalry is nourisht, and hath sworn to search the World, so far as ever the lamp of Heaven doth lend his light before he tie himself in the troublesome state of Marriage; therefore attempt me no more that am a stranger and a wanderer from place to place: but seek to aim at higher States as the King of *Morocco*, who will attempt to clime to Heaven to gain thy love, and good liking: At which speeches she suddenly replied in this manner:

The King of *Morocco* is as bloody-minded as a Serpent, but thou more gentle then a Lamb; his tongue as ominous as the screeching night Owle, but thine more sweeter then the morning Lark: his kind imbracings like the stinging Snakes, but thine more pleasant than the creeping Vine. What if thou beest a Knight of a strange Country, thy body is more precious to mine eyes, than Kingdomes to my heart. There stay (Replied the English Champion) I am a Christian, thou a Pagan; I honour God in

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Heaven thou earthly shadows here below: therefore if thou wilt obtain my love and liking, thou must forsake thy *Mahomet*, and be christned in our Christian Faith. With all my soul, (answered the Egyptian Lady) I will forsake my Countrey Gods, and for thy love become a Christian: and therewithall she burst a Ring in twain, the one half she gave to him in pledge of love, and kept the other half for her self: and so for that time departed the Garden.

During all the time of these their Discourses, the treacherous minded *Almidor* stood listening to their speeches, and fretted inwardly to the very gall, to hear the Mistresse of his heart reject his former courtesies: Therefore intending now or never to infringe their plighted band, went in all hast to the Egyptian King, and in this manner made his supplication.

Know great Monarch of the East, that I have a secret to unfold, which toucheth neerly the safe-guard of your Countrey. It was my chance this Evening at shutting up of *Titans* golden gates, to take the comfort of the Western breathing air under your private Garden walk, where I heard (though unseen) a deep pretended Treason betwixt your Daughter and the English Knight, for she hath vowed to forsake her Gods, and beleve as Christians doe, and likewise shee intends to flie from this her native Countrey, and go with this wandring Traveller, which hath been so much honoured in your Court.

Now by *Mahomet* and a'l our Countrey Gods we *Egyptians* commonly adore (saide the King) this damned Christian shall not gain the conquest of my Daughters love, for he shall lose his head, yet not in our *Egyptian* Court, but by violence else-where. Therefore *Almidor* be secret in my intent, for I will send him to my Cousin, the *Persian* Souldan, from whence he shall never return to *Egypt* again, except his Ghost bring news of his bad successe unto my Daughter: and thereupon they presently contrived this Letter:

The Letter to the Souldan of Persia.

I *Ptolomy* King of *Egypt*, and the Eastern Territories, send Greeting to thee the mighty Souldan of *Persia*, great Emperour of the Provinces of bigger *Asia*. This is to request upon the League
of

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of Friendship betwixt us, to shew the bearer hereof, thy Servant;
Death: for he is an utter enemy to all *Asia* and *Africa*, and a
proud contemner of our Religion. Therefore fail not in my
request, as thou wilt answer on the Oath, and so in hast farewell.

*Thy kinsman Ptolomy the
King of Egypt,*

V Vhich Letter being no sooner subscribed and sealed with the
Great Seal of Egypt, but Saint George was dispatched
with Embassage for Persia, with the bloody Sentence of his own
destruction: to the true delibery whereof, he was swoon by the
honour of his Knight-hood, and for his patron he left behind him
his good Steed, and his trusty Sword Ascalon in the keeping of
Ptolomy the Egyptian King, only taking for his purboy, and
easie Trabell one of the Kings Horses.

Thus the innocent Lamb betrayed by the wily Fox, was sent
to the hunger-starved Lyons Den, being suffered not once to give
his Lady and Mistress understanding of his sudden departure,
but travelled day and night through many a long and solitary
Wilderness, without any adventure worthy the memozy, only
hearing the dismall cry of Night-Rabens thundring in his ears,
and the fearfull sound of Scritch-Owls in the crevices of the earth,
and such like messengers of mischance, which foretold some fatall
accident to be at hand: yet no fear could daunt his noble minde,
nor danger hinder his intended trabell, till he had sight of the
Souldans Pallace, which seemed more like Paradise, then any o-
ther earthly Habitation; for as the History reports, the Walls
and Towers of the Pallace were of the purest Marble Stone, the
Windows of carbed silver Work, enamelled with Indian Pearl
beset with latten and chissall Glass, the outward walls and
buildings painted with Gold, the Pillars and Capes were all of
Brazill: about the Pallace was a River of a great breadth and
depth, over the same stood a stately Bridge erected up with sump-
tuous workmanship of graven Images, under the Bridge a hun-
dred Silver Bells were hung by Art, so that no creature might
pass into the Pallace, but they gave warning to the Souldans
Guards, at the end of the Bridge was built an Alabaster Tower,
whereon

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whereon stood an Eagle of Gold, his Eyes like the richest precious Stones, the brightness whereof glistered so much, that all the Pallace did shine with the light thereof.

The day that Saint George entred the Souldans Court, was when the Persians solemnly Sacrificed to their Gods Mahomet & Apollo, which unchristian Procession so moved the impatience of the English Champion, that he took the Ensigns and Streamers whereon the Persian Gods were pictured, and trampled them under his feet: whereupon the Pagans presently fled to the Souldan for succour, and shewed him how a strange Knight had despised their Mahomet, and trampled their Banners in the dust. Whereupon he sent an hundred of his armed Knights to know the cause of that suddain uprore, and to bring the Christian Champion bound to his Majesty: but the Persian Knights were entertained with such a bloody banquet, that some of their heads tumbled in the miry Streets, and the Channels over-flowed with streames of their blood: the Pavements of the Pallace were over spread with slaughtered men, and the Walls besprinkled with purple goze: so victoriously he behaved himselfe against the Enemies of Christ, that ere the Sun had declined the West, he brought to ground most part of the Souldans Knights, and enforced the rest like frightened Sheep to flee to the Souldan for ayd and succour, which as then remained in the Pallace with a Guard of a thousand Souldiers: who at the report of this unexpected uprore furnished his Souldiers with Habilliments of War, and came marching from his Pallace with such a mighty power, as though the strength of Christendome had been to invade the Territories of Asia. But such was the invincible courage of Saint George, that he encountred with them all, and made such a massacre in the Souldans Court, that the Pavements were covered with slaughtered Persians, and the Pallace Gate stuffed with heaps of murdered Pagans. At last the Larum Bells were caused to be rung, and the Beacons set on fire, whereat the Commons of the Countrey rose in Armes, and came flocking about the English Champion like swarms of Bees: whereat through his long Encounter, and the multitude of his Enemies, his never daunted courage was forced to yield, and his restless arm wearied with fight, constrained to let his weapon fall to the ground.

Thus he whose fortitude sent thousands to wander about the
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Wancks of Acaron, stood now obedient to the mercies of his Enemies, which with their brandishing Weapons and sharpedged Fauchions environed him about.

Now bloody minded Monster (said the Souldan) what Countrey-man soever thou art, Jew, Pagan, or misbelieving Christian look for a sentence of severe punishment, for every drop of blood thy unhappy hand hath here shed: First thy Skin with sharp Razors shall be pared from thy flesh alive: Next thy flesh with burning Irons seared from thy bones: lastly, thy cursed Limbs drawn in pieces joynt from joynt, with untamed Horses. This bloody judgment pronounced by the Souldan, moved saint *George* to reply in this manner:

Great Potentate of *Asia*, I crave the liberty and Law of Armes, whereto all the Kings of the Earth are by Oath ever bound: First, my descent in my native Countrey is of Royal Blood, and therefore challenge I a combat: Secondly, an Embassador am I from *Ptolomy* the King of *Egypt*, and therefore no violence should be proffered me: Lastly, the Lawes of *Asia* grant me safe conduct back to *Egypt*, therefore what I have done, *Ptolomy* must answer: And thereupon he delibered the Letter sealed with the Great Seal of *Egypt*, the which was no sooner broken up and read, but the Souldans eyes sparkled like fire, and upon his countenance appeared the Image of wrath and discontent.

Thou art by the report of *Ptolomy* (said the Souldan) a great Contemner of our Gods, and despiser of our Laws: Therefore his pleasure is, that I should end thy dayes by some unhumane death, the which I swear by *Mahomet*, and all my Countrey Gods to accomplish: and thereupon he gave him in keeping to an hundred of the Janissaries, till the day of Execution, which was appointed within thirty days following. Hereupon they disrobed him of his apparel, and attired him in simple and base array: his Armes that late were employed to wield the mighty Target, and toste the weighty Bartell-Axe, they strongly fettered up in Iron Bolts: and those hands which were wont to be garnished with Steely Gauntlets, they bound up in hempen bonds, that the purple blood trickled down from his fingers ends, and so being dispoiled of all knightly Dignity, they consigned him to a deep, dark, and desolate Dungeon, wherein the golden Sun did never shew his Splendent

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Beames, nor neber could the comfortable light of Heaven bee seen betwixt the day & night, no difference could be made; & Summers parching heat, and Winters freezing cold, were both alike; his chiefest comforts were to number the Persians hee had slain in the conflict, one while pondering in his restless thoughts the ingratitude of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, another while remembring his Love, and Woto, and deep affection that he bare to the Egyptians Daughter, and how unkindly shee took his departure, carving her Picture with the nails of his fingers upon the Walls of the Dungeon: to which senselesse substance he would many times thus complain.

O cruel Destinies why is this grievous punishment allotted to my Penance? Have I conspired against the Majesty of Heaven, that they have thrown this vengeance on my head? Shall I never recover my former liberty, that I may be revenged upon the causers of my imprisonment? frown angry Heavens, upon these bloody minded Pagans, these daring Miscreants, and professed enemies of Christ, and may the plagues of Pharaoh light upon their Countreys, and the misery of Oedipus upon their Princes: that they may be witnesses of their Daughters Ravishment, and behold their Cities flaming like the burning Battlements of Troy. Thus lamented he the loss of his liberty, accursing his birth day, and hour of his creation, wishing that it neber might be numbred in the year, but counted ominous to all ensuing Ages. His sighs exceeded the number of the Ocean sands, and his tears the water bubbles in a rainy day, as one diminished, another presently appeared.

Thus forto was his companion, and dispair his chief solicitor, till Hyperion with his Golden Coach had thirty times rested in Theris purple Pallace, and Cynthia thirty times danc't upon the Crystalliabes, which was the very time when as his moans should end, according to the severe and cruel judgment of the Soul-dan of Persia. But by what extraordinary means he knew not. So expecting every minute to entertain the wished messenger of death, he heard a far off the terrible roaring of two hunger-starved Lyons, which for the space of four dayes had been restrained from their food and naturall sustenance, only to deboure and launch their hunger-starved bowels with the body of this thrice removed

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renowned Champion: which cry of the Lyons so terrified his mind that the hair of his head grew stiffe, and his browes sweate water through anguish of his soul, so extremely he feared the remorseless stroke of Death, that by violence he burst the Chains in sunder wherewith he was bound, and rent the curled Tresses from his Head, that were of the colour of Amber, the which he wrapp'd about his Armes against the assault of the Lyons, for hee greatly suspected them to be the Vengengers of his Tragedy, which indeed was so appointed, for at that same instant they descended the Dungeon, brought thither by the Jannifaries, only to make a full period of the Champions life. But such was the invincible fortitude of Saint George, and so politick was his defence, that when the starved Lyons came running on him with open Jaws, he balliantly thrust his sinew'd armes into their throats (being wrapp'd about with the hair of his head) whereby they presently choaked, and so hee pulled out their hearts.

Which Spectacle the Souldans Jannifaries beholding, were so amazed with fear, that they ran in all hast to the Pallace, and certified the Souldan what had happened, who commanded every part of the Court to be strongly Guarded with armed Souldiers, supposing English Knight rather to be some monster, ascended from the deep, than any Creature of humane substance, or else one possessed with some Divine Inspiration, that by the force of Arms had accomplished so many adventuresous Stratagemis: such a terror assailed the Souldans heart, seeing he had slain two Lyons, and slaughtered two thousand Persians with his own hands, and likewise had intelligence how he slew a burning Dragon in Egypt, that he caused the Dungeon to be closed up with Bars of Iron, lest he should by Policy or Fortitude recover his Liberty, & so endanger the whole Country of Persia: where he remained in want, penury, & great necessity, for the term of seven Winters, living only upon Rats and Mice, with other creeping Worms which he caught in the Dungeon.

During which time hee never tasted the bread of Corn but of Bran, and Channel water, which dayly was served him thorow Iron Gates, where now we leave Saint George languishing in great misery, and return again into Egypt, where we left Sabra, the Champions betrothed Lady, lamenting the want of his company, whom she loved dearer then any Knight in the world.

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Sabra that was the fairest Maid that eber mortall eye beheld, in whom both Art and Nature seemed to excell in curious Workmanship, her body being straighter then the stately Cedar, her beauty purer than the Paphian Queens: the one with ober burthened grief was quite altered, and the other stained with floods of brackish tears, that daily trickled down from her fair Cheeks: where upon fate the very image of discontent, the Map of Woes, and the only Mirror of Sorow, she accounted all company lothsome to her sight, and excluded the fellowship of all Ladies, onely betaking her self to a solitary Cabinet, where she sat solowing many a woefull Rove upon a crimson-coloured Sampler: whereon sometimes she bathed wounded hearts, with luke warm tears that fell from the conduits of her eyes, then presently with her crisped locks of hayr which dangled down her Abory necks she dzed up the moisture of her sorowfull tears: then thinking upon & plighted promises of her dearly beloved Knight, fell into these passions & pittifull complaints.

O Love (said she) more sharper than the pricking bryar, with what inequality dost thou torment my wounded heart, not linking my dear Lord in the like affection of minde? O Venus, if thou be imperious in thy Deity to whom both Gods and men obey, command my wandring Lord to return again, or grant that my soul may flie into the Clouds, that by the winds it may be blown into his sweet bosome, where now lives my bleeding heart. But foolish fondling that I am, he hath rejected me, and shuns my company as the Syrens (else had he not refused the Court of Egypt where he was honoured as a King) and wandred the world to seek another Love. No, no, it cannot be: he bears no such unconstant minde, & I greatly fear, some treachery hath bereaved me of his sight, or else some stony Prison includes my George from me. If it be so, sweet Morphews, thou God of Golden Dreams, reveal to me my Loves abiding, that in my sleep his shadow may appear, and report the cause of his departure. After this passion breathed from the mansion of her soul, she committed her watchfull eyes to the government of sweet Sleep; which being no sooner closed, but there appeared as she thought, the shadow and very shape of her dearly beloved Lord, Saint George of England, not as he was wont to be flourishing in his glittering Burgonet of Steel, nor mounted on a stately Jennet, deckt with a crimson Plume of spangled Fea.

there

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there, but in over-toorn and simple Attire, with pale look, & lean body, like to a Ghost risen from some hollow Grave, breathing as it were, these sad and wofull passions:

Sabra I am betraid for love of thee,
And lodg'd in hollow Caves of dismall night:
From whence I never more shall come to see
Thy loving countenance and beauty bright.
Remain thou true and constant for my sake,
That of thy love they may no conquest make.

Let Tyrants think if ever I obtain.
What ere is lost by Treasons cursed guile:
False *Egypt's* scourge I surely will remaine.
And turn to streaming blood *Morocco's* smile;
That damned dogge of *Barbary* shall rue.
The dolefull Stratagems that will ensue.

The *Persian* Towers shall smoak with fire,
And lofty *Babylon* be tumbled downe:
The Crosse of Christendome shall then aspire
To wear the proud Egyptian triple Crown.
Jerusalem and Juda shall behold
The fall of Kings by Christian Champions bold.

Thou Maid of Egypt, still continue chaste,
A Tyger seeks thy Virgins name to spill;
Whilst George of England is in prison plac't,
Thou shalt be forc't to wed against thy will.
But after this shall happen wondrous things,
For from thy wombe shall spring three mighty Kings.

This strange and wofull Speech was no sooner ended but she awaked from her sleep, and presently reached forth her white hands thinking to embrace him: but she caught nothing but brittle Aize, which caused her to renew her former complaints. O wherefore died I not in this my troublesome dream (said the sorrowful Lady) that my Ghost might have haunted those inhumane Monsters
which

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which have thus fasly betrayed the bravest Champion under the Cope of Heaven ! For his sake will I exclaim against the ingratitude of *Egypt*, and like ravish't *Philomel*, fill every corner of the Land with Ecchoes of his wrong : my woes shall exceed the sorrowes of *Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, mourning for *Aeneas*, With such like passions wearied she the time away : till twelbe Months were fully finished : at last her Father understanding what serbent affection she bore to the English Champion, began in this manner to relate.

Daughter (said the Egyptian King,) I charge thee by the band of Nature, and the true obedience thou oughtest to bear my age, to banish and exclude all fond affections from thy mind, and not thus to settle thy love upon a wandring Knight, that is unconstant and without habitation: thou seest he hath forsaken thee, and returned into his own Country, where he hath wedded a Wife of that Land and Nation : therefore I charge thee upon my displeasure to affect and love the black King of *Morrocco*, that rightfully hath deserved thee in marriage, which shall be shortly honourably holden to the honour of *Egypt*; and so he departed without any Answer at all : By which Sabra knew he would not be cross in his will and pleasure : therefore she sighed out these lamentable words:

O unkind Father, to cross the affection of his Child, and to force love where no liking is: Yet shall my mind continue true unto my dear betrothed Lord; although my body be forced against nature to obey, and *Almidor* have the honour of my Marriage Bed, English *George* shall enjoy my true Virginity, if ever he return again to *Egypt*; and thereupon she pulled forth a Chain of Gold, & wrapt it seven times about her Ivory neck. This (said she) hath been seven dayes steep't in Tygers blood, and seven nights in Dragons milk, whereby it hath obtained such excellent vertue, that so long as I wear it about my neck, no man on earth can enjoy my Virginity: though I be forced to the state of Marriage, and lie seven years in Wedlocks Bed, yet by the vertue of this Chain I shall continue a true Virgin,

Which words were no sooner ended, but *Almidor* entred her sorrowful Chamber, and presented her with a Wedding Garment, which was of the purest *Median* Silk, imbost with Pearl and rich refined Gold, perfumed with sweet *Syrian* Powders: it was

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of the colour of the Lillie when Flora hath bedeckt the fields in May with natures ornaments: glorious and costly were her Measures, and so Rately were her Nuptial Nights Solemnized, that Egypt admired the bounty of her Wedding: which for seven days was holden in the Court of Ptolomie, and then removed to Tripolie, the chief City in Barbary, where Almidors forced Bride was crowned Queen of Morocco: at which Coronation the Conduits ran with Greekish Wines, and the Streets of Tripolie were beautified with Pageants, & delightful Shewes. The Court resounded such melodious Harmony as though Apollo with his silver Harp had descended from the Heavens: such Tilts and Tournaments were performed betwixt the Egyptian Knights, and the Knights of Barbary, that they exceeded the Nuptials of Hecuba the beauteous Queen of Troy: which honourable proceedings we leave for this time to their own contentments, some Masking, some Dancing, some Rebellling, some Tiring, and some Banqueting. Also leaving the Champion of England Saint George, mourning in the Dungeon in Persia, as you heard before, and return to the other six Champions of Christendome, which departed from the Brazen Pillar, every one his severall way, whose Knightly and noble adventures, if the Muses grant me þ bounty of fair Castalian springs, I will most amply discover to the honour of all Christendome.

CHAP. IV.

How S. Dennis the Champion of France lived seven years in the shape of an Hart, and how proud Eg'antine the Kings Daughter of Thessalie, was transformed into a Mulburie Tree, and how they both recovered their former shapes by means of Saint Dennis his Horse.

Calling now to minde the long and wearie Trabels S. Dennis the Champion of France endured, after his departure from the other six Champions at the Brazen Pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the former Chapter, from which he wandered through many desart Grobe and wilderness, without any adventure worthy the noting, till he arrived upon the Borders of Thessalie (being a Land as then inhabited

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habited only with wild Beasts:) wherein he endured such a penury and scarcity of victuals, that he was forced the space of seven years to feed upon the Herbs of the Field, and the fruits of Trees, till the hairs of his Head were like the Eagle feathers, and the nails of his fingers to birds claws: his drink the dew of Heaven, the which he licked from the Flowers of Meadows, the Attire he cloathed his body withall, bay leaves and broad Docks, that grew in the Wood, his Shoes the barks of Trees, whereon he travelled through many a thorny brake: But at last it was his fortune or cruell destiny, (being over-pressed with the extremity of hunger) to taste and feed upon the Berries of an Enchanted Mulberry Tree, whereby he lost the libely Form and Image of his humane substance, and was transformed into the shape and likeness of a wilde Hart: Which strange suddain Transformation, this noble Champion little mistrusted till he espied his misshapen form in a cleer Fountaine, which nature had erected in a cool and shady Valley: but when he beheld the shadow of his deformed substance, and how his head late honoured with a Burgonet of Steel, now dishonoured with a pair of Silvan horne: his face whereon the countenance of true Nobility was lately charactred, now covered with a beastlike similitude, & his body late the true Image of magnanimity, now over-spread with a hairy hide, in colour like to the fallow Fields; which strange alteration, not a little perplexed the minde of S. Denis, that it caused him with all speed (having the natural reason of a man still remaining) to repair back to the Mulberry Tree again, supposing the Berries he had eaten, to be the cause of his Transformation, under which Tree the distressed Knight layd his deformed limes upon the bare ground, and thus wofully began to complain.

What magick Charms (said he) or other bewitching Spels, remain within this cursed Tree? whose wicked fruit hath confounded my future Fortunes, and converted me to a miserable estate: O thou Celestiall director of the World, and all you pittifull Powers of Heaven, look down with kindly countenance upon my hapless Transformation, and bend your brows to hear my wofull lamentation: I was of late a man, but now a horned Beast, I was a Souldier, and my Countreys Champion, but now a loathsome Creature, and a prey for Dogs; my glistering Armour is exchanged

Hide of Hair, and my brave Array, more baser than the
Earth: henceforth instead of Princely Pallaces, these sha-
 Woods must serve to shrowd me in: wherein my Bed of Down
be a heap of Sun-burn'd Mosse: my sweet recording Musick
blustering Winds, that with tempestuous Gusts, do make the
Idleness to tremble: the company I dayly keep must be the Sil-
e Satyres, Dryades, and airy Nymphs, which never appear to
ordly eys, but in twilights, or at the prime of the Moon, the
rs that beautifie the Chrystall Vayl of Heaven shall henceforth
e as Torches to light me to my wofull Bed: the scowling
ouds shall be my Canopy: my Clock to count how time runs
ling on, the sound of hissing Snakes, or else the croaking of
ads.

Thus described he his own misery, till the watry tears of ca-
ship gushed out in such abundance from the Conduits of his
, and his scorching sighes so violently forced from his bleeding
ast, that they seemed as it were to constrain the untamed
ars, and merciless Tygers to relent his moans, like harm-
Lambs sit bleating in the Woods to hear his wofull exclama-
ns.

Long and many days continued this Champion of France in
shape of an Hart, in more distressed misery than the unfortu-
e English Champion in Persia, not knowing how to recover his
mer likeness, and humane substance. So upon a time as he la-
nted the losse of his Features Ornaments, under the branches of
at Enchanted Mulberry Tree, which was the cause of his Trans-
mation, he heard a most grievous and terrible groan, which he
supposed to be the induction of some admirable accident that would
dire: So taking truce for a time with sorowes, he heard a bol-
d voice breath from the Trunk of that Mulberry Tree, these
words following,

The Voice in the Mulberry Tree.

Cease now to lament, thou famous man of France.

With gentle ears come listen to my moan.

In former times it was my fatall chance

To be the proudest Maid that ere was known:

By Birth I was the Daughter of a King,
Though now a breathlesse Tree and senceless thing.

My Pride was such that Heaven confounded me,
A Goddesse in mine own conceit I was :
What Nature lent, too base I thought to be,
But deem'd my selfe all earthly things to hasse :
And therefore Nectar and Ambrosia Sweet,
The food of Heaven, for me I counted meet.

My pride contemned still the bread of Wheat,
But purer food I daily sought to finde,
Refined Gold was boyled in my meat,
Such selfe-conceit my Fancies fond did blinde :
For which the Gods above Transformed mee,
From humane substance to this senceless Tree.

Seven years in shape of Hart thou must remain,
And then the purple Rose by Heavens decree,
Shall bring thee to thy former shape again,
And end at last thy woful misery :
When this is done be sure you cut in twain,
This fatall Tree wherein I doe remain.

After the voice had breathed these Speeches from the Apple
Tree, he stood so much amazed at the strangeness of the words,
that for a time his sorrowes bereaved him of his speech, and his
long appointed punishment constrained his thoughts to lose their
naturall understanding : But yet at last recovering his senses,
though not his humane likeness, he bitterly complained of his
hard misfortunes,

O unhappy creature (said the wofull Champion) more misera-
ble than *Progne* in her Transformation, and more distressed then
Alceon was, whose perfect picture I am made : His misery continu-
ed but a short season, for his own Dogs the same day tore him in a
thousand pieces, and buried his Transformed Carcasse in their
hungry bowels : mine is appointed by the angry destinies, till
seven times the Summers Sun hath yearly replenisht his radiant
brightness

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brigheness, and seven times the Winters Rain hath washt me with the showres of Heaven, Such were the complaints of the Transformed Knight of France, sometimes rememb'ring his former fortunes, how he had spent his daies in the honour of his Countrey: sometimes thinking upon the place of his Nativity, renowned France, the Nurse & Mother of his life: sometimes treading with his foot (as for hands he had none) in sandy ground, the print of the words the which the Mulberry Tree had repeated, and many times numb'ring the minutes of his long appointed punishment, with the Flowers of the Field. Ten thousand sighes he daily breathed from his breast, and still when the black and pitchy mantles of dark night had overspread the Azure Firmaments, and drawn her Sable Curtains before the brightsome windows of the Heavens, all Creatures took their sweet repesed rest, and committed their tyred eyes to quiet sleep: All things were silent, except the murmuring of the running waters, whose sounding Musick was the chiefest comfort this distressed Champion enjoyed: the glistering Queen of night, clad in her christall robes three hundred times a year, was witness of his nightly Lamentations: the wand'ring Howler, that never sings but in the Night late pelling over his Head: the rusell weeping Nightingale with mournfull melody, cheerfully attending on his Person: for during the limitation of his seven years misery, his trusty Steed never forsook him, but with all love and true diligence attended upon him day and night, never wand'ring away, but ever keeping him company: If the extream heat of Summer grew intollerable, or the pinching cold of Winter violent, his Horse would be a shelter to defend him,

At last, when the term of seven years was fully finished, and that he should recover his former substance, and humane Shape, his good Horse which he tended as the Aple of his eye, clambered a high and steep Mountain, which nature had beautified with all kind of fragrant Flowers, as odiferous as the Garden of Hesperides: from whence he pulled a branch of purple Roses, and brought them betwixt his teeth to his distressed Master, and being in his former passions of discontent, under the Mulberry Tree, The which the Champion of France no sooner beheld, but he remembred that by a purple Rose he should recover his former simi-

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multitude and so joyfully received the Roses from his trusty Steed : then casting he his eyes up to the Celestiall Throne of Heaven, he conveyed these consecrated Flowers into his empty Stomach.

After which he laid him down upon the bosome of his Mother Earth, where he fell into such a sound Sleep that all his Senses and vitall Spirits were without moving for the space of four and twenty hours. In which time the Windows and the Doozs of Heaven were opened, from whence descended such a shower of Rain, that it washed away his hairy Form and Beast-like Shape: his horned head and long Misage were turned again into a libely Countenance, and all the rest of his members, both Arms, Legs, Hands, Feet, Fingers, Toes, with all the rest of Partures Gifts, received their former Shape,

But when the good Champion awaked from his Sleep, and perceived the wonderful workmanship of the Heavens, in Transforming him to his humane likeness : First, he gave honour to Almighty God: next kissed the Ground, whereon he had lied so long in misery : then beholding his Armour which lay hard by him, be-
tained and almost spoiled with rust : his Burgonet end keen edged Curle-Axe besmeared over with dust : Then lastly, pondzing in minde, of the faithfull service his trusty Steed had done him, during the time of his calamity, whose sable coloured Mane hung frizling down his bratony Neck, which before was wont to be Pleated curiously with Artificiall knots, and his Forehead which was wont to be beautified with a Latony Plume of Feathers, now disfigured with over grown haye : whereat the good Champion Saint Denis of France so much grieved, that he stroked down his Jetty back, till the haye of his body lay as smooth as Arabian Silk: then pulled he out his trusty Fauchion, which in many fierce assaults and dangerous combats had been bathed in the blood of his Enemies, which by the long continuance of Time idle, was almost consumed with cankered Rust, but by his labour and industrious pains, he recovered the former beauty and brightness again.

Thus both his Sword, his Horse, his Partiall Furniture, and all other Habiliments for War being brought to their first and proper qualities, the Noble Champion intended to persevere and go forward in the adventure, in cutting down the Mulberrie Tree:

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So taking his Sword, which was of the purest Spanish Steel, gave such a stroke at the root thereof that at one blow he cut it quite in sunder, whereat presently flashed such a mighty Flame of Fire that the Pane from his Horse Neck was burned, and likewise the bayze of his Head had been fired, if his Helmet had not preserved him: and no sooner was the Flame extinguished, but there ascended from the hollow Tree a naked Virgin (in Shape like Daphne which Apollo turned to a Bay Tree) fairer than Pigmaleons Ivory Image, or the Northern frozen snow, her Eyes more clear than the Aerie Mountains, her Cheeks like Roses dypt in Milk, her lips more lobelier than the Turkish Rubies, her Alabaſter Teeth like Indian Pearls, her Neck seemed an Ivory Tower, her dainty Breasts a Garden where milk white Doves sate & sung: the rest of Natures lineaments a stain to Juno, Pallas, or Venus, at whose excellent beauty, this valiant and undaunted Champion more admired than her wonderfull Transformation: For his eyes were so ravished with such exceeding pleasure, that his tongue could endure no longer silent, but was forced to unfold the secrets of his heart, and in these terms began to utter his minde.

Thou most Divine and singular ornament of nature, said he, fairer than the feathers of the silver Swan that swim upon *Meanders* Chryſtall Streams, and far more beautifull than *Aurora's* Morning Countenance, to thee the Fairest of all faires, most humbly and onely to thy beauty do I here submit my affections: Also I swear by the honour of my Knight-hood, and by the love of my Country of *France* (which vow I will not violate for all the Treasures of rich *America*, or the golden Mines of higher *India*) whether thou beest an Angel descended from heaven, or a Fury ascended from the vast Dominions of *Proserpine*: whether thou beest some Fairy or Silvan Nymph, which inhabits in the fall Woods, or else an Earthly Creature, for thy sins transformed into this Mulberrie Tree, I am not therefore judge. Therefore sweet Saint, to whom my heart must pay his due devotion, unfold to me thy Birth, Parentage, and Name, that I may the bolder presume upon thy Courtelies. At which demand this new born Virgin, with a shamefast look, modest gesture, sober grace, and blushing countenance, began thus to Reply.

Sir Knight, by whom my life, my love, and fortunes are to be commanded,

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commanded, and by whom my humane Shape and naturall Form is recovered : First know thou Magnanimous Champion that I am by Birth the King of *Thessalies* Daughter, and my Name was called for my beauty, proud *Eglantine* : For which contemptuous pride, I was transformed into this Mulberrie Tree, in which green substance I have continued fourteen years. As for my love thou hast deserved it, before all Knights in the World, and to thee do I plight that true promise before the Omnipotent Judger of all thing : and before that secret promise shall be infringed, the Sun shall cease to shine by day, and the Moon by night, and and all the Planets forsake their proper nature,

At which words the Champion gave her the courtesie of his Country, and sealed her promises with a loving kisse.

After which, beautifull *Eglantine* being ashamed of her nakednesse, weaved her self a Garment of green Rushes, intermixed with such variety of sundry Flowers, that it surpassed for workmanship the Indian Gardens curious Weeds : her crisped Locks of hayre continued still of the colour of the Mulberry Tree : whereby she seemed like Flora in her greatest royalty, when the Fields were bedecked with Natures Tapestry.

After which she washed her Lilly Hands, and Rose-coloured Face in the dew of Heaven : which she gathered from a Bed of Violets. Thus in her green Vestments, she intends in company of her true Love, (the valiant Knight of France) to take her journey to her Fathers Court, being as then King of that Country : where after some few days Travell, they arrived safe in the Court of *Thessaly*, whose welcomes were according to their wishes and their entertainments most honourable : for no sooner did the King behold his Daughters safe approach, of whose strange Transformation he was ever ignorant, but he fell in such a deadly swoon through the exceeding joy of her presence, that for a time his sense were without vitall moving, & his heart embraced so kindly her dainty body, and proffered such courtesie to the strange Knight, that Saint Denis accounted him the mirror of all Courtesie, and the pattern of true Nobility.

After the Champion was unarmed, his stiffe and weary Limbs were bathed in new Milk and white wine, he was conveyed to sweet smelling fire made of Juniper, and the fair *Eglantine* conducted

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by the Maidens of Honor to a private Chamber where she was disrobed of her Silvan Apron, and apparelled in a Pall of purple-Silk; in which Court of Thessaly we will leave this our Champion of France with his Lady, and go forward in the Discourse of the other Champions, discovering what Adventures hapned to them during the seven years: But first how Saint James the Champion of Spain fell in love with a fair Jew, and how for her sake he continued seven years dumb: and after, if Apollo grant my Muse the gift of Scholerism, so dip my Pen in the Ink of Art, I will not rest my weary hand, till I have explained the honourable proceedings of the Knights of England, France, Spain, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, to the honour of Christendome, and the dishonour of all the professed Enemies of Christ.

CHAP. V.

How Saint James the Champion of Spain, continued, seven years dumb for the love of a fair Jew, and how he should have been shot to death by the Maidens of Jerusalem, with other things which chanced in his Travels.

NOW must my Muse speak of the strange Adventures of Saint James of Spain, the third Champion and renowned Knight of Christendome, and what hapned unto him in his seven years Travels through many a strang Country both by Sea and Land, where his honorable Acts were so dangerous and full of wonder, that I want skill to expresse, and Art to describe: also I am forced for brevities sake, to passe over his fearfull and dangerous battell with the burning Drake upon the flaming Mount in Sicily, which terrible combat continued for the space of seven days and seven nights. Likewise I omit his Travell in Capadocia, through a wilderness of Monsters: with his passage over the red Seas, where his ship was devoured with Worms, his mariners drowned, and himself, his Horse and furniture safely brought to Land by the Sea Nymphs and Mermaides: where after his long Travels, passed perils, and dangerous Tempests, amongst the boisterous billows of the raging Seas, he arrived in the unhappy dominions of Juda, unhappy by reason of the long and troublesome

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troublesome misery he endured for the love of a fair Jew. For, coming to the beautifull City Jerusalem, (being in that Age the wonder of the World, for hzabe Buildings, Princely Pallaces, gozyeous Mountains, and time wondzing Temples) he so admired the glorious Situation thereof (being the richest place that ever his eys beheld) that he stood befoze the Walls of Jerusalem, one while gazing upon her golden Gates glistering against the Suns bright countenance, another while beholding her statelie Pinnacles whose lofty paping tops seemed to touch the Clouds; another while wondzing at her Towers of Iasper, Jet, & Ebony, her strong and fortifised Walls three times double about the City, the glistering Spires of the Temple of Sion, built in the fashion and similitude of the Pyramides, the ancient Monument of Greece, whose Battlements were covered with steel, the Walls burnisht with Silber, and the ground paved with Lin. Thus as this Ennobled and famous Knight at Arms stood beholding the Situation of Jerusalem there suddenly thundzed such a peale of Ordnance within the City, that it seemed in his ravished conceit, to shake the Walls of Heaven, and to move the deep Foundations of the fastned Earth; whereat his Horse gave such a sudden start, that he leaped ten foot from the place whereon he stood. After this he heard the sound of Drums, and the chearfull Ecchoes of Brazen Trumpets, by which the Valiant Champion expected some honorable Pastime, or some great Turnament to be at hand, which indeed so fell out: for no soener did he cast his bigilant eys toward the East side of the City but he beheld a Troop of well-appointed Horse come Marching thzough the Gates: after them twelve armed Knights mounted on twelve Warlike Coursers, bearing in their hands twelve blood red Streamers whereon was wrought in silk the picture of Adonis wounded with a Boar: after them the King drawn in a Chariot by Spannish Jennets, (which being a certain kind of Steeds engendzed by f Wind) The Kings Guard were a hundred naked Hozes, with Turkish Bowes and Darts, feathered with Ravens wings: after them marched Celestine the King of Jerusalems fair Daughter, mounted on a tame Unicorne. In her hand a Jabelin of Silber, and Armed with a breast plate of Gold, artifiellie wrought like the Scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were an hundred Amazon Dames clad in green Silk: after them followed a number

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of Squires and Gentlemen, some upon Barbarian Steeds, some upon Arabian Palseries, and some on foot, in pace moze nimble than the tripping Deer, and moze swifter than the tamest Hart upon the Mountaines of Thessaly.

Thus Nebuzaradan Great King of Jerusalem (for so was he called) solemnly hunted in the Wilderness of Juda, being a Country very much annoyed with wild Beasts, as the Lyon, the Leopard, the Boze, and such like; in which exercise, the King appointed as it was proclaimed by his chief Herald at Armes, (the which he heard repeated by the Shepherd in the Field,) that whosoever slew the first wilde beast in the Forrest, should have in reward a Coatlet of Steel, so richly ingraven, that it should be worth a thousand speckles of silver. Of which honourable enterprize when the Champion had understanding, and with what liberall bounty the adventurous Knights would be rewarded, his heart was traught with invincible courage, thirsting after glorious attempts, not onely for hope of gain, but for the desire of honour, at which his illustrious and undaunted minde aimed at, to eternize his deeds in the memorizable records of Fame, to shine as a Chrysell Mirrour to all ensuing Times. So clossing down his Weber, and locking on his furniture, he scoured over the Plains before the Hunters of Jerusalem, in pace moze swift than the winged winds, till he approached an old unfrequented Forrest, wherein he espied a huge and mighty wild Boze lying before his mossy den, gnawing upon the mangled joynts of some Passenger, which he had murdered as he travelled through the Forrest.

This Boze was of wonderfull length and bigness, and so terrible to behold, that at the first sight he almost daunted the Courage of the Spanish Knight: for his monstrous head seemed ugly and deformed, his eyes sparkled like a fiery Furnace, his Tuskes moze sharpe then pikes of Steel, and from his nostrils fumed such a violent breath, that it seemed like a Tempestuous Whirle-wind, his Whistles were moze harder than seven times melted Brass, and his Tail moze loathsome than a wreath of Snakes: near whom, when Saint James approached, and beheld how he drank the blood of Humane creatures, and deboured their flesh, he blew his silver Horn, which as then hung at the Pummell of his Saddle, in a Scarfe of green silk: whereat the furious Monster rous-

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ed himself, and most fiercely assailed the Noble Champion, which most nimbly leaped from his Horse, and with his Spear stroke such a violent blow upon the breast of the Boze, that it splintered into twenty pieces, Then drawing his good Fauchion from his side, he gave him a second encounter: but all in vain, for he stroke as it were upon a Rock of Stone, or a Pillar of Iron, nothing hurtfull to the Boze: but at last with staring eyes, (which sparkled like burning Steel) and with open Jawes, the greedy Monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive: but the nimble Knight as then trusted more upon policy, than to fortitude, and so for advantage skipped from place to place, till on a sudden he thrust his keen edged Curtle-Ar down his intestine throat, and so most valiantly split his heart in sunder. The which being accomplished to his own desire, he cut off the Bozes Head, and so presented the honour of the combat to the King of Jerusalem, who as then with his mighty Train of Knights were but now entered the Forest: who having graciously received the gift, & beautifully fulfilled his promises, demanded the Champions Country, his religion, and place of his Nativity: who no sooner had intelligence that he was a Christian Knight, and born in the Territories of Spain, but presently his patience exchanged into great fury, and by these words expressed his cankered stomack toward the Christian Champion.

Knowest thou not, bold Knight (said the King of Jerusalem) that it is the Law of Juda to harbour no uncircumcised man, but either to banish him the Land, or end his dayes by some untimely Death: Thou art a Christian and therefore shalt thou dye: not all thy Countrey Treasures, the Wealthy Spanish Pines, nor if all the Apels, which divide the Countreys of Italy and Spain, were turned to Hills of burnisht Gold, and made my lawfull Heritage, they should not redeem thy life. Yet for the honour thou hast done in Juda I grant thee this favour by the Law of Arms to choose thy death, else hadst thou suffered a rigorous torment. Which severe judgement so amazed the Champion, that desperately he would have killed himself upon his own Sword, but that he thought it a more Honour to his Countrey to die in defence of Christendom.

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So like a true Enobled Knight, fearing neither \S threats of \S Helos, nor the impartial stroke of the fatal Sisters, he gave this sentence of his own death. First, he requested to be bound to a Pine Tree, with his breast laid open naked against the Sun: then to have an hours respite to make his supplication to his Creator, and afterwards to be shot to death by a true Virgin.

Which words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarmed him of his furniture, bound him to a Pine Tree, and laid his breast open, ready to entertain the bloody stroke of some unrelenting Maiden: but such pity, meekness, mercy, and kind lenity lodged in the heart of every Maiden, that none would take in hand or be the bloody Executioner of so brave a Knight. At last \S Tyrraneus Nabuzaradan gave strict commandment upon pain of Death that Lots should be cast among the Maidens of Juda that were there present, and to whom the Lot fell, she should be the fatal Executioner of the condemned Christian. But by chance the lot fell to Celestine the Kings own Daughter, being the paragon of beauty, and the fairest Maid then living in Jerusalem, in whose heart no such deed of cruelty could be harboured, nor in whose hand no bloody weapon could be entertained. Instead of deaths fatal instrument, she shot towards his breast a deep straigned sigh the true Messenger of love, and afterwards to heaven, she thus made her humble supplication.

Thou great Commander of Celestial moving Powers, convert the cruel motions of my Fathers mind, into a spring of pitifull tears, that they may wash away the blood of this innocent Knight, from the habitation of his stained purple soul. O *Judah* and *Jerusalem*, within whose bosomes lives a Wilderness of Tygers, degenerate from natures kind, more cruel then the hungry Canibals; and more obdurate than untamed Lyons: what merciless Tygers can unrip that breast, where lives the image of true Nobility, the very pattern of Knight-hood, and the Map of a noble mind? No, no, before my hand shall be stained with Christians blood, I will like *Scilla*, against all nature, sell my Countries safety, or like *Medea* wander with the Golden Fleece to unknown Nations.

Thus, and in such manner complained the beauteous Celestine the Kings Daughter of Jerusalem, till her sighs stopped the passage of her speech, and her tears flamed the natural beauty of her

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Kosse cheeks: her hair which glistered like to golden wires, she besmeared in dust, and disrobed her self from her costly Garments, and then with a Train of her Amazonian Ladies, went to the King her Father, where after a long sute, she not only obtained his life, but liberty, yet therewithal his perpetual Banishment from Jerusalem, and from all the borders of Juda, the want of whose sight more grieved her heart, then the loss of her own life. So this Noble and praise worthy Celestine returns to the Christian Champion, that expected every minute to entertain the sentence of Death, but this expectation fell out contrary: for the good Ladpafter she had sealed two or three kisses upon his pale lips, being changed through the fear of Death, cut the bands that bound his body to the Tree, into many peices, and then with a flood of salt tears, the motives of true love, she thus revealed her mind.

Most Noble Knight, and true Champion of Christendom, thy life and liberty I have gained, but therewith thy banishment from *Juda*, which is a Hell of horror to my soul: for in thy bosome have I built my happiness, and in thy heart I account the Paradise of my true love: thy first sight and lovely countenance did ravish me, for when these eyes beheld thee mounted on thy Princely Palfry, my heart burned in affection towards thee: therefore dear Knight, in reward of my love, be thou my Champion, and for my sake wear this Ring, with this Poëie engraven in it, *Ardeo affectione*, and so giving him a Ring from her finger, and therewithal a Kiss from her Mouth, she departed with a sorrowful sigh, in company of her Father, and the rest of his Honourable Train, back to the City of Jerusalem, being as then near the setting of the Sun. But now S. James the Champion of Spain, having escaped the danger of Death, and at full liberty, to depart from that unhappy Nation, he fell into many cogitations, one while thinking upon the true love of Celestine (whose name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the cruelty of her Father: then intending to depart into his own Country, but looking back to the Towers of Jerusalem his mind suddenly altered, for thither he purposed to go, hoping to have sight of his Lady and Mistress, and to live in some disguised sort in her presence, and be his lobes true Champion against all

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Commers. So gathering certain black Berries from the trees he colour'd his body all over like a blackamoze: but yet considering that his country speech would discover him, intended likewise to continue dumb all the time of his residence in Jerusalem.

So all things ordered according to his desire, he took his Journey to the City, where with signes and other motions of dumbness, he declared his intent, which was to be entertained in the Court, and to spend his time in the service of the King. Whose countenance when the King beheld, which seemed of the natural colour of the Moors, he little mistrusted him to be the Christian Champion whom before he greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest Indian Knights that ever his eye beheld: therefore he entailed him with the honour of Knight-hood, and appointed him to be one of his Guard, and likewise his Daughters onely Champion. Thus when S. James of Spain saw himself invested in that honourable place, his soul was ravished with such exceeding joy, that he thought no pleasure comparable to his, no place of Elisium but the Court of Jerusalem, and no goodnes but his beloved Celestine.

Long continued he dumb, casting forth many a loving sigh, in the presence of his Lady and Mistresse, not knowing how to reveal the secrets of his mind.

So upon a time, there arrived in the Court of Nabuzaradan, the King of Arabia, with the Admiral of Babylon, both presuming upon the love of Celestine, and craving her in the way of Marriage, but she exempted all their motions of love from her chaste mind, only building her thoughts upon the Spanish Knight, which she supposed to be in his own Countrey.

At whose melancholly passions her importunate Sutors, the King of Arabia, and the Admiral of Babylon marvelled: and therefore intended upon an evening to present her with some rare devised Mask. So chusing out six consortes for their Courtly pastimes, of which number the King of Arabia was chief, and first Leader of the Train, the great Admiral of Babylon was the second, and her own Champion S. James the third, who was called in the court by the name of the Dumb Knight, in this manner the Mask was performed.

First entred a most excellent Consort of Musick, after them
the

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the aforesaid Maskers in cloth of Gold, most curiously imbroidered, and danced a course about the Hall, at the end whereof the King of Arabia presented Celestine with a costly Sword, at the hilt whereof hung a silver Globe, and upon the point was erected a Golden crown: then the Musick sounded another course, of which the Admiral of Babylon was Leader, who presented her with a Vesture of pure silk, of the colour of the Rain-bow, brought in by Diana, Venus, and Juno: which being done, the musick sounded the third time, in which course St. James (though unknown) was the Leader of the Dance, who at the end thereof presented Celestine with a Garland of sweet flowers, which was brought in by the three graces, and put upon her head. Afterwards the Christian Champion intending to discover himself unto his Lady and Mistress, took her by the lilliphand, and led her a stately Morisco Dance, which was no sooner finished, but he offered her the Diamond Ring which he gave him at his departure in the woods, the which she presently knew by the Possie, and shortly after had intelligence, of his long continued dumbness, his counterfeit colour, his changing of nature, and the great danger he put himself to for her sake: which caused her with all the speed she could possibly make, to break off company, and to retire into a chamber which she had by, where the same evening she had a long conference with her true and faithful Lover and adventurous Champion: and to conclude they made some agreement betwixt them, that the same night, unknown to any in the Court, she had Jerusalem adue, and by the light of Cynthia's glistering beams stole from her fathers Pallace, where in company of none but St. James, she took her journey towards the Country of Spain. But this noble Knight by policy prevented all ensuing dangers, for he shod his Horse backwards, whereby when they were missed in the Court, they might be followed the contrary way.

By this means escaped the two Lovers from the fury of the Aetons, and arrived safely in Spain, in the City of Sivil, wherein the brave Champion St. James was born: where now we leave them for a time to their own contented minds. Also passing over the hurly burly in Jerusalem for the loss of Celestine, the vain pursuits of adventurous Knights, in stopping the Poyrs and Palens, the preparing of fresh Horse to follow them, and the murdering of

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Souldiers to pursue them, the frantick passions of the King for his Daughter, the melancholy moan of the Admiral of Babylon for his Mistress, and the woeful lamentation of the Arabian King, for his Lady and love: we will return to the Adventures of the other Christian Champions.

CHAP. VI.

The terrible Battel betwixt St. *Anthony* the Champion of *Italy*, and the Gyant *Blanderon*; and afterwards of his strange entertainment in the Gyants Castle, by a *Thracian* Lady, and what happened to him in the same Castle.

IT was at the same time of the year, when the earth was newly deckt with her Summers liberty, when the noble and Heroical minded Champion S. *Anthony* of *Italy* arrived in *Thracia*, where he spent his seven years travels to the honour of his Country, the glory of God, and to his own still lasting memory: For after he had wandred through woods and wildernesses, by Hills & Dales, by Caves and Dens, and other unknown passages, he arrived at last upon the top of an high and steep Mountain, whereon stood a wonderful huge and strong Castle, which was kept by the most mighty Gyant under the cope of Heaven, whose puissant force all *Thracia* could not overcome, nor once attempt to withstand, but with danger of their whole Country. The Gyants name was *Blanderon*, his Castle of the purest Marble stone, his Gates of yellow Brass, and over the principle Gate was graven these Verses following.

Within this Castle lives the scourge of Kings,
A furious Gyant, whose unconquered power,
The *Thracian* Monarch in subjection brings,
And keeps his Daughters Prisoners in his power:
Seaven Damsels fair the monstrous Gyant keeps,
That sings him Musick while he nightly sleeps.

His bars of Steel a thousand Knights have felt,
Which for these Virgins sake have lost their lives:

For

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For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,
This most intestine Gyant still survives :
Let simple passengers take heed in time.
When up this steep Mountain they do clime.

But Knights of worth, and men of noble mind,
If any chance to travel by this Tower,
That for these Maidens sake will be so kind,
To try their strengths against the Gyants Power,
Shall have a Virgins prayer both day and night,
To prosper them with good successful fight

After he had read what was written oer the Gate, desire of Fame so encouraged him, and the thirst of Honour so imboldned his balliant mind, that he either bowed to redẽm those Ladies from their serbitude, or dye with honour by the surp of the Gyant. So going to the Castle Gate, he strook so vehemently thereon, with the Pummel of his Sword, that it sounded like a mighty thunder-clap : whereat Blanderon suddenly started up, being fast asleepe close by a Fountains side, and came pacing forth of the Gate with an Oke Tree upon his neck : who at the sight of the Italian Champion so lightly flourished it about his head, as though it had been a light Turtle-Axe, and with these words gave the Noble Champion entertainment.

What fury hath incenst thy overboldned mind (proud pincock) thus to adventure thy feeble force ; against the violence of my strong Armes ? I tell thee, hadst thou the strength of *Hercules*, who bore the Mountain *Aslaron* on his shoulders, or the policy of *Ulissey* by which the City of *Troy* was ruinated, or the might of *Xerxes*, whose Multitudes drank up the Rivers as they passed : yet all too feeble, weak and impotent to encounter with the mighty Gyant *Blanderon*, thy force I esteem like a blast of wind, and thy stroaks as a few drops of water : Therefore betake thee to thy Weapon, which I compare to a Bul-rush ; for on this ground will I measure out thy grave, and after cast thy feeble Palsery with one of my hands, headlong down this steepy Mountain.

Thus boasted the vain-glõrious Gyant, upon his own strength. During which time, & balarous and hardy Champion had alighted from

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from his Horse where after he had made his humble supplication to the Heavens for his good speed, and committed his fortune to the imperiall Queen of destiny, he approached within the Gyants reach, who with his great Axe so nimble bestir'd him, with such belement blowes, that they seemed to shake the earth, & to rattle against the walls of the Castle like mighty thunder-claps, & had not the politick Knight continually shipped from the fury of his blowes he had been bruised as small as flesh unto the pot, for every stroke that the Gyant gave, the root of his Axe entred at the least two or three inches deep into the ground. But such was the wisdom and police of the worthy Champion, not to withstand the force of his weapon, till the Gyant grew breathless, & not able through his long labors to lift the Axe above his head, & likewise the heat of the Sun was so intolerable (by reason of the extream height of the mountain, and the mighty waight of his Iron Coat) that the sweat of the Gyants browes ran into his eyes, and by the reason he was so extream fat, he grew so blind, that he could not see to endure combat with him any longer, and as far as he could perceibe would have retired or run back again into his own Castle, but that the Italian Champion with a bold courage assailed the Gyant so fiercely, that he was forced to let his Axe fall, & stand gasping for breath which when this noble Knight beheld, with a fresh supply he redoubled his blowes so courageously, that they battered on the Gyants Armour like a storm of winters hail, whereby at last Blanderons was compelled to ask the Champion mercy, and to crabe at his hands some respite of breathing: but his demand was in vain, for the valiant Knight supposed none or never to obtain the honour of the day, and therefore rested not his weary arm, but redoubled blow after blow till the Gyant for want of breath, and through the anguish of his deep gashed wounds, was forced to gibe the world a farewell, and to yield the riches of his Castle to the most renowned conqueror S. Anthony, the Champion of Italy: But by that time the long and dangerous encounter was finished, and the Gyant Blanderons's head dissebered from his body, & Sun sate mounted on the highest part of the Elements, which caused the day to be extream hot and sultry, the Champions Armour so scalded him, that he was constrained to unbrace his Cozzer, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and to cast his body on the cold earth, onely to mitigate his overbur-

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thened heat. But such was the unnaturall coleness of the earth, and so unkindly to his ober-laboured body, that the melted greafe of his inward parts was coled suddenly, whereby his body receased such unnatural distemperature, that the vapors of the earth strooke presently to his heart, by which his vitall air of life excluded, and his body without sense or moving: to here in the mercy of pale Death he lay bereaved of feeling for the space of an hour.

During which time fair Rosalinde (one of the Daughters of the Thracian King being as then Prisoner in the Castle) by chance looked ober the Walls, and espied the body of the Giant headlesse, under whose subjection she had continued in great serbitude, for the time of seven moneths, likewise by him a Knight unarmed as shee thought panting for breath, the which the Lady judged to be the Knight that had slain the Giant Blanderon, and y man by whom her delibery should be recovered, she presently descended the Walls of the Castle, and ran with all speed to the adventurous Champion, whom she found dead. But yet being nothing discouraged of his recovery, feeling as yet a warme blood in ebery member, retired back with all speed to the Castle, and fetcht a Bore of precious Balm, the which the Giant was wont to pour into his wounds after his encounter with any Knight: with which balm this courteous Lady chased ebery part of the breathlesse Champions body, one while washing his stiff Limbs with her salt tears, the which like pearls fell from her eyes, another while drying them with Tresses of her golden hair, which hung dangling in the wind, then chasing his lifelesse body again with a balm of a contrary nature, but yet no sign of life could she espie in the dead Knight which caused her to grow desperate of all hope of his recovery. Therefore like a loving, meeke and kind Lady, considering he had lost his life for her sake, she intended to bear him company in death, and with her own hands to finish up her days, and to die upon his Breast, as Thisbe died upon the breast of her true Pyramis: therefore as the Swan sings a while befoze her death, so this sorrowfull Lady warbled forth this Swan-like Song ober the body of the noble Champion.

Muses come mourn with dolefull melody,
Kind Silvan Nymphes that sit in rose bowers,

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With brackish tears commix your harmony,
To waile, with me both minutes, days and hours.
A heavie, sad and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I dye.

Dead is the Knight for whom I live and dye,
Dead is the Knight which for my sake is slain :
Dead is the Knight, for whom my carefull cry,
With wounded soul, for ever shall complain,
A heavie, sad and Swan-like song sing I, &c.

He lay my breast upon a silver stream,
And swim in Elisiums Lilly fields:
There in Ambrosian Trees He write a theam,
Of all the wofull sighes my sorrow yeelds,
A heavie, sad and Swan-like song sing I, &c.

Farewell fair Woods, where sing the Nintingales,
Fairwell fair Fields, where feed the light foot Doe,
Farewell you Groves, you Hills, and Flowry Dales,
But fare you ill the cause of all my woes :
A heavie, sad, and Swan-like song sing I, &c.

Ring out my ruth, you hollow Caves of stone,
Both Birds, and Beasts, with all things on the ground :
You senseless Trees be assistant to my moan,
That up to heaven my sorrowes may resound.
A heavie, sad, and Swan-like song, sing I, &c.

Let all the Towns of Thrace ring out my knell,
And write in leaves of Brasse what I have said :
That after ages may remember well,
How Rosalinde both liv'd and dy'd a Maid :
A heavie, sad, and Swan-like song sing I, &c.

This woful ditty was no sooner ended, but the desperate Lady unsheathed the Champions Sword, which as yet was albespzinckled with the Gyants blood, and being at the very point to execute her intended Tragedy, and the sharp edged weapon directly against her

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Irony breast, she heard the distressed Knight gibe a greivous and terrible groan, whereat she stopped her remorseless hand, and with more discretion tendered her own safety: for by this time the balm wherewith she anointed his body, by wonderful operation, recovered the dead Champion; insomuch that after some few gasps and deadly sighs, he raised up his stiff limbs from the cold Earth, where like one cast into a trance, for a time he layed up and down the Mountain, but at the last having recovered his lost senses, espied the Thracian Damsel stand by, not able to speak one word, her joy so a bounded: but after some continuance of time he revealed to her the manner of his dangerous encounter, and successful victory; and she the cause of his recovery, and her intended Tragedy. Where, after many kind salutations, she courteously took him by the hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that night she lodged his weary limbs in an easie bed, stuffed with Turtle feathers, & softest thistle down: the Chamber where he lay, had as many Windows as there were Months in the year, and as many Doors as their were quarters in a year, and to describe the curious Architecture, and the artificial workmanship of the place, were too tedious, and a tooke without end.

But to be short, the noble minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous Battell, without mistrusting of Treason, or Rebellious cogitations, till golden Phoebus had him good-morrow. When rising out of his sloathful bed, he attyred himself, not in his wonted Habillments of war, but in purple garments according to the time of peace, and so intended to oberblew the rarities of the Castle: But the L. Rosalinde all the morning was busied in looking to his Horse, preparing delicates for his repast, & in making a fire against his uprising, where after he had refreshed his weary steps with a saint Banquet, and caroused down two or three Bowls of Greekish wine, he after by the counsel of Rosalinde, stripped the Gpant from his iron furniture, and left his naked body upon a craggy rock, to be deboured of hungry Rabens: which being done, the Thracian Virgin discovered all the Castle to the adventurous Champion: First, she led him to a leaden Tower, where hung a hundred well approved Collets, with other martial furniture, which were the spoils of such Knights as he had violently slain: after that, she brought him to a Stable, wherein stood a hundred pampered Jades, which

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which daye fed upon nothing but humane flesh, against it was directly placed the Gyants own lodging, his Bed was of Iron, Covered with mighty bars of Steel, the Lestern and Covering of carbed Brasse, the Curtains were of leaves of Gold, and the rest of a strange and wonderful substance of the colour of the Element: after this he led him to a broad pond of Water, more clear then quicksilver, the streams whereof lay continually as smooth as crystal, whereon swam six milk white Swans with Crowns of Gold about their Necks.

O here, said the Thraician Lady, begins the Hell of all my grief. At which word a pearled shower of tears ran from the conduit of her eyes, that for a time they stayd the passage of her tongue: but having discharged her heart from a few forrowfull sighs: she began in this manner to tell her forpassed fortunes:

These six milk-white Swans, most honourable Knight, you behold swimming in this River (quoth the Lady Rosalinde) be my natural sisters, both by birth and blood, and all Daughters to the King of Thrace, being now Governour of this unhappy Country, and the beginning of our imprisonment began in this unfortunat manner:

The King my Father, ordained a solemn hunting to be holden through the Land, in which honourable pastime, myself, in Company of my six sisters was present. So in the middle of our sports, when the Lords and Barons of Thracia were in chase after a mighty she Lyon, the Heavens suddenly began to lour, the Firmaments overcast, and a general darkness overspread the face of the whole earth: then presently rose such a storm of lightning and thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together: by which our Lordly troops of Knights and Barons were separated one from another, and we poor Ladies forced to seek for shelter under the bottom of this high and steepy mountain: where when this cruel Gyant Blanderon espyed us, as he walked upon his battlements, he suddenly descended the Mountain, and fetcht us all under his arm up into the Castle, where ever since we have lived in great servitude; and for the wonderful transformation of my six Sisters, thus it came to pass as followeth:

Upon a time the Gyant being overcharged with Wine, grew enamoured upon our beauties, and desired much to enjoy the pleasures

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sure of our Virginities, our excellent gifts of nature so inflamed his mind with lust, that he would have forced us every one to satisfie his sinfull desires, he took my six sisters one by one into his Lodging, thinking to deflowre them, but their earnest prayers so prevailed in the sight of God, that he preserved their Chastities by a most strange and wonderful miracle, and turned their comely bodies into the shape of milk-white Swans, even in the same forme as here you see them Swimming. So when this monstrous Gyant saw that his intent was crost, and how there was none left behind to supply his want, but my unfortunate self, he restrained his filthy lust, not violating my honour with any stain of infamy, but kept me ever since a most pure virgin, onely with sweet inspiring Musick to bring him to his sleep.

Thus have you heard (Most Noble Knight) the true Discourse of my most unhappy fortunes, and the wonderful Transformation of my six Sisters, whose loss to this day is greatly lamented throughout all Thracia: and with that word she made an end of her Tragical discourse, not able to utter the rest for weeping. Whereat the Knight being oppressed then withlike sorrow imbraced her about the slender waist, and thus kindly began to comfort her:

My most dear and kind Lady, within whose countenance I see how vertue is inthronized, and in whose mind lives true magnanimity, let these few words suffice to comfort thy sorrowful Cogitations. First, think that the Heavens are most beneficial unto thee, in preserving thy chastity from the Gyants insatiate desires: then for thy delivery by my means from thy slavish servitude: thirdly and lastly, that thou remaining in thy natural shape and likeness, mayst live to be the means of thy Sisters transformations: Therefore dry up these Chrystial pearled tears, and bid thy long continued sorrows adue, for grief is companion with despair, and despair a procurer of infamous death.

Thus the woful Thracian Lady was comforted by the Noble Christian Champion: whereafter a few kind greetings, they intended to trabaill to her fathers Court, there to relate what happened to her Sisters in the Castle, likewise the Gyants confusion, and her own safe delivery, by the illustrious prowess of the Christian Knight. So taking the keys of the Castle, which were of a wonderful weight, they locked up the gates, and paced hand in

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hand down the steep Mountain, till they approached the Thracian Court, which was distant from the Castle some ten miles: but by that time they had a sight of the Pallace the sun was wandred to the under world, and the light of Heaven sat muffled up in clouds of pitch, the which not a little discontented the weary Travellers: but at last comming to her Fathers gates, they heard a solemn sound of Bells, ringing the funeral knell of some noble State: the cause of which solemn ringing they demanded of the Porter, who in this manner expressed the truth of the matter unto them.

Fair Lady, and most renowned Knight (said the Porter) for so you seem, both by your speeches and honourable demands, the cause of this ringing is for the loss of the Kings seven Daughters, the number of which Bells be seven, called after the names of the seven Princes, which never yet have ceased their doleful melody, since the departure of the unhappy Ladies, nor never must, until joyful news be heard of their safe return.

Then now their tasks be ended, (said the noble minded Rosalinde) for we bring happy news of the seven Princesses abidings. At which words the Porter being ravished with joy, in all hast ran to the Steple, and caused the Bells to cease, whereat the King of Thrace being at his royal Supper, and hearing the Bells to cease their wonted melody, suddenly started up from his Princely seat, and like a man amazed ran to the pallace Gate, whereas he found his Daughter Rosalinde in company of a strange Knight: which when he beheld, his joy so exceeded, that he sounded in his Daughters bosome, but being recovered to his former sense he brought them up into his Princely Hall, where their entertainments were so honourable, and so gracious in the eyes of the whole Court, that it were too tedious and overlong to describe: but their joy continued but a short season, for it was presently dashed with Rosalindes Tragical Discourse: for the good Old King when he heard of his Daughters transformations, and how they lived in the shape of milk-white Swans, he rent his locks of silver hair, which time had dyed with the pledge of wisdom: his rich Embroidered Garments he tore in many peices, & clad his aged limbs in a dismal black, and sable mantle as discontented then as the woful King of Troy, when he beheld his elon Son dragged by the hair of the head up and down the streets: also he commanded that his

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his Knights & adventures Champions, instead of glittering Armour, should wear the Weeds of Death, more black in hue than Winters darkeſt nights, and all the Courtly Ladies and gallant Thracian Maidens, in ſtead of ſilken beſtiments, he commanded to wear both heavy, ſad, and melancholly Ornaments, and even as unto a ſolemn funeral, to attend him to the Gyants Caſtle; and there obſequiouſly to offer up unto the angry Deſtines, many a bitter ſigh and tear, in remembrance of his transformed Daughters; which Decree of the ſorrowful Thracian King was performed with all convenient ſpeed: for the next morning no ſooner had Phœbus caſt his beauty into the Kings Bed-chamber, but he apparelled himſelf in mourning Garments, and in company of his melancholly Train, ſet forward to his woeful Pilgrimage. But here we muſt not forget the Princely minded Champion of Italy, nor the Noble Lady Roſalinde, who at the Kings departure towards the Caſtle, craved leave to ſtay behind, and not ſo ſuddenly to begin new Travels: whereunto the King quickly condeſcended, conſidering their late journey the evening beſore: ſo taking the Caſtle keys from the Champion, he bad his Palace adue, and committed his Fortune to his ſorrowful journey; where we leave him in a world of diſcontented paſſions, and a while Diſcourſe what happened to the Chriſtian Champion and his beloved Lady: for by that time the Sun had thrice meaſured the World with his reſtleſs Steeds, and thrice his Siſter Luna wandred to the Weſt, the Noble Italian Knight grew weary of his long continued reſt, and thought it a great Diſhonour and a Scandal to his valiant mind, to remain where nought but Chamber ſports were reſident, and deſired rather to abide in a Court that entertained & doleful murmuring of tragedies, or where the joyful ſound of Drums and Trumpets ſhould be heard: therefore he took Roſalinde by the hand, being then in a dump for want of her Father, to whom the Noble Knight in this manner expreſſed his ſecret intent:

My moſt devoted Lady and Miſtreſs (ſaid the Champion) a ſecond *Dido* for thy Love, a ſtain to *Venus* for thy beauty, *Penelope* compare for conſtancy, and for chaſtity the wonder of all Maids: the faithful love that hitherto I have found ſince my arrival, for ever ſhall be ſhrined in my heart, and before all Ladies under the cope of Heaven, thou ſhalt live and dye my loves true Goddeſs:

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deffs : and for thy sake Ile stand as Champion against all Knights in the World : But to impare the honour of my Knighthood, and to live like a Carpet Dancer in the laps of Ladys I will not: though I can tune a Lute in a Princes Chamber, I can sound a fierce Alarum in the field; honour calls me forth, dear *Rosalinde*, and fame intends to buckle on my Armour, which now lies rusting in the Idle Court of *Thrace*. Therefore I am constrained (though most unwilling) to leave the comfortable sight of thy beauty, and commit my fortune to a longer Travel ; but I protest wheresoever I become, or in what Region soever I be harboured, there will I maintain to the loss of my life, that both thy love, constancy, beauty and chastity, surpasseth all Dames alive : and with this promise, my most Divine *Rosalinde*, bid thee farewell. But before the honourable minded Champion could finish what he purposed to utter, the Lady being wounded inwardly with extream grief, not able to indure to keep silent any longer, but with tears falling from her eyes , brake off his speech in this manner :

Sir Knight (said she) by whom my liberty hath been obtained: the Name of Lady and Mistres wherewith you entitle me, is too high and proud a Name, but rather call me Hand-Maid, or servile slave, for on thy Noble person will I evermore attend : It is not *Thrace* can harbour me when thou are absent, and before I do forsake thy company and kind fellowship, Heaven shall be no Heaven, the Sea no Sea, nor the Earth no Earth : but if thou provest unconstant as *Ninus* did to *Sci'la*, who for his sake stole her Fathers purple Hat, whereof depended the safety of his Country, or like wandring *Aeneas* forsake the Queen of *Carthage* : these tender and soft hands of mine shall never be unclasp'd but hang upon thy Horse Bridle, till my body like *Theseus* Son be dash't in sunder against hard flinty stones: Therefore forsake me not, dear Knight of Christendom. If ever *Camina* proved to her *Sinatrus*, or *Alfione* to her *Ceyx*, *Rosalinde* will be true to thee : so with this plighted promise she caught him fast about his Neck, from whence she would not uncloset her hands, till he had vowed by the honour of true Chivalry, to make her sole companion, and only partner in his travels : and so in this order it was accomplished :

They being both agreed, she was most trimly attired like a Page, in green Sacenet, her hair bound up most cunningly with
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a Silk

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a Silk list, artificially wrought with curious knots, that she might trabel without suspicion or blemish of honour: her Rapier was a Turkish blade, and her Poynard of the finest fashion, which she wore at her back tyed with an Orange tawnie coloured Scarfe, beautified with Tassels of unknown silk, her Buskins of the smoothest Kids skins, her Spurs of the purest Lydian Steel, In which when the noble and beautifull Lady was attired, she seemed in stature like the God of love, when he sate dandled upon Didoes Lap, or rather animese, loves Pinion, or Adonis, when Venus shewed her white skin to entrap his eyes to her unchast desires. But to be briefe all things being in readines for their departure from Thrace, this famous worthy Knight mounted on his eager Steed and the magnanimous Rosalinde on her gentle Palfray, in pace more easie than the winged Winds, or a Cock-boat floating upon Chrysall streams, they both bade adue to the Countrey of Thracia, and committed their journey to the Queen of chance: Therefore smile Heavens, and guide them with a most happy Starre, untill they arrive where their souls do most desire. The bravest and boldest Knight that ever wandred by the way, and the most loveliest Lady that ever eye beheld.

In whose Trabels my Muse must leave them for a season, and speak of the Thracia n Mourners, which by this time had watered the earth with abundance of their Ceremonious tears, and made the Elements true witnesses of their sad Laments, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

How Saint Andrew the Champion of Scotland, travelled into a Vale of walking Spirits, and how he was set at liberty by a going Fire, after his journey into Thracia, where he recovered the six Ladies to their natural shapes, that had lived seven years in the likeness of milk white Swans, with other accidents that befell the most Noble Champions.

NOW of the honorable Adventures of S. Andrew the famous Champion of Scotland, must I discourse, whose seven years Trabels were as strang as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from the Brazen Pillar as you heard in the beginning of the History, he trabel-

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led through many a strange & unknown Nation, beyond the Circuit of the Sun, where but one time in the year he shewes his brightsome beames, but continually darkness ober spreads the whole Country, and there lides a kind of people, that have heads like dogs, that in extremitie of hunger do devour one another, from which people this noble Champion was strangely delibered, where after he had wandzed some certain dapes, neither seeing the glad-some brightness of the Sun, nor the comfortable countenance of the Moon, but onely guided by duskie Planets of the Elements, he hapned to a Male of walking Spirits: which he supposed to be the very Dungeon of burning Acheron: there he heard the blowing of unseen fires, hzopling of Furnaces, ratling of Armour, trampling of Hozses, gingling of Chains, lumbzing of Iron, roaring of Spirits, and such like horrible noises, that it made the Scottish Champion almost at his wits end. But yet habing an undaunted courage, exempting all fear, he humbly made his supplication to heaben, that God would deliver him from that discontented place of terroz, and so presently as the Champion kneeled down upon the barren ground (whereon grew neither herb, flower, grass, nor any other green thing) he beheld a certain flame of Fire, walking up and down besoze him, whereat he grew in such an extasie of feare, that he stood for a time amazed, whether it were best to go sozward or to stand still: but yet recalling his senses, he remembzed himself, how he had read in former times of a going Fire called Ignis fatuus, the Fire of destiny, by some, Will with the Waisp, or Will with a Lanthorn: and likewise, by some simple Country people, The fair maid of Ireland, which commonly used to lead wandzing Trabblers out of their ways: the like imaginations entred the Champions minde. So encouraging himself with his own conceits, and chearing up his dull senses late oppressed with extream fear, he directly followed the going Fire, which so justly went besoze him, that by that time the guider of the night had cttmed twelbe degzees in the Zodiack, he was safely delibered from the Male of walking Spirits by the direction of the going fire.

Now began the Sun to dance about the Firmament, which he had not sen in many moneths besoze: whereat his dull senses much rejoiced, being long cobered besoze with darknesse, that ebery step he trode, was as pleasurable, as though he had walked in a Garden bedeckt with all kind of fragrant flowers.

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At last, without any further molestation, he arrived within the Territories of Thracia, a Country as you have heard in the former Chapter, adozned with the beauty of many fair woods and Forests through which he travelled with small rest, and less sleep, till he came to the foot of the Mountain, whereupon stood the Castle wherein the woful King of Thracia in company of his sorrowful subjects, still lamented the unhappie destinies of his six Daughters turned into Swans having Crotons of gold about their necks; When the valiant Champion S. Andrew beheld the lofty situation of the Castle, and the invincible strength it seemed to be of, he expected some strange adventure to befall him in the said Castle, so preparing his Sword in readinesse, and buckling close his Armour which was a shirt of silver Mail for lightness in Travel, he climbed the mountain, whereupon he espied the Giant lying upon a craggy rock, with his Limbs & members all rent and torn, by the fure of hunger-starved Fowels: which loathsome spectacle was no little wonder to the worthy Champion, considering the mighty stature and bignesse of the Giant: where leaving his putrified body to the winds, he approached the gates: where after he had read the superscription over the same, without any interruption, entered the Castle, whence he expected a fierce encounter by some Knight that should have defended it, but all things fell out contrary to his imagination, for after he had found many a strange nobelty & hidden secret closed in it, he chanced at last to come where the Thracians duly observed their Ceremonious Mourning, which in this order were daily performed, first upon Sundays, which in that country is the first day in the Week, all the Thracians Attired themselves after the manner of Bacchus Priests, and burned perfumed Incence, with sweet Arabian Frankincense, upon a religious Shrine, which they offered to the Sun as chief governour of that day, thinking thereby to appease the angry Destinies, and to recover the unhappie Ladies to their former shapes: upon Mondays, clad in Garments after the Sibanes, a colour like to the waves of the Sea, they offered up their woful tears to the Moon, being the guider, and Mistress of that day: upon Tuesdays like Souldiers trailing their banners in the dust, and Drums sounding sad and doleful melody, in sign of discontent, they committed their proceedings to the pleasure of Mars, being ruler & guider of that day;
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upon Wednesday like Schollars, unto Mercury: upon Thursday like Potentates, to Love; upon Fridays like lovers with sweet sounding Musick to Venus; and upon Saturday like manual professors, to the angry & discontented Saturn.

Thus the woful Thracian King, and his sorrowful subjects, consumed seven Moneths away, one while accusing Fortune of despite, another while the Heavens of injustice: the one for his childrens transformations, & other for their long limited punishments. But at last when the Scottish Champion heard what bitter moan the Thracian made about the Riber, he demanded the cause and to what purpose they observed such Ceremonies, condemning the Majesty of Jehovah, and only worshipping but outward and vain Gods to whom the King after a few sad tears straped from the conduits of his aged eyes, Keplied in this manner.

Most noble Knight, for so you seem by your gesture and other outward appearance, (quoth the King,) if you desire to know the cause of our continual grief, prepare your ears to hear a Tragick and woful tale, whereat methinks I see the elements begin to mourn and cover their Azured countenance with sable Clouds; These milk white Swans you see, whose necks are beautified with golden Crowns, are my six natural Daughters, transformed into this Swanlike substance, by the appoinment of the Gods: for of late this Castle was kept by a cruell Gyant named *Blanderon*, who by violence would have ravished them, but the Heavens to preserve their chastities, prevented his lustful desires, and transformed their beautifull Bodies to these milk white Swans: and now seven years the cheerfull spring hath renewed the earth with a Summers live-ry: and seven times the nipping Winter Frosts have bereaved the Trees of leaf and bud, since first my Daughters lost their Virgin shapes: Seven Summers have the swum upon this Christal Stream where, in stead of rich attyre, and imbroidered Vestments, there smooth silver coloured Featherr adorn their comely bodies: Princely Pallaces, wherein they were wont, like tripping Sea-Nympts, to dance their measures up down, are now exchanged into cold streams of water: wherein their chiefeft me'odie, is the murmuring of cold liquid bubbles, and their joyful pleasure to hear the harmony of humming Bees, which some poets call the Muses birds.

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Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) The woful Tragedy of my Daughters, for whose sakes I will spend the remnant of my days heavily, complaining of their long appointed punishments, about the banks of this unhappy River. Which sad discourse was no sooner ended, but the Scottish Knight (having a mind furnished with all Princely thoughts, and a tongue wash't in the Fountain of Eloquence) thus replied, to the comfort and great rejoicing of the Company.

Most Noble King (quoth the Champion) your heavy and dolorous discourse hath constrained my heart to wonderful passion, and compelled my very soul to rue your Daughters miseries, But yet a greater grief and deeper sorrow than that hath taken possession in my breast, whereof my eyes have been witness, and my ears unhappy bearers of your misbelief, I mean your unchristian faith: For I have seen since my first arrival into this same Castle, your prophane and vain Worshipping of strange and false Gods, as of *Phœbus, Luna, Mars, Mercury*, and such like Poetical names, which the Majesty of high *Jehovah* utterly contemns. But Magnificent governour of *Thracia*, if you seek to recover your Daughters humble prayers, and to obtain your souls content by true tears, you must abandon all such vain Ceremonies, and with true humility beleive in the Christians God, which is the God of wonders, and chief Commander of the rouling Elements, in whose quarrel this unconquered Arm, and this undaunted heart of mine shall fight: and now be it known to thee, great King of *Thrace*, that I am a Christian Champion; by birth a Knight of *Scotland*, bearing my Countries Armes upon my breast (for indeed thereon he bore a silver Cross, set in blue silk) and therefore in the honour of Christendome, I challenge forth the proudest Knight at Armes, against whom I will maintain that our God is the true God, and the rest fantastical and vain Ceremonies.

Which sudden and unexpected Challenge, so daunted the Thracian Champions, that they stood amazed for a time, gazing upon one another, like men dropt from the Clouds: but at last consulting together, how the challenge of the strange Knight, was to the dishonour of their country, and utter scandal of all knightly dignity: they with a general consent craved leave of the King that the challenge might be taken, who as willingly condescended as they demanded.

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demanded. So both time and place was appointed, which was the next morning following, by the Kings commandment, upon a large and plain Medow close by the Ribers side, whereon the six Swans were swimming, whereupon after the Christian Champion had cast down his Reely Gauntlets, and the Thracian Knight accepted thereof, every one departed for that night, the Challenger to the East side of the Castle to his lodging, and the defendants to the West, where they slept quietly till the next morning, who by the break of day were wakened by a Herald of Arms: but all the past night, our Scottish Champion never entertained one motion of rest, but buffed himself in trimming his Horse, buckling on his Armour, Lacing on his burgonet, and making prayers to the divine Majesty of God, for the conquest and victory, till the mornings beauty chased away the darkness of the night, and no sooner were the windowes of the day full opened, but the valiant and noble minded Champion of Christendom entered the List, where the King in company of the Thracian Lords was present to behold the Combat: and so after S. Andrew had twice or thrice traced his Horse up and down the Lists, bravely flourishing his Lance, at the top whereof hung a Pendant of Gold, whose Poësie was thus written in silver Letters, This day a Martyr or a Conquerour: Then entered a Knight in exceeding bright Armour, mounted upon a Courser as white as the Northern Snow, whose Caparison was of the colour of the Elements, betwixt whom was a fierce Encounter: but the Thracian had the foil, and with disgrace departed the Lists. Then secondly, entered another Knight in Armour, Wornish with green Wornish, his steed of the colour of an Iron Gray; wholike wise had the repulse by the worthy Christian. Thirdly, entered a Knight in a black Cozlet, mounted upon a big boned Palfrey, covered with a bale of Sable Silk, in his hand he bore a Lance nailed round about with plates of steel: which Knight amongst the Tracians was accounted the strongest in the world, except it were those Gyants that descended from a monstrous Linage: but no sooner encountered these hardy Champions, but their Lances splintered in sunder, and flew so violently into the ayre, that it much amazed the beholders, then they alighted from their steeds, and so valiantly bestirred them with their keen Faulchions, that the fiery sparkles flew so fierce from these Noble Champions

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Keely Helms, as from an Iron Anvil : But the combat endured not very long, before the most hardy Scottish Knight espied an advantage, wherein he might shew his matchless fortitude : whereupon he struck such a mighty blow upon the Thracians Burgonet, that it cleaved his head just down to his shoulders : whereat the King suddenly started from his seat, and with a wrathful countenance threatened the Champions death in this manner :

Proud Christian (said the King) thou shalt repent his death, and curse the time that ever thou camest to *Thracia*: his blood we will revenge upon thy head, and quit thy committed cruelty with a sudden death : and so in company of a hundred armed Knights, he encompassed the Scottish Champion, intending by multitudes to murder him. But when the Valiant Knight S. Andrew saw how he was suppress by treachery, and inbironed with mighty Troops, he called to Heaven for succour, add animated himself by these words of encouragement : Now for the honour of Christendom, This day a Martyr or a Conquerour : and therewithal he so valiantly behaved himself with his Curtle-Ar, that he made lanes of murdered men, and felled them down by multitudes, like as the Hardest men doth mow down ears of ripened Corn, whereby they fell before his face like leaves from trees, when the Summers pride declines her glozy. So at the last, after much blood-shed, the Thracian King was compelled to yeild to the Scottish Champions mercy, who sware him for the safety of his life, to forsake his prophane Religion, and become a Christian, whose living true God the Thracian King bowed for evermore to worship, and thereupon he kist the Champions Sword.

This conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that he presently gave end to his Daughters punishments, and turned the Ladies to their former shapes. But when the King beheld their smooth Feathers, which were as white Lillies, exchanged to natural fairness, and that their black Bills and slender necks were converted to their first created beauty (where for eternal fairness the Queen of love might build her Paradise) he had adue to his grief and long continued sorrows, protesting ever after to continue a true Christian for the Scottish Champions sake: by whom and by whose Divine Orisons, his Daughters obtained their former features : so taking the Christian Knight in company

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pany of the six Ladies, to an excellent rich Chamber prepared with all things according to their wishes, where first the Christian Knight was unarmed, then his wounds washed with white-wine, new-milk, and rose-water, and so after some dainty repast, conveyed to his nights repose. The Ladies being the joyfullest creatures under heaven, never entertained one thought of sleep, but passed the night in their Fathers company, (whose mind was ravished with unspeakable pleasures) till the mornings messenger had them good-morrow.

Thus all things being prepared in a readinesse, they departed the Castle, not like Pourers to a heaby funeral, but in triumphing manner, marching back to the Thracian Pallace, with streaming banners in the wind, Drums and trumpets sounding joyful melody, and with sweet inspiring Musick, caused the Ayre to resound with Harmony: But no sooner were they entered the Pallace (which was in distance from the Gyants Castle, some ten miles) but there Triumphs turned to exceeding sorrow, for Rosalinde with the Champion of Italy, as you have heard before, was departed the Court; which unexpected news so daunted the whole company, but especially the King, that the triumphes for that time were deferred, and Messengers dispatcht in pursuit of the adventurous Italian, and the lovely Rosalinde.

Likewise when S. Andrew of Scotland had intelligence how it was one of those Knights which was imprisoned with him under the wicked enchantress Kalyb, as you heard in the first beginning of the History, his heart thirsted for his most honourable company, and his eyes seldom closed quietly, nor took any rest, until he was likewise departed in the pursuit of his sworn friend, which was the next Night following, without making any acquainted with his intent: likewise, when the six Ladies understood the secret departure of the Scottish Champion, whom they affected dearer then any Knight in all the world, they stored themselves with sufficient treasure, and by stealth took their journeys from their Fathers Pallace, intending either to find out the victorious and approved Knight of Scotland, or to end their lives in some Foreign Region,

The rumour of whose departure no sooner came to the Kings ears, but he purposed the like travel, either to obtain the sight of

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his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb beyond the Circuit of the Sun. So attiring himself in homely Kuffer, like a Pilgrim, with an Ebony Staff in his hand tipped with Silver, took his journey all unknown from his passage, whose sudden and secret departure struck such an extream and intollerable heaviness in the Court, that the palls gate was sealed up with sable Mourning Cloath. The Thracian Lords exempted all pleasure, and like flocks of sheep strayed up and down without shepheards, the Ladies and Courtly Gentles late sighing in their private Chambers: where we will leaue them for this time, and speak of the success of the other Champions, and how Fortune smiled on their aduenturous proceedings.

CHAP. VIII.

How *St. Patrick* the Champion of *Ireland* redeemed the six *Thracian* Ladies out of the hands of thirty bloody-minded *Satyrs*, and of their purposed Travail in a pursuit after the Champion of *Scotland*.

BUt now of that baliant and hardy Knight at Arms, *S. Patrick*, the Champion of *Ireland*, must I speak, whose aduenturous accidents were so nobly perfozmed, that if my pen were made of steel, yet should I wear it to the stumps, sufficiently to declare his prowess, and worthy Adventures. When he departed from the Brazen Pillar, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kind Aspect, and sent him such a star to be his guide, that it led him to no Courtly pleasures, nor to baine delights, but to the Throne of fame, where honour late enstalled upon a seat of Gold. Thither travelled the Warlike Champion of *Ireland*, whose illustrious battels the *Posthern-Hes* have Chronickled in Leaves of Braks: therefore *Ireland* be proud, for from thy bowels did spring a Champion, whose prowess made the Enemies of Christ to tremble, and watered the Earth with Streams of Pagans blood: witness whereof the *Ile of Rhodes*, the key and strength of Christendom, was recovered from the *Turks*, by his Partial and invincible Prowess; where his dangerous Battels, fierce encounters, bloody skirmishes, and long affaires would

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would serbe to fill a mighty volume, all which I pass oer, & wholy discourse of things appertaining to this Historie. For after the wars of Rodes were fully ended, S. Patrick (accounted idle ease the nurse of cowardise) bad Rodes farewell, being then strongly fortified with Christian Souldiers, and took his journey through many an unknown Country, where at last, it pleased so the Queen of Chance, to direct his steps into a solitary Wilderness, inhabited onely by wild Satyrs, and a people of inhumane qualities, gibing their wicked minds onely to Murther, Lust and Rape: to wherein the Noble Champion trauelled up and down many a weary step, not knowing how to qualifie his hunger, but by his own industry in killing of Menison, and pressing out the blood betwixen two flat stones, and daily roasted it by the heat of the Sun, his lodging was in the hollow trunk of a blasted tree, which nightly preserved him from the dropping showers of Heaben, his chief companions were sweet resounding Echoes, which commonly reanswered the Champions words.

In this manner lided S. Patrick the Irish Knight in the woods, not knowing how to set himself at liberty, but wandring up and down as it were in a maze wrought by the curious workmanship of some excellent Gardiner, it was his chance at last to come into a dismal shady thicket, beset about with baleful Spittoe, a place of horrour, to wherein he heard the cries of some distressed Ladies, whose bitter lamentations seemed to pierce the Clouds, and to crabe succour of the hands of God, which unexpected cries not a little daunted the Irish Knight, so that it caused him to prepare his Weapon in readines, against some sudden Encounter: So crouching himself close under the root of an old withered Oak (which had not flourished with green leaves many a year) he espied a far off a crew of bloody minded Satyrs, haling by the hair six unhappy Ladies, through many a thornie brake and byer, to whereby the beauty of their crimson cheeks was all besprent with purple goze, and their eyes (within whose clear Glasses one might behold the God of love dancing) all to be rent and torn by the Fury of the Byers, whereby they could not see the light of Heaben, nor the place of their unfortunate abiding: which woeful spectacle forced such a terroz in the heart of the Irish Knight, that he presently made out for the rescue of the Ladies, to redem them from the fury of the

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the merciless Satyrs, which were in number about some thirty, every one having a club upon his neck, which they had made with roots of young Oaks and Pine trees; yet this adventurous Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a bold and resolute mind, let drive at the surdiest Satyr, whose Armour of defence was made of Bulls hide, which was dyed so hard against the Sun that the Champions Curtle Ax prebaild not: after which the fell Satyr encompassed the Christian Knight round about, and so mightily oppressed him with down-right blows, that had he not by good fortune leapt under the boughs of a spreading Tree, his life had been forced to give the World a speedy farewell. But such was his nimbleness and active policy, that ere long he sheathed his sharp pointed Fauchion in one of the Satyrs breasts: which woful sight caused all the rest to flee from his presence, and left the six Ladies to the pleasure and disposition of the most Noble and courageous Christian Champion:

Who after he had sufficiently breathed, and cooled himself in the chil Ayre, (being almost windless through the long encounter, and bloody skirmish) he demanded the cause of the Ladies Trabels, and by what means they hapned into the hands of those merciless Satyres, who cruelly and tyrannically attempted the ruine and endless spoyle of their unsported Virginities. To which courteous demand one of the Ladies, after a deep-fetcht sigh or two, (being drained from the bottom of her most sorrowful heart) in the behalf of her self and the other distressed Ladies, Replyed in this order:

Know brave minded Knight, that we are the unfortunate Daughters of the King of *Thrace*, whose lives have been unhappy ever since our births. For first we did endure a long imprisonment under the hands of a cruel Gyant & after the Heavens to preserve our chastities from the wicked desire of the said Gyant, transformed us into the shape of Swans, in which likeness we remained seven years, but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, named *St. Andrew*, the Champion of *Scotland*, after whom we have travelled many a weary step, never crost by any violence, until it was our angry fates to arrive in this unhappy Wilderness, where our eyes have been true witneses of our misfortunes. Which sad discourse was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion thus began to comfort the distressed Ladies.

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The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand this weary Travel (said the Irish Champion) is my approved friend, for whose company and wished sight, I will goe more weary miles, then there be Trees in this vast Wilderness, and number my steps with the sands hidden in the Seas: Therefore most excellent Ladies, true ornaments of beauty, be sad companions in my Travels, for I will never cease till I have found our honourable friend, the Champion *Scotland*, or some of those brave Knights, whom I have not seen these seven Summers,

These Words so contented the sorrowful Ladies, that without any exception they agreed, and with as much willingness consented as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eased their weariness, and cured their wounds, which was by the secret vertues of certain Herbs growing in the same Woods, they took their journeys anew under the conduct of this worthy Champion St. Patrick, where, after some days travel they obtained the sight of a broad beaten way, where committing their fortunes to the Sarall Lifiers, and setting their faces toward the East, they merrily journeyed together. In whose fortunate travels we leave them, and speak of the seventh Christian Champion, whose adventurous exploits and knightly Honours deserbe a golden pen, dipt in the Ink of true fame to discourse at large.

CHAP. IX.

How St. David Champion of Wales, slew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent to the Enchanted Garden of Ormondine, wherein by Magick art he slept seven years.

Saint David the most Noble Champion of Wales after his departure from the Brazzen Pillar, to whereas the other Champions of Christendome divided themselves severally to seek forraign adventures, he atcheived many memorizable things, as well in Christendome, as in those Nations that acknowledge no true God: which for this time I omit, and only discourse what hapned unto him among the Tartarians: For being in the Emperour of Tartaries Court (a place very much honoured with valorous Knights, and highly graced with a Train of beauteous Ladies) where the Emperour upon a time ordained a
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solemn Iust and Turnament to be holden in the honour of his Birth day: whether resorted at the time appointed, (from all the borders of Tartary) the best and the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which honourable and Princely exercise, the noble Knight S. David was appointed Champion for the Emperour, who was mounted upon a Morocco Steed, betrapped in a rich Caparison, wrought by the curious work of Indian Women, upon whose shield was set a golden Griffin rampant in a Field of Blew.

Against him came the Count Palatine, Son and heir apparent to the Tartarian Emperour, brought in by twelve Knights, richly furnished with Habilliments of Honour, who paced three times about the Lists, before the Emperour and many Ladies that were present to behold the honourable Turnament. The which being done, the twelve Knights departed the Lists, and the Count Palatine prepared himselfe to Encounter with a Christian Knight, (being appointed chief Champion for the day;) who likewise prepared himselfe, and at the Trumpets sound by the Heralds appointment, they ran so fiercely each against other, that the ground seemed to shake under them, and the Skies to resound Ecchoes of their mighty strokes.

At the second Race, the Champions ranne, St. David had the worst, and was constrained through a forcible strength of the Count Palatine, to lean backward almost beside his Saddle, whereat the Trumpets began to sound in sign of victory: but yet the valiant Christian nothing dismayd, but with a courage (within whose eyes late knightly revenge) ran the third time against the Count Palatine, and by the violence of his strength, he overthrow both Horse and man whereby the Counts body was so extreemly bruised with the fall off his Horse, that his heart blood issued forth by his mouth, and his vitall spirits pressed from the mansion of his breast so that he was forced to give the world a farewell.

This fatal overthrow of the Count Palatine, abashed the whole company, but especially the Tartarian Emperour, who having no more Sons but him, caused the Lists to be broken up, the Knights to be unarmed, and the murdered Count to be brought by four Squires into his Palace, where after he was dispoiled of his furniture, and the Christian Knight received in honour of his Victory the woful Emperour bathed his Sons body with tears which drop

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ped like christall Pearls from the congealed blood, and after many sad sighes he breathed forth this woful Lamentation.

Now are my Triumphs turned to everlasting woes, from a Comical Pastime, to a direful and bloody Tragedy; O most unkind Fortune, never constant but in change! Why is my life deferred to see the downfall of my dear Son, the Noble Count *Palatine*? Why rends not this accursed Earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my body, into her hungry bowels? is this the use of Christians? for true honour to repay dishonour? Could not base blood serve to stain his deadly hands withal, but the Royal blood of my dear Son, in whose revenge the face of the Heavens is stained with blood, and cries for vengeance to the Majesty of heaven-mighty Jove. The dreadful furies, the direful daughters of dark night, and all the baleful company of burning *Acheron* whose loins begirt with Serpents, and hair behanged with wreaths of Snakes, shall haunt, pursue, and follow that accursed Christian Champion, that hath bereaved my country *Tartari* of so precious a jewel as my dear Son the Count *Palatine* was, whose magnanimous Prowesse did surpass all the Knights of our country.

Thus sorrowed the woful Emperour for the death of his Noble Son: sometimes making the Ecchoes of his Lamentations pierce the Elements: another while forcing his bitter curses to sink to the deep foundations of *Acheron*: one while intending to be revenged on *St. David* the christian Champion, then presently his intent was crost with a contrary imagination, thinking it was against the law of Armes, and a great dishonour to his country, by violence to oppress a strange Knight, whose actions had ever been guided by true honour, but yet at last this firm resolution entred into his minde.

There was adjoining upon the borders of Tartary, an Enchanted Garden, kept by Magick art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter, The governour of which Garden was a notable and Famous Necromancer, named *Ormondine*, to which Magician the Tartarian Emperour intended to send the adventurous Champion *S. David*, thereby to revenge the Count *Palatines* death. So the Emperour after some few days passed and the obsequies of his Son being no sooner performed, but he caused the christian Knight to be brought into his presence,

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presence, to whom he committed this heapy Task, and weary Labour.

Proud Knight (said the angry Emperour) thou knowest since thy arrival in our Territories; how highly I have honoured thee, not onely in granting liberty of life, but making thee chief Champion of *Tartarie*, which high honour thou hast repaid with great ingratitude, and blemished true Nobility, in acting my dear sons Tragedy: for which unhappy deed thou rightly hast deserved death. But yet know accursed Christian, that mercy harboureth in Princely minds, and where honour sits enthronized, there justice is not too severe: Although thou hast deserved death, yet if thou wilt adventure to the Enchanted Garden and bring hither the Magicians head, I grant thee not onely life, but therewithal the Crown of *Tartary* after my decease: because I see thou hast a mind furnished with princely thoughts, and adorned with true Magnanimity.

This heapy task, and strange adventure, not a little pleased the Noble Champion of Wales, whose mind ever thirsted after worthy Adventures: and so after some considerate thoughts, in this manner Replied:

Most high and Magnificent Emperor, (said the Champion) were this task which you enjoyn me to, as wonderful as the labours of *Hercules*, or as fearful as the enterprize which *Jason* made for the Golden Fleece, yet would I attempt to finish it, and return with Triumph to *Tartarie*, as the *Macedonian* Monarch did to *Babylon*, when he had conquered part of the wide World. Which words were no sooner ended, but the Emperour bound him by his Oath of Knighthood, and by the love he bore unto his native Country, never to follow other adventure, till he had performed his promise, which was to bring the Magician *Ormandines* head into *Tartary*: whereupon the Emperour departed from the Noble Knight *S. David*, hoping never to see him return, but rather to hear of his utter confusion, or everlasting imprisonment.

Thus the Valiant Christian Champion, being bound to his promise, within three days prepared all necessaries in readiness for his departure: and so travelled Westward, till he approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden, the Situation whereof somewhat daunted his valiant Courage: for it was encompassed with

a Hedge

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a Hedge of withered Thorns & Briers, which seemed continually to burn: upon the top thereof sat a number of strange and deformed things, some in the likeness of Night-Wolves, which wondered at the presence of S. David; some in the shape of Prognostic transformations, foretelling his unfortunate success, and some like Rabens, that with their harsh throats ring forth hateful knells of woful Tragedies; the Element which covered the Enchanted garden, seemed to be overspread with misty clouds, from whence continually shot flames of fire, as though the Skies had been filled with blazing Comets: which fearful spectacle, as it seemed the very pattern of hell, struck such a terror into the Champions heart, that twice he was in mind to return without performing the Adventure, but for his Oath and honour of Knighthood, which he had patroned for the accomplishment thereof: So laying his body on the cold earth, being the first Purse and Mother of his life, he made his humble petition to God, that his mind might never be oppressed with Cowardise, nor his heart daunted with faint fears, till he had performed what the Thracian Emperour had bound him to, the Champion rose from the ground, and with chearful looks beheld the Elements, which seemed in his conceit to smile at the enterprise, and to foretell a lucky event.

So the Noble Knight S. David with a valiant courage went to the Garden Gate, by which stood a Rock of Stone, overspread with Moss: In which Rock by Magick Art was enclosed a Sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the Hilt, which was the richest in his judgement, that ever his eyes beheld, for the Steel-work was engraven very curiously, beset with Jasper and Sapphire Stones; the Pommel was in the fashion of a Globe, of the purest Silver that the Mines of rich America brought forth: about the Pommel, was engraven in letters of Gold, these Verses following.

My magick spels remain most firmly bound,
The Worlds strange wonder, unknown by any one,
Till that a Knight within the North be found,
To pull this Sword from out this Rock of stone:
Then ends my Charms, my Magick Arts and all,
By whose strong hand, wise *Ormondine* must fall.

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These Wurses drabe such a conceited imagination into the Champions mind, that he supposed himself to be the Northern Knight, by whom the Negromancer should be conquered: Therefore without any further advisement he put his hand into the Hilt of the rich Sword, thinking presently to pull it out from the Enchanted Rock of Ormondine: But no sooner did he attempt that vain Enterprize, but his valiant courage and invincible fortitude failed him, and all his senses were overtaken with a sudden and heavy sleep, whereby he was forced to let go his hold, & to fall flat upon a barren ground, where his eyes were so fast locked up by Magick Art, and his waking senses drowned in such a dead slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himself, from sleep, as to pull the Sun out of the Firmament. The Negromancer, by his Magick skill had intelligence of the Champions unfortunate success: who sent from the Enchanted garden four Spirits, in the similitude & likeness of four beautiful Damfels, which wrapped the drowsie Champion in a sheet of fine Arabian silk, and conveyed him into a Cave, directly placed in the middled of the Garden, where they layd him upon a soft bed, more softer then the Down of Culvers: where those beautiful Ladies through the Art of wicked Ormondie, continually kept him sleeping for the term of seven years: one while singing with sugared songs, more sweeter and delightfuller then the Syrens Melodie: another while with rare conceited Musick, surpassing the sweetness of Arions Harp, which made the Dolphins in the Sea dance at the sound of his sweet inspiring melody: or like the Harmony of Orpheus, when he journeyed down into hell, where the Devils joyced to hear his admired Notes, and on earth, trees and stones leaped when he did but touch the silver strings of his Ivory harp.

Thus was S. Davids adventure cross with a wonderful bad success, whose days Trabels was turned into a nights repose, whose nights repose was made a heavy sleep, which endured until seven years were full finish, where we leave S. David to the mercy of the Negromancer Ormondine, and return to the most Noble and magnanimous Champion S. George, where we left him imprisoned in the Doubtful Court. But now, Gentle Reader, thou wilt think it strange, that all these Christian Champions should meet together

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together again, seeing they be separated into so many borders of the world: First, S. Denis the Champion of France, remaineth now in the Court of Thessaly with his Lady Eglantine: S. James the Champion of Spain, in the City of Sivil with Celestine, the fair Lady of Jerusalem: S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, traveling the world, in the Company of the Thracian Maiden, attyred in a Pages apparel: S. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, seeking after the Italian: S. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, after the Champion of Scotland: S. David of Wales sleeping in the Enchanted Garden, adjoyning to the Kingdome of Tartary: and S. George the Famous Champion of England, Impisoned in Persia: of whom, and whose Noble Adventures, I must a while discourse, till the honoured fame of the other Champions compels me to report their Noble and Princely atchievements.

CHAP. X.

How St. George Escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment, with other things that happened to the English Knight, with the tragical Tale of the Negromancer *Ormondine*.



Now seven times had frosty bearded Winter covered both herbs and flowers with Snow, & behung the Trees with Crystal Ickles: seven times had Lady Ver beautified every field with Natures Ornaments; & seven times had withered Autumn robbed the Earth of Spring flowers, since the unfortunate S. George beheld the cheerful light of heaben, but liued obscurely in a dismal Dungeon, by the Souldan of Persias commandment, as you heard before in the beginning of the History: his unhappy fortune so discontented his restless thoughts, that a thousand times a year he wisht an end of his life, and a thousand times he cursed the day of his creation: his sighs in number did counterbail a heap of sand, whose top might seem to reach the skyes, the which he vainly breathed forth against the walls of the Prison, many times making his humble supplications to the heavens, to redeem him from that bale of misery, and many times seeking occasion, desperately to abridge his days, & so triumph in his own tragedy

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But at last, when seven years were fully ended, it was the Champions luckie fortune to find in a secret cagner of the Dungeon a certain Iron Engin, which time had almost consumed with rust, wherewith, with long labour he digged himself a passage through the ground, till he ascended just in the middle of the Souldans Court, which was at that time of the night when all things were silent: the Heavens he then beheld beautified with Stars, and bright Cynthia, whose glistering beams he had not seen in many hundred nights before, seemed to smile at his safe deliverie, and to stay her wandring course, till he most happily found means to get without the compass of the Persians Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong gates of the City hinder his flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the Noble Knight being as fearful as the bird newly escaped from the Fowlers Net, gazed round about, and listened where he might hear the hope of people, at last he heard the Grooms of the Souldans Stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next morning for some Noble Atcheivement. Whereupon the Noble Champion S. George taking the Iron Engin, wherewith he redeemed himself out of Prison, he burst open the Doors, where he slew all the Grooms in the Souldans Stable: which being done, he took the strongest Palfer, and the richest Furniture, with other necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Arms, and so rode in great comfort to one of the City Gates, where he saluted the Porter in this manner:

Porter, open the Gates, for S. George of England is escaped, and hath Murthered the Grooms, in whose pursuit the City is in Arms. Which words the simple Persian beleibed for truth, and so with all speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of England departed, and left the Souldan in his dead sleep, little mistrusting his sudden escape.

But by that the purple spotted morning had parted with her gray, and the Suns bright countenance appeared on the Mountain tops, S. George had ridden twenty Miles from the Persian Court, and before his departure was byted in the Souldans Pallace, the English Champion had recovered the sight of Grecia, past all danger of the Persian Knights, that followed him with a swift pursuit.

By this time the extremity of hunger so sharply tormented him, that

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that he could trabel no further, but was constrained to sustain himself with certain wild Chestnuts instead of Bread, and sower Oranges instead of Drink, and such faint food as grew by the way as he travelled, where the necessity and want of Victuals compelled the Noble Knight to breathe forth this pittifull complaint.

O hunger, hunger, (said the Champion) more sharper then the stroak of Death, thou art the extreamest punishment that ever man endured: If I were now King of *Armenia*, and chief Potentate of *Asia*, yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter, with all my provinces, for one shiver of brown bread: O that this Earth would be so kind, as to open her bowels and cast up some food, to suffice my want: or that the Ayr might be choakt with mists, whereby feathered Foul for want of breath might fall, and yeild me some succour in this my Famishment, and extreame penury: or that the Oceans would out-spread their branched Armes, and cover these sunburnt valleys with their treasures, to satisfie my hunger, but O now I see, both Heaven and earth, hills and dales, skies and seas, fish and fowls, birds and beasts, and all things under the cope of Heaven, conspire my utter over-throw: better had it been if I had ended my days in *Persia*, then here to be famished in the broad world, where all things by natures appointment are ordained for mans use. Now instead of Courtly delicates, I am forced to eat the fruit of trees, and instead of Greekish Wine, I am compelled to quench my thirst with morning dew, which nightly falls upon the blades of Grass.

Thus complained S. George, till glistering Phœbus had mounted the top of heaben, and drawn the misty vapors from the ground, whereby he might behold the prospects of Grecia, and which way to trabel most safely. And as he looked, he espied directly befoze his face a Tower, standing upon a Chalky Clift, distant from him some three miles, whither the Champion intended to go, not to seek for adventures, but to rest himself after his journey, and to get such Victuals as therein he could find to suffice his want.

So setting forthward with a speedy pace, the Heavens seemed to smile, and the Birds to ring chirping peals of melody, as though they did Prognosticate a fortunate event. The way he found so plain, and the journey so easie, that within half an hour he approached befoze the said Tower: where upon the Wall stood a most
Beautiful

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Beautiful Woman, attyred after the manner of a distressed Lady, and her looks beabie, like the Queen of Troy, when she beheld her Pallace on Fire. The Valiant Knight S. George, after he had alighted from his Horse, he gave her this countreous Salutation.

Lady (said he) for so you seem by your outward appearance, if ever you pittied a Traveller, or granted succour to a Christian Knight, give to me one meals meat, now almost famished. To whom the Lady after a curst froken or two, answered in this order.

Sir Knight (quoth she) I advise thee with all speed to depart, for here thou gettest but a cold Dinner: my Lord is a mighty Gyant, and believeth in *Mahomet*, and if he once doe understand that thou art a Christian Knight, not all the Gold of higher *India* nor the riches of wealthy *Babylon* can preserve thy life. Now by the honour of my Knight-hood (Keplied St. George,) and by the great God that Christendom adores, were thy Lord more stronger than mighty *Hercules*, that bore Mountains on his back: here will I either obtain my Dinner, or die by his accursed hand.

These Words so abashed the Lady, that she went with all speed from the Tower, and told the Gyant how a Christian Knight remained at the Gate, which had sworn to suffice his hunger in despite of his will, : whereat the furious Gyant suddenly started up being as then in a sound sleep, for it was the middle of the day: who tooke a bat of Iron in his hand and come down to the Tower Gate. His Stature was in heighth fife pards, his head bristled like a Boze, a scot there was betwixt each brow, his eys hollow, his mouth wide, his lips were like to flaps of steel, in all his proportion more like a Devil then a man. Which defozmed Monster so daunted the courage of S. George, that he prepared himselfe to death: not through fear of s monstrous Gyant, but for hunger and febleness of body: but here God provided for him, and so reffered to him his decayed strength, that he endured battle until the closing up of the Evening, by which time the Gyant grew almost blind, through the sweat that ran boton from his monstrous Browes, whereat S. George got the advantage, and wounded the Gyant so cruelly under the short ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the ground, and to gibe end to his life.

After which happy event of the Gyant slaughter, the invincible Champion S. George first gave the honour of his victoꝝ unto God
in

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in whose power all his fortune consisted. Then entering the Tower, whereas the Lady, presented him with all manner of delicacy and pure wines; but the English Knight, suspecting Treachery to be hidden in her proffered courtesie, caused her first to taste of every dish: likewise of his wine, lest some violent poison should be therein commixt: finding all things pure and wholesome as nature required, he sufficed his hunger, rested his weary body, and refreshed his Horse.

And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady, he committed his fortune to a new travell: where his rebibed spirits never entertained longer rest, but to the refreshing of himself & his Horse, so travelled he through part of Grecia, the confines of Phrygia, and into the borders of Tartary, within whose Territories he had not long journied, but he approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden of Ormondine, where S. David the Champion of Wales had so long slept, by Magick art. But no sooner did he behold the wonderful Situation thereof, but he espied Ormondines Sword enclosed in the Enchanted Rock: where after he had read the superscription written about the Pommel, he assayed to pull it out by strength: where he no sooner put his hand into the Hilt, but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had been hung by a thread of untwisted silk: but when he beheld the glittering brightness of the Blade, and the wonderful richness of the Pommel, he accounted the prize more worth than the Armour of Achilles, which caused Ajax to run mad, and more richer than Medeas Golden Fleece: But by that time S. George had circumspectly looke into every secret of the Sword, he heard a strange and dismal voyce thunder in the Skies, a terrible and mighty lumbzing in the Earth, whereat both Hills and Mountaines shook, Rocks removed, and Dikes rent in pieces: After this, the Gates of the Enchanted Garden flew open, whereat incontinently came forth Ormondine the Magician with his hair staring on his head, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks blushing, his hands quivering, his legs trembling, and all the rest of his body discomposed, as though Legions of Spirits had encompassed him about; he came directly to the worthy English Knight, & remained still by the Enchanted Rock, from whence he had pulled the Magicians Sword: whence after the Necromancer had sufficiently beheld his Princely countenance, whereon true honour face entbro-

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nized, and bestowed his portly Personage, the Image of true Knight-hood, the which seemed in the Magicians eyes to be the rarest work that ever nature framed: First he took the most valiant and magnanimous Champion St. George of England, by the steele Cantler, and with great humility kissed it, then proffering him the courtesies due unto strangers, which was performed very graciously; he afterward conducted him into the Enchanted Garden, to the Cave where the Champion of Wales was kept sleeping by the four Virgins singing delightful songs, and after setting him a Chair of Ebony, Ormondine thus began to relate of wonderful things:

Renowned Knight at arms (said the Negromancer) Fames worthiest Champion, whose strange Adventures all Christendome in time to come shall applaud: be silent till I have told my tale, for never after this must my tongue speak again: The Knight which thou seest here wrapt in this Sheet of Gold, is a Christian Champion, as thou art, sprung from the ancient seed of Trojan Warriours, who likewise attempted to draw this Enchanted sword, but my Magick Spels so prevailed, that he was intercepted in the enterprise, and forced ever since to remain sleeping in this Cave: but now the hour is almost come of his recovery, which by thee must be accomplished: thou art that adventurous Champion, whose invincible hand must finish up my detested life: and send my fleeting soul to draw thy fatal Chariot upon the bancks of burning *Acheron*: for my time was limited to remain no longer in this enchanted Garden, but till that from the North should come a Knight that should pull this sword from the Enchanted Rock, which thou happily hast now performed: therefore I know my time is short, and my hour of destiny at hand. What I report, write it in brazen lines, for the time will come when this Discourse shall highly benefit thee. Take heed thou observe three things: First, that thou take to Wife a pure maid: Next, that thou erect a monument over thy Fathers grave: and lastly that thou continue a professed foe to the enemies of Christ Jesus, bearing arms in the honour and praise of thy Country. These things being truly and justly observed, thou shalt attain such honour, that all Kingdomes of Christendom shall admire thy dignity: what I speak is upon no vain Imagination, sprung from a frantick brain, but pronounced by the mysticall and deep art of Negromancy.

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These words were no sooner ended, but the most honourable and fortunate Champion of England, requested the Magician to describe his passed fortunes, and by what means he came to be Govenour of the Enchanted Garden.

To tell the Discourse of my own life (*Keplied Ormondine*) will breed a new sorrow in my heart, the remembrance of which will rend my very soul: but yet (most noble Knight) to fulfil thy request, I will force my tongue to declare what my heart denies to utter: Therefore prepare thine ear to entertain the wofullest tale that ever tongue delivered. And so after *S. George* had sate a while silent, expecting his discourse, the Magician spake as followeth.

The woful and Tragical discourse, pronounced by the Negro-monger *Ormondine*, of the misery of his Children.

I was in former time, (so long as fortune smiled upon me) the King and only Commander of *Scythia*, my name *Ormondine*, graced in my youth with two fair Daughters, whom Nature had not only made beautiful, but replenisht them with all the gifts that art could devise: The elder, whose name was *Castria*, the fairest maid that ever *Scythia* brought forth, her eys like flaming Torches, so dazzled her beholders, that like attractive Adamants, they conjured them to admire her Beauty: amongst a number of Knights that were ensnared with her Love, there was one *Floridon*, Son to the King of *Armenia*, equal to her in all ornaments of Nature, a lovelier couple never trod on earth, or graced any Princes Court in the whole World.

This *Floridon* so fervently burned in affection with the admired *Castria*, that he lusted after her Virginity, & practised both by policy & fair promises to enjoy that precious pleasure, which after fell to his own destruction: For upon a time when the mantles of dark night had closed in the light of Heaven, and the whole Court had entertained a silent rest, this *Floridon* entred *Castrias* lodging, furnished by the chamber-maid, where to her hard hap, he cropped the bud of sweet Virginity, and left such a pawn within her womb, that before many days were expired her shame began to appear, and the deceived Lady, was constrained to reveal her minde to *Floridon*: who in the mean time had betrothed himself to my younger Daughter, whose name was *Marcilla* no lesse beautified

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beautified with natures gift, then her elder Sister, but when this unconstant *Floridon* perceived that her belly began to grow big with the burthen of his unhappy seed, he upbraided her with shame, laying dishonour in her Dish, calling her Strumpet, with many ignominious words, forswearing himself never to have committed any such infamous deed, protesting that he ever scorned to link in Womans bands, and counted Chamber love a deadly sting, and a deep infection to the honour of his Knight-hood

These unkind speeches drove *Castria* into such extream passion of mind, that she with a shameful look and blusht cheeks, after this manner revealed her secret unto him :

What knows not *Floridon* (quoth the Lady) her, whom his Lust hath stained with dishonour ? See, see, unconstant Knight the pledge of faithless vows, behold the Womb where springs thy lively Image; behold this mark which stains my fathers ancient house, and sets a shamefast blush upon my cheeks, always when I behold the company of chaste Virgins: dear *Floridon* shadow this my shame with Marriage Rites, that I be not accounted a by-word to the World, nor that this my babe in time to come, be termed a base-born Child : Remember what plighted promises, what vows and protestations, past betwixt us, remember the place and time of my dishonour, and be not like the furious Tygers that repay love with despite.

At which words *Floridon* with a wrathful countenance, replied in these words :

Egregious and shameless creature (quoth he) with what brazen face dar'st thou out-brave me thus : I tell thee *Castria* my love was ever yet to follow Arms, to hear the sound of Drums, to ride upon a nimble Steed, and not to trace a Carpet-dance, like *Priams* Son, before the lustful eyes of *Meneluss* Wife : Therefore be gone, dishonouring Strumpet, go sing thy harsh melody in company of Night-birds, for I tell thee, the day will blush to cover thy monstrous shame.

Which reproachful Speeches being no longer ended, but *Floridon* departed her presence, not leaving behind him so much as a kind look: whereat the distressed Lady, being oppressed with intollerable grief, sunk down dead, not able to speak for a time, but at last, recovering her senses, she began anew to complain.

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I that was wont (quoth she) to walk with troops of Maids, must now abandon and utterly forsake all company, and seek some secret Cave, wherein I may sit for evermore and bewail my lost Virginity: If I return unto my father he will refuse me: if to my friends, they will be ashamed of me: if to Strangers, they will scorn me: if to my *Floridon*, Oh, he denyeth me, and accounts my fight as ominous as the baleful Crocodiles. O that might in the shape of a Bird, or like the ravished Philomela, fillevery Wood and Wildernesse with my dishonour, for now I am neither chaste Virgin nor honest Wife, but a shameless Strumpet, and the Worlds vile scorn: whereat methinks, I see how vertuous and chaste Maidens point & term me a vicious Dame. O unconstant *Floridon*, thou didst promise to shadow this my fault with Marriage, but now Vows I see are vain: thou hast forsaken me, and tyed thy faith unto my Sister *Marcilla*, who must enjoy thy love, because she continues chaste without any spot of dishonour. Oh; wo to thee unconstant Knight, thy flattering eyes deceived me, and thy glozing tongue enticed me to commit that sin, which all the Ocean streams can never wash away: Why stand I relating thus in vain? the deed is done, and *Floridon* will triumph in the spoyle of my virginity, while he lyes dallying in my Sisters Armes: Nay, first, the fatal lights of Funerals shall mask about his Marriage bed, and his Bridal blaze Ile quench with blood: for I will go unto their Marriage Chamber, where as these hands of mine shall rend my Sisters Womb, before she shall enjoy the interest of my bed: rage heart, instead of love delight in Murder, let vengeance be ever in thy thoughts until thou hast quencht with blood the furies of disloyal love.

Thus complained the woful *Castria*, robing up and down the Court of *Scythia*, until the Mistress of the Night had spent five months: at the end of which time, the appointed Marriage of *Floridon* and *Marcilla* drew nigh, the thought whereof proved an endless terror to her heart, and of a more intollerable burthen, than the pains of her Womb; the which she girded in so extreemly for fear of suspicion, and partly under colour to bring about her intended tragedy. Which was in this bloody and execrable manner accomplished and brought about.

The day at last came, whereon *Floridon* and *Marcilla* should tie that sacred knot of Marriage, and the Prince, and Potentates of

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Scythia were all present to see *Himens* Holy Rites : In which Honourable Assembly, none were more busier then *Castria*, to beautifie her Sisters Wedding. The Ceremonies being no sooner performed, and the day spent in all pleasures fitting the honour of so great and mighty a train, but *Castria* requested the use of the country, which was this, that the first night of every Maidens Marriage, a known Virgin should lye with the Bride, which honourable task was committed to *Castria*: who provided against the hour appointed a silver Bodkin, and hid it secretly in the trammels of her hair, wherewith she intended to prosecute revenge. The Brides Lodging Chamber was appointed far from the hearing of any one, lest the noyse of people should hinder her quiet sleep.

But at last, when the hour of her wishes approached, that the Bride should take leave of her Ladies, and Maidens that attended her to her Chamber, the new Married *Floridon* in Company of many *Scythian* Knights, committed *Marcilla* to her quiet rest, little mistrusting the bloody purpose of her Sisters mind.

But now behold, how every thing fell out according to her desires. The Ladies and Gentlewomen were no sooner departed, and silence taken possession of the whole Court, but *Castria* with her own hand locked the Chamber Door, and secretly conveyed the Keys under the beds head, not perceived by the betrayed *Marcilla*; which poor Lady after some speeches departed to bed; wherein she was no sooner layed, but a heavy sleep overmastered her senses, whereby her tongue was forced to bid her Sister good-night, who as then sat discontented by her bed side, watching the time, wherein she might conveniently act the bloody tragedy: upon a Court-Cupbord stood two burning Tapers, that gave light to the whole Chamber, which in her conceit seemed to burn blue: which fatal spectacle encouraged her to a more speedy performance: and by the light of the two lamps she unbraced her Vestures, and stripped her self into her milk-white Smock, having not so much upon her head, as a Caul to hold up her golden hair: after this she took her silver Bodkin, that before she had secretly hidden in her hair, and with a wrathful countenance, (upon whose brow sat the image of pale Death) she came to her new Married Sister, being then overcome with a heavy slumber, and with her Bodkin pierced her tender breast: who immediately at the stroke thereof started

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started from her sleep, and gave such a pittiful scrike, that it would have wakened the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood far from the hearing of Company, except her bloody minded Sister, whose hand was ready to redouble her fury, with a second stroke.

But when *Marcilla* beheld the sheets and ornaments of her bed distaind with purple gore, and from her breast ran streams of crimson blood, which like to a fountain trickled from her bosome, she breathed forth this cruel exclamation against the cruelty of *Castria*.

O Sister (quoth she) hath nature harboured in thy breast a bloody mind! What fury hath incens'd thee thus to, commit my Tragedy? In what have I misdone, or wherein hath my tongue offended thee? What cause hath been occasion, that thy remorseless hand against nature, hath converted my joyful Nuptials, to a woful Funeral; This is the cause (*Wep'd Castria, and therewithal shew'd her womb, grown big through the burden of her Child*) that I have bathed my hands, in thy detested blood.

See, see, *Marcilla* (said she) the unhappy bed, wherein thy accursed Husband hath sown his seed, by which my Virgins honor is for ever stained, this is the spot which thy heart blood must wash away, and this is the shame that nothing but death shall finish; therefore a sweet revenge, and a present murder likewise will I commit upon my self, whereby my loathed soul in company of my unborn babe shall wander with thy Ghost along the *Strigian Lakes*.

Which words being no sooner finished, but she violently peirc'd her own breast, whereby the two Sisters blood were equally mingled together: but now *Marcilla* being the first wounded, and the nearer drawing toward death, she wofully complain'd with this dying Lamentation.

Draw neer (said she) you blazing Stars, you earthly Angels, you imbroidered girls, you lovely Ladies, and flourishing Dames of *Scythia*, behold her woful end, whose glories mounted to the elemnts, behold my Marriage bed, here beautified with Tapestry, converted to deaths bloody habitation, my brave attire to earthly Mould, and my princely Pallaces to *Elizium* shades, being a place appointed for those Dames that lived and dyed true Virgins: for now I feel the pains of Death closing my lives windows, and my heart ready to entertain the stroke of destiny. Come *Floridon*, come,

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come instead of Arms, get Eagles wings, that in thy bosome I may breathe my murdered Ghost. World fare thou well, I was too proud of my inticing pleasures: thy Princely Pomp and all thy glistering Ornaments, I must for ever bid adue. Father, farewell withall my masking Train of Courty Ladies, Knights and Gentlewomen: my Death I know will make thy Pallace deaths gloomy Regiment; and last of all, farewell my noble *Floridon*, for thy sweet sake *Marcilla* here is murdered.

At the end of which words, the dying Lady being faint with the abundance of blood that issued from her wounded breast, gave up the Ghost. No sooner had pale death seized upon her lifeless body, but *Castria* through the extremity of her wound was ready to entertain the stroke of the satall Sisters, who also complained in this manner: Harken you loving Girls, (said she) to you I speake, that know what endless griefe, disloyall and false love breeds in constant mindes, the thought whereof is so intollerable to my soul that it exceeds the torments of *Danaus* Doughters, which continually fill water in bottomless Tubs in Hell. Oh that my ears had neber listened to his sugred speeches, or neber known what Courty pleasures meant, where Beauty likes a bait for every lustful eye: but rather to have liked a Countrey Lass, where sweet content is harbourd, and beauty shrouded under true humility, then had not *Floridon* bereaved me of my sweet Virginity, nor had this accursed hand committed this cruell murther: But Oh! I see my soul passing into *Elizium* shades where *Creusas* shades and *Didoes* Ghost have their abidings: thither doth my spirit flie, to be entertained amongst those unhappy Ladies whom unconstant love hath murdered: Thus *Castria* not being able to speak any longer, gave a very grievous sight and so had adue to the world.

Now when the morning Sun had chased away the darksome night, *Floridon* who little mistrusted the Tragedy of the two Sisters, repaired to the Chamber Door, with a consort of Musicians, where the inspiring Harmony sounded to the walls, and *Floridons* morning salutations were spent in vain: for death so stoppt the two Princes ears,, that no resound of thanks at all answered his words, which caused *Floridon* to depart, thinking them to be asleep, and to return within an hour after, who without any company came to the Chamber Door, where he again found

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all silent: at which suspecting some future event, he burst open the door, where being no sooner entered, but he found the two Ladies weltring in their own gaze: which wofull spectacle presently bereaved him of his wits, that like a frantick man he raged up and down, and in this manner bitterly complained.

Oh immortal Powers, open the wraithful Gates of Heaven, and in your Justice punish me, for my unconstant Love hath murdered two of the bravest Ladies that ever nature framed, revive sweet Dames of *Soyria*, and hear me speak, that am the wofullest wretch that ever spake with a tongue: If Ghost may here be given for Ghost, dear Lady take my soul and live, or if my heart might dwell within your breasts, this hand shall equally divide it: But words I see are vain, and my prayer cannot purchase life, nor recover your breaching spirits: yet vengeance shall you have, this hand shall unwind my fatal twist, and bereave my bloody breast of life, whereby my happy Ghost shall follow you through Tartar Gulfs, through burning Lakes, and through the lowering shades of dreadful *Coezus*: gape, gape, sweet earth and in thy Womb make all our Tombes together.

Which wofull Lamentation being no sooner breathed from his sorrowfull breast, but he finished his days, by the stroke of that same accursed bodkin that was the bloody instrument of the two Sisters death; the which he found still remaining in the remorseless hand of *Castria*.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight *Petrus* Tragedy of three of the most goodliest Personages that ever nature framed: but now with diligent ears listen unto the unfortunate discourse of mine own misery, which in this unhappy manner fell out: for no sooner came the flying news of the murdered Princes to my ears, but I grew into such a discontented passion that I abandoned my self from company of people, and sat for seven moneths in a solitary passion, lamenting the loss of my Children, like weeping *Abel*, which was the sorrowfullest Lady that ever lived.

During which time, the report of *Floridos* unhappy Tragedy was bruited to his Fathers ears, being the sole King of *Armenia*: whose grief so exceeded the bounds of reason, that with all convenient speed he gathered the greatest strength *Armenia* could make, and in revenge of his Sons murder, entered my Territories, and
with

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with his well approb'd Warriours subdued my Provinces, slaughtred my Souldiers, conquered my Captains, slew my Commons, burnt my Cities, and left my Country Villages desolate, where, when I beheld my Country overspread with Famine, Fire, and Sword, three intestine plagues, wherewith Heaven scourgeth the sins of the wicked, I was forced to safeguard my life, to forsake my native Habitation, Kingly Government, only committing my Fortune (like a banisht exile) to wander in unknown passages, where care was my chief companion, and discontent my only soliciter: at last it was in my destiny to arrive in this unhappy place, which I supposed to be the walks of despair, where I had not remained many days in my melancholy passions, but methought the many jaws of deep Averny opened, from whence ascended a most fearful Devil, that inticed me to bequeath my fortune to his disposing, and he would defend me from the fury of the whole world: to which I presently condescended upon some assurance. Then presently he placed before my face this enchanted Sword, so surely closed in stone, it should never be pulled out, but by the hands of a Christian Knight; and till that taske was performed, I should live exempt from all danger, although all the Kingdoms of the Earth assailed me: which Task (most adventurous Champion) thou hast now performed, whereby I know the hour of my death approacheth, and my time of confusion is at hand.

This discourse pronounced by the Negromancer Ormondine, was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion S. George heard such a rattling in the skies, and such a lumbzing in the earth that he expected some strange event to follow: then casting his eyes aside, he saw the enchanted Garden to banish, and the Champion of Wales to awake from his long sleep, wherein he had remained seven years: who like one risen from a swoon, for a time stood speechless, not able to utter one word, till he beheld the noble Champion of England, that stedfastly gazed upon the Negromancer: who at the banishing of the Enchantment, presently gave a most terrible groan and died.

The two Champions after many courteous embracings & kind greetings, revealed each to other the strange adventures they had passed. S. David told how he was bound by the oath of Knight-hood, to perform the adventure of Ormondine: wherupon Saint George

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George presently delibered the Enchanted Sword, with the Paganomancers Head into the hands of S. David, the which he presently dissebered from his body. But here must my weary Muse leaue S. David travelling with Ormondines Head to the Tartarian Emperour, and speak of the following Adventures that hapned to Saint George, after his departure from the Enchanted Garden.

CHAP. XI.

How S. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where he stole away Sabra the Kings Daughter of Egypt, from the Blackmore King, and how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the means of the Lyon, and what hapned unto him in the same adventure.

Saint George, after the recovery of S. David, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his journey toward Christendom, whose pleasant Banks he long desired to behold, and thought every day a year, till his eyes enjoyed a sweet sight of his Native Countrey England, upon whose Chalky Cliftes he had not rood in many a weary Summers day: therefore committing his journey to a fortunate success, he travelled thzough many a dangerous Countrey: where the people were not only of a bloody disposition, giben to all manner of wickedness, but the soyl greatly annoyed with wild Beasts, thzough which he could not well travell without danger: therefore he carried continually in one of his hands a weapon ready charged, to encounter with the Heathen People, if occasion shoulderbe, and in the other hand, a bright blaze of fire to defend him from the fury of wild beasts, if by violence they assailed him,

Thus in extream danger travelled the Noble and adventurous Champion S. George, till he arrived in the Territozies of Barbary, in which Countrey he purposed for a time to remain, and to seek for some noble atchievement, whereby his fame might be increased, and his honoured name ring thzough all the Kingdomes of the World: and being encouraged with this Princely cogitation, the Noble Champion of England climbed to the top of a huge Mountain; where he unlocked his Weber, which before had not been

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listed up in many a day, and beheld the wide and spacious Countrey, how it was beautified with lusty Pines, & adozned with many goodly Pallaces. But amongst the number of the Towers and Cities which the English Champion beheld, there was one which seemed to exceed the rest both in situation and brave Buildings, which he supposed to be the chiefest City in all the Countrey, and the place where the King usually kept his Court: to which place Saint George intended trabel, not to furnish himself with any needfull thing, but to accomplish some honourable adventure, whereby his worthy deeds might be eternized in the Books of memory. So after he had descended from the top of the steep Mountain and had travelled in a low Valley about some two or three miles, he approached an old, and almost ruinated Hermitage over-grown with Moss, and other weeds, before the Entry of which Hermitage sat an ancient Father upon a round Stone, taking the heat of the warm Sun, which cast such a comfortable brightness upon the Hermits face, that his white Beard seemed to glister like silver, and his Head to exceed the whiteness of the Northern Asles to whom after S. George had given the due reverence that belonged unto Age, he demanded the name of the Countrey, and the City he travelled to, and under what King the Country was Governed: To whom the courteous Permit thus replied:

Most Noble Knight, for so I gess you are, by your furniture and outward appearance, you are now in the confines of Barbary, the City opposite before your eyes is called Tripoly remaining under the Government of Almidor, the black King of Morocco, in which City he now keepeth his Court, attended on by as many gallant Knights as any King under the cope of Heaven.

At which words the Noble Champion of England suddenly started, as though he had intelligence of some baleful news which deeply discontented his Princely mind: his heart was presently incensed with a speedy revenge, and his mind so extremely thirsted after Almidors Ragedy, that he could scarce make answer again to the Hermits words: But bridling his fury, the Angry Champion spake in this manner:

Grave Father (said he) through the treachery of that accursed King, I endured seven years imprisonment in Persia, where I suffered both hunger, cold, and extreame misery; but if I had my good
Sword

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Sword Askalon, and my trusty Palfray which I left in the Egyptian Court where remains my betrothed love, the Kings daughter of Egypt, I would be avenged upon the head of Almidor were his guard more strong then the Army of Xerxes, whose multitudes drank Rivers dry. Why said the Hermit, Sabra the Kings daughter of Egypt, is Queen of Barbary, and since her nuptials were solemnly performed in Tripoly, are seven Summers fully finished.

Now by the honour of my Country England (replied *S. George*) the place of my Nativity, and as I am a true Christian Knight, these eys of mine shall never close, this undaunted heart never entertain one thought of peace, nor this unconquered hand receive one minutes rest, until I have obtained a sight of the sweet Princeess for whose sake I have endured so long imprisonment: therefore dear Father be thus kind to a Traveller, as to exchanging thy cloathing for this my rich furniture and lusty Steed, which I brought from the Souldan of Persia, for in the habit of a Palmer I may enjoy the fruition of her sight without suspicion: otherwise I must needs be constrained by violence with my trusty Fauchion to make way into her Princely pallace: where I know she is attended on most carefully, by many Valiant and Couragious Knights: therefore courteously deliver me thy Hermits gown, and I will give thee to boot with my Horse and Armour, this Boxe of costly jewels: which when the grave Hermit beheld, he humbly thanked the Noble Champion, and so with all the speed they could possible make: exchanged apparel, and in this manner departed

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with *Saint Georges* furniture, and *Saint George* in the Palmers apparel towards the City of *Tripoly*, who no sooner came to the sumptuous buildings of the Court. but he espied a hundred poor Palmers kneeling at the Gate, to whom *S. George* spake in this manner, not with lofty and Heroical speeches, befeeming a Princely Champion, but with meek and humble words, like to an aged Palmer.

My dear brethren (said the Champion) for what intent remain you here, or what expect you from this honourable Court?

We abide here (answered the Palmers) for an Alms, which the Queen once a day hath given this seven years, for the sake of an English Knight named *S. George*, whom she affecteth above all the Knights in the World: But when will this be given (said *St. George*).

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In the afternoon (Keplied the Palmers) until which time upon our bended knees we hourly pray for the good fortune of that most noble English Knight. Which Speeches so pleased the Valiant-minded Champion S. George, that he thought every minute a whole year till the golden Sun had past away the middle part of Heaven: for it was but newly risen from Aurora's Bed, whose light as yet with a shamefast radiant blush, distained the Eastern Skie.

During which time, the most valiant and magnanimous Champion, S. George of England, one while rememb'ring the extreme misery he endured in Persia, for her sake, whereat he let fall many Christall tears from his eyes: another while thinking upon the terrible Battell he had with the burning Dragon in Egypt, where he redeemed her from the fatal jaws of death: at last it was his chance to walk about the Court beholding sumptuous Buildings, and the curious engraven Works by the atchievement of man, bestowed upon the glistring Windows: where he heard to his exceeding pleasure, the heavenly voice of his beloved Sabra, descending from a Window upon the West side of the Pallace, where she warbled forth this sozetul ditty upon her Booby Lute.

Die all desires of joy and Courtly pleasures,
Die all desires of Princely Royalty,
Die all desires and worldly treasures,
Die all desires of statelie Majesty:
Sith he is gone that pleased most mine eye,
For whom I wish ten thousand times to die.

O that mine eyes might never cease to weep,
O that my tongue might evermore complain,
O that my soul might in his bosom sleep,
For whose sweet sake my heart doth live in pain,
In woe I sing with brinish tears besprent,
Out-worn with grief, consum'd with discontent.

In time my sighs will dim the Heavens fair light,
Which hourly flie from my tormented breast,
Except Saint George that noble English Knight,

With

seven Champions of Charistendom.

With safe return abandon my unrest :
Then carefull crys shall end with deep annoy,
Exchanging weeping tears, for smiling joy.

Before the face of Heaven this Vow I make,
Though unkind friends have wed me to their will,
And Crownd me Queen my ardent flames to slake,
Which in despite of them shall ourish still,
Beare witness Heavens and Earth, what I have said,
For Georges sake I live and die a Maid.

Which sorrowfull Ditty being no sooner ended, but the departed the Window, quite from the hearing of the English Champion, that stood gazing up to ~~h~~ Casements, preparing his ears to entertain her sweet tuned melody ~~h~~ second time: but it was in vain, to here- at he grew into more perplexed passions, then Aeneas, when he had lost his beloved Crusa amongst the Army of the Grecians: some times wishing the day to banish in a moment, that the hour of her benevolence might approach, other times comforting his sad cogitations with the remembrance of her true chastity, and long continued constancy for his sake; comparing her love unto Thisbe, her chastity to Diana's, and her constancy to Penelopes.

Thus spent he the time away, till the glorious Sun began to decline the Western parts of the Earth, when the Palmers should receive her wonted benevolence: against which time, the English Champion placed himself in the midst of them, that expected the wished hour of her coming, who at the time appointed, came to the Pallace Gate, attired in mourning Vesture like Prolixena King Priams Daughter, when she went to sacrifice; her hair after a careless manner hung waivering in the wind, almost changed from yelow barnisht brightness, to the colour of silver, through her long continued sorrow and grief of heart, her eyes seemed to have wept seas of tears, and her wonted beauty to whose fairness, all the Ladies in the world did sometimes yeeld obeysance) was now stained with the pearly dew that trickled down her cheeks: where after the sorrowfull Queen had justly numbred the Palmers, and with vigilant eyes beheld the Princely countenance of St. George, her colour began to change from red to white, and from
white

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to white to red, as though the Lilly and the Rose had strove for superiority: but yet colouring her cogitations under a smooth brow, first delibered her Almes to the Palmers, then taking S. George, aside, with him she thus kindly began to confer: Palmer (said she) thou resemblest both in Princely countenance and courteous behaviour, that thrice honoured Champion of England, for whose sake I have daily bestowed my benevolence for this seven years: his name is St. George, his fame I know thou hast heard reported in many a Country to be the bravest Knight that ever buckled on steel Helm: therefore for his sake will I grace thee with the chiefest honour in this Court: instead of thy russet Gaberdin I will cloath thee in purple silk, and instead of thy Ebon staffe, thy hand shall wield the richest Sword that ever Princely eye beheld. To whom the Noble Champion S. George replied in this courteous manner.

I have heard (quoth he) the Princely Achievements and magnanimous Adventures of that honoured English Knight which you so dearly affected, bruited through many a Princes Court, and how for the love of a Lady, he hath endured a long imprisonment, from whence he never looked to return, but to spend the remnant of his days in lasting misery: at which the Queen let fall from her eyes such a shotoz of pearled tears, and sent such a number of strained sighs from her grieved heart, that her sorrow seemed to exceed the Queens of Carthage, when she had forever lost the sight of her beloved Lord. But the brave minded Champion purposed no longer to continue secret, but with his discovery to convert her sorrowful moans to smiling joy: and so casting off his Palmers weed, acknowledged himself to the Queen, and therewithall shewed the half King whereon was ingraven this posse- Ardeo affectione: which King in former time (as you may read before) they had very equally divided betwixt them to be kept in remembrance of their plighted Faiths.

Which unexpected sight highly pleased the beauteous Sabra, and her joy so exceeded the bounds of reason, that she could not speak one word, but was constrained through her newly conceived pleasure to breathe a sad sigh or two into the Champions bosome, who like a true ennobled Knight, entertained her with a loving kisse, where after these two Lovers had fully discoursed each to other the secrets of their soules, Sabra bowed
See

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She continued for his lobe a pure Virgin, though the secret vertue of a golden Chain steep in Tygers blood, the which she wore seven times double about her Ivory neck, took him by the gentle hand, and led him into her husbands Stables, where stood his approved Palfray, which she for seven years had fed with her own hands: who no sooner espied the return of his Master, but he more proud of his presence, then yet Bucephalus of the Macedonian Monarch, when he most joyfully returned in Triumph from any Victorious Conquest.

Now is the time (said the excellent Princess Sabra) that thou mayest seal up the quittance of our former loves: therefore with all convenient speed take thy approved Palfray, and thy trusty Sword *Arkelon*, which I will presently deliver into thy hands, and with all celerity convey me from this unhappy Country: for the King my husband with all his adventurous Knights, are now rod forth on hunting, whose absence wil further our flight: but if thou stay till his return, it is not a hundred of the hardiest Knights in the World can bear me from this accursed Pallace. At which words S. George having a mind graced with all excellent vertues Replyed in this maneer:

Thou knowest, my divine Mistresse, that for thy love I would endure as many dangers, as *Jason* suffered in the Ile of *Colcos*, so I might at last enjoy the pleasure of true Virginity, For how is it possible thou canst remain a pure Maid, when thou hast been a Crowned Queen these sexen years, and every Night hast entertained a King into thy Bed?

If thou findest me not a true Maid (quoth she) in all that thou canst say or doe, send me back againe hither unto my foe, whose Bed I account more lothsome than a den of Snakes, and his sight more ominous than the Crocodiles. As for the Morocco Crown, which by force of friends was set upon my head I wish that it might be turned into a blaze of quenchless fire, so might not endanger my body? and for the name of Queen, I account it a vain title; for I had rather be the English Lady, than the greatest Emp: ess, in the World.

At these speeches S. George willingly condescended, & with all speed purposed to go into England: & therewithal sealed an assurance with as sweet a kisse, as Paris gave to lovely Helena when she contented to forsake her Native Country, and

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to travel from her Husband Menelaus into Troy. So losing no time, least delay might breed danger, Sabra furnished her self with sufficient treasure, and speedily delibered to S. George his trusty Sword, which she had kept seven years for his sake, with all the Furniture belonging to his approb'd Steed, who no sooner received her proffered gifts, which he accounted dearer than the Asian Monarchy, but presently he saddled his Horse, and beautified his strong Limbs with rich Caparisons. In the mean time, Sabra through fair speeches and promises, obtained the good will of an Eunuch, that was appointed for her Guard in h Kings absence, to accompany them in their travel, and to serve as a trusty guide, if occasion required: which with the Lady stood ready at the Champions commandment; who no sooner had furnished himself with Habilliments of War belonging to so dangerous a journey but he set his beloved Mistress upon a gentle Paltrap, which always kneeled down untill she had ascended the Saddle: and likewise her Eunuch was mounted upon another Steed, whereon all their rich Furniture with costly Jewels and of her Treasure was bozue.

So these three worthy Personages committed their Travels to h guide of fortune, who preserved them from the dangers of pursuing enemies, which at the Kings return from hunting, followed again to every Port and Haven, that divided the Kingdom of Barbary from the confines of Christendom. But kinde destiny so guided their steps, that they travelled another way, contrary to their expectations: for when they looked to arrive upon the Territories of Europe, they were cast upon the fruitful Banks of Grecia: in which Countrey we must tell what hapned to the three Travellers and omit the vain pursuit of the Morocco Knights, the wrathfull melancholy of the King, and the buzzed rumour that was amongst the Commons of the Queens departure, who caused the larum-bells to be rung out, and the Beacons, to be set on fire, as though the Enemy had entred their Country.

But now Melpomene, thou Tragick Sister of the Muses, report what unlucky crosses hapned to these three Travellers in the Confines of Grecia, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill hap turned into a weeping Tragedy: for when they had journied some three or four leagues oer many a lassy Hill, they came nigh unto a mighty and vast wilderness through which the ways seemed

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so long and the Sun-beams so exceedingly blowed, that Sabra what for weariness in Trabel, and the extream heat of the day was constrained to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oake, whose branches had not been lopt in many a year : where she had not long remained, but her heart began to faint for hunger, and her colour that was but a little before as fair as any Ladies in the world, began to change for want of a little drink : whereat the most famous Champion S. George halfe dead with very griefe, comforted her as well as well he could after this manner :

Faint not my dear Lady (said he) here is that good Sword that once preserved thee from the burning Dragon ; and before thou shalt die for want of sustenance, it shall make way to every corner of the Wilderness ; where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy hungry stomach, or make my tomb in the bowels of some monstrous Beast : therefore abide thou here under this Tree in company of thy faithfull Eunuch, till I return either with the flesh of some wilde Deer, or else some flying bird, to refresh thy spirits for a new Travel.

Thus left he his beloved Lady with the Eunuch to the mercy of the Woods, and travelled up and down the Wilderness till he espied a Herd of fatted Deer, from which company he singled out the fairest, and like a tripping Satyre coursed her to death : then with a keen-edged Sword cut out the goodliest Hanch of Venison that ever Hunters eye beheld ; which Gift he supposed to be most welcome to his Beloved Lady. But mark what hapned in his absence to the two weary Travellers abiding under the Tree : where after S. George's departure, they had not long sitten discoursing, one while of their long journeyes, another while of their safe delivery from the Blackamoze King, spending the healing time away with many an ancient story, but there appeared out of a thicket two huge and monstrous Lyons, which came directly pacing towards the two Travellers : which fearful spectacle when Sabra beheld, having a heart over-charged with the extream fear of death, wholly committed her soul into the hands of God, and her body almost famished for Food to suffice the hunger of the two furious Lyons : who by the appointment of Heaven, preferred not so much as to lay their wrathful Paws upon the smallest part of her Garment, but with eager mood assayed the Eunuch

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until they had hurped his body in the empty vaults of their hungry Botwels : then with their Teeth lately imbued in blood, rent the Eunuches Stried into small peeces : which being done, they came to the Lady, which sat quaking half dead with fear, and like two Lambs couched their Heads upon her lap, where with her hands she stroked down their bristled hairs, not daring almost to breathe, till a heabie flap had ober-shattered their furious senses by which time the Princely minded Champion S. George returned with a peece of Wenison upon the point of his Sword: who at that unexpected sight, stood in a maze, whether it was best to flee for safeguard of his life, or to venture his fortune against the furious Lyons. But at last the love of his Lady encouraged him to a forwardness, whom he beheld quaking before the dismal gates of Death : So laying down his Wenison, like a victorious Champion, sheathed his approved Fauchion most furiously in the botwels of one of the Lyons. Sabra kept the other sleeping in her lap till his prosperous hand likewise dispatched him : which adventure being performed, he first thanked Heaven for the victory, and then in this kind manner saluted his Lady.

Now (Sabra said he) I have by this sufficiently proved thy true Virginity ; for it is the nature of a Lyon, be he never so furious not to harm the unspotted Virgin, but humbly to lay his bristled Head upon a Maidens lap. Therefore, divine Paragon, thou art the Worlds chief wonder for Love and chastity, whose honoured vertues shall ring as far as *Phæbus* sends his lights, and whose constancy I will maintain in every Land where I come, to be the truest under the Circuit of the Sun: at which words he cast his eyes aside and beheld the bloody spectacle of the Eunuches Tragedy, which by Sabra was too fully discoursed, to the great grief of S. George, where sad sighs served for a doleful knel to bewaile his untimely death: but having a noble minde not subject to baine sorrow, where all hope of life is past, ceased his grieffe, and prepared the Wenison in readiness for his Ladies repast, which in this order was dressed.

He had in his Pocket a Fire-lock, wherewith he strok fire and kindled it with Sun-burnt Moss, and encreased the flame with other dry wood which he gathered in the Wilderness: against which they rosted the Wenison, and sufficed themselves to their own contentments. after which joyful repast, these two Princely Persons set

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set forwarde to their wonted Trabels, toherby the happy guide of Heaben so conducted their steps, that befoze many dayes passed, they arrived in the Grecian Court, eben upon that day, when the Marriage of the Grecian Emperour should be solemnly holden : to which Royal Nuptials, in former times had been bruted into every Nation in the World, as well in Europe, as Africa and Asia : at which honourable Marriage the brabest Knights then living on Earth were present : for golden Fame had bruted the report thereof to the ears of the seven Champions : in Thessaly, to S. Dennis the Champion of France, there remaining with his beauteous Eglantine : into Civill, to Saint James the Champion of Spaine, where he remained with his lovely Celestine : to Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, then travelling into the Borders of Scythia, with his Lady Rossalinde : likewise to S. Andrew, the Champion of Scotland : to S. Patrick the Champion of Ire'and and to S. David the Champion of Wales, who all atchieved many memorabile Adventures in the Kingdome of Tartary, as you have heard befoze discoursed at large.

But now Fame, and smiling Fortune consented, to make their knightly Atchievements to shine in the eyes of the whole World, therefore by the conduction of Heaben, they generally arrived in the Grecian Emperours Court : of whose Tilts and Turnaments therein perfozmed, to the honour of his Nuptials, my wearie Muse is bound to discourse.

CHAP XI.

How the seven Champions arrived in Grecia at the Emperours Nuptials, where they performed many Noble Atchievements, and how after open Wars were proclaimed against Christendome by the discovery of many Knights, and how every Champion departed into his own Countrey.

In speak of the number of the Knights, that assembled in the Grecian Court together, were a labour over-tedious, requiring the Pen of Homer : Therefore will I omit the Honorable Train of Knights and Ladies that did attend him to the Church ; their costly Garments and glistering Ornaments, exceeding the Royalty of Hecuba, the beauteous Queen of Troy. And also I pass over the sumptuous Banquets,

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the honourable services, and delicious Cheer that beautified the Emperours Ruptials, with the stately Masks and Courtly Dances perfozmed by many Noble Personages, and chiefly Discourse of the Knightly Atchievements of the seven Champions of Chzistendom, whose honourable proceedings, and magnanimous Encounters have deserbed a golden Pen to relate: for after some few days spent in Chamber sports, to the great pleasure of the Grecian Prince, the Emperour presently proclaimed a solemn Justing to be holden for the space of seven days, in the honour of his Marriage and appointed for his chief Champions the seven Chzistian Knights; whose Names as then were not known by any one except their own attendants.

Against the appointed day the Turnaments should begin, the Emperour caused a wonderful large frame of Timber-wook to be erected: whereon the Empress and her Ladies might stand, for the better view of the Lists, and at pleasure behold the Champions Encounters, most nobly perfozmed in the honour of their Mistresses: likewise in the compass of the Lists were pitched seven Tents of seven several colours, wherein 7 seven Champions might remain till the sound of the silver Trumpets summoned them to appear.

Thus every thing prepared in readines, sitting so great a Royalty, the Princes and Ladies placed in their Seats, the Emperour with his new married Empress inbested on their lofty Thrones, strongly guarded with a hundred Armed Knights, the Kings Herald solemnly proclaimed the Turnaments, which in this most royall manner began.

The first day S. Dennis of France was appointed chief Champion against all commers, who was called by the title of the golden Br. who at the sound of the Trumpet entred the Lists, his Tent was of the colour of the Parigold, upon the top an artificial Sun framed, that seemed to beautifie 7 whole Assembly: his horse of an Iron Gray, graced with a spangled Plume of Feathers: before him rode a page in purple silke, bearing upon his Crest three golden Floure de lues, which did signifie his Arms. Thus in this Royall manner entred S. Dennis the Lists: where after he had traced twice or thrice up and down, to the open view of the whole company, he prepared himselfe in readines to begin the Turnament: against whom ran many Grecian Knights, which were Fog-
led.

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led by the French Champion, to the wonderful admiration of all the beholders: but to be brief, he so worthily behaved himself, and with such Fortitude, that the Emperour applauded him for the bravest Knight in the World.

Thus in great Royalty, to the exceeding pleasure of the Emperour, was the first day spent, till the dark Evening caused the Knights to break off company, and repair to their Rights repose. And the next morning no sooner did Phoebus shew his splendant brightness but the King of Heralds under the Emperour, with a noise of Trumpets awaked the Champions from their silent sleep, who with all speed prepared for the second days Exercise. The chief Champion appointed for that day, was the victorious Knight S. James of Spaine: which after the Emperour and Emperess had seated themselves with a stately train of beautiful Ladies, entered the Lists upon a Spanish Gennet betrapped with a rich Caparison: directly over against the Emperours Throne, his Tent was pitched, which was of the colour of Quick-silver, whereon was portrayed many fine devices: before the Tent attended four Squires, bearing four several Scutchions in their hands, whereon were curiously painted the four Elements: likewise he had the title of the Silver Knight, who behaved himself no less worthy of all Princely commendations than the French Champion the day before. The third day S. Anthony of Italy was chief Challenger in the Tournament, whose Tent was of the colour of the Skies, his steed furnished with costly habiliments, his Armour after the Barbarian manner, his Shield plated round about with steel, whereon was painted a golden Eagle in a Field of Blew, which signified the ancient armes of Rome: likewise he had the title of the Azure Knight whose matchless Chivalry for that day won the prize from all the Grecian Knights, to the great rejoicing of his Lady Rosalinde, the King of Thracia's Daughter that still remained in Pages attire, wherein (for the dear love she bore S. Anthony) disguisedly she stole from the Court, whose discovery shall hereafter be expressed. The fourth day by the Emperours appointment, the valiant and worthy Knight S. Andrew of Scotland obtained the honour, as to be chief Challenger for the Tournament: his Tent was framed in the manner of a ship, swimming upon the waves of the Sea, inhabited about with Dolphins, Tritons, & many strange contrived
Her maides:

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Mermaides: upon the top stood the picture of Neptune the God of the Seas bearing in his hand a Streamer, whereon was wrought in Crimson-Silk a corner Cross which seemed to be his Countries Arms: he was called the red Knight, because his Horse was covered with a bloody veil, his worthy atchievements obtained such favour in the Emperours eyes, that he threth him his silver Gantlet, which was prized at a thousand Portagues, where after his Noble Encounters, he enjoyed a sweet repose. The first day S. Patrick of Ireland, as chief Champion entred the Lists upon an Irish Hobbie, covered with a veil of Green, attended on by six Sil-bane Knights, every one bearing upon his shoulder a blooming Tree: The Tent resembled a Summers Botcher, at the entry whereof stood the picture of Flora beautified with a wreath of sweet-smelling Roses: he was named the Green Knight whose worthy Pro-esse so daunted the defendant, that before the Turnament began, they gave him the honour of the day. Upon the first day the Heroical and noble minded Champion of Wales obtained such favour at the Emperours hands, that he was likewise chiefe Challenger who entred the Lists upon a Tartarian Palfray, covered with a hepl of Black, to signifie a black and Tragical day should befall to these Grecian Knights that durst appohe his invincible fortitude; his Tent was pictht in the manner and form of a Castle, in the west side of the Lists, before the entry whereof, hung a golden Shield, whereon was libely portraged a Silver Griffin rampant, upon a golden Helmet, which signified the ancient Arms of Britain. His Princely atchievements, not only obtained due commendations at the Emperours hands, but of the whole Assembly of the Grecian Ladies wherewith they applauded him to be the most Noble Knight that ever spibered Lance, and the most fortunate Champion that ever entred into the Grecian Court. Upon the seventh and last day of these Honourable Turnaments and most Noble proceedings, the Famous & Valiant Knight at Arms, S. George of England, as chief Challenger, entred the Lists upon a Sable-coloured Steed, betrapt with bars of burnisht gold, his fore-head beautified with a gorgeous Plume of purple Feathers, from whence hung many pendants of gold, his Armour of the purest Lydian Steel nailed fast together with silver Plates, his Helmet engraven very curiously, beset with Indian Pearl, and Jasper stones

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stones: before his Brest-plate hung a silver Table in a damask Scarfe, whereon was pictured a Lyon rampant in a bloody field bearing three Golden Crowns upon his head: before his Tent stood an Ivory Chariot guarded by twelve cole-black Negroes; where in his beloved Lady, and Mistress, Sabra, sat inbested upon a silver Globe, to behold the Heroical encounters of her most Noble, and magnanimous Champion S. George of England: his Tent was as white as the Swans Feathers, glistering against the Sun supported by four joyntless Elephants framed of the purest Brass, about his Helmet he tied a tyeath of Virgins hair, where hung his Ladies globe, which he tooze to maintain her excellent gifts of nature to exceed all Ladies on Earth. These costly Habilliments ravished the beholders with such unspeakable pleasure, that they stood gazing at his Furniture, not able to withdraw their eyes from so heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his victorions encounters against the Grecian Knights, they supposed him to be the invincible Lamer of that seven-headed Monster that clambred to the Elements, offering to pull Jupiter from his Throne. His Steed never gave encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled Horse and man to Earth, where they lay for a time bereft of sense. The Turnaments dured for that day, from the Suns rising, till the cole-black Evening star appeared, in which time he conquered fife hundred of the hardiest Knights then living in Asia, and spibered a thousand Lances, to the wonderful admiration of the beholders.

Thus were the seven days brought to end by the seven worthy Champions of Christendome, in reward of whose noble atcheivements, the Grecian Emperour being a man that highly favoured knightly proceedings, gave them a golden Tree with seven branches, to be divided equally amongst them. Which honourable Prize they conveyed to S. George's Pavillion, where in dividing the branches the seven Champions discovered themselves each to other, and by what good fortune they arrived in the Grecian Court, whose long wished sight so rejoiced their hearts, that they all accounted that happy day of meeting, the joyfulest day that ever they beheld. But now after the Turnaments were fully ended, and the Knights rested themselves some few days, recovering their wonted agility of body, they fell to a new exercise of Pleasure, not appearing in glistering Armour before the List, nor following the loud

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loud sounding Drums and silver Trumpets, but spending away the time in Courtly dances amongst their beloved Ladys and Mistresses, in more Royalty than the Phrygian Knights when they presented the Paragon of Asia with an Enchanted Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their ears, no pleasant Sonnets to ravish their senses, nor no curious Dances to please their eyes. Sabra she was the Mistress of the Rebels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent beauty, which seemed to exceed the rest of the Ladies in fairness, as far as the Moon surpasseth her attending stars in a frosty night, and when she danced, she seemed like Thetis tripping on the silver sands, with whom the Sun did fall in love: and if she chanced to smile, the cloudy Elements would weep, and drop down heavenly dew as though they mourned for love. There likewise remained in the Court the six Thracian Virgins, that in former time lived in the shape of Swans which were as beautiful Ladies as ever eye beheld, also, many other Ladies attended the Emperess, in whose companies the seven Champions daily delighted: sometimes discoursing of amorous conceits: other times delighting themselves with sweet sounding Musick: then spending the day in Banquetting, Rebelling, Dancing, and such like Pastimes, not once injuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their Courtly pleasures continued not long, for they were suddenly dashed with a certain netwee of open Wars proclaimed against all Christendome, which fell out contrary to the expectation of the Christian Knights. There arrived in the Grecian Emperours Pallace, a hundred Heralds of a hundred several Provinces, which proclaimed utter defiance to all Christian Kingdomes, by these words.

We the high and mighty Emperours of *Asia* and *Africa*, great Commanders both of Land and Seas, Proclaim by general consenc of all the Eastern Potentates, utter ruine and destruction to the Kingdomes of Christendome, and to all those Nations where any Christian Knights are harboured: First the Souldan of *Persia*, in revenge of a bloody slaughter done in his Pallace, by an *English* Champion: *Ptolomy* the *Egyptian* King in revenge of his daughter, violently taken away by the same Knight: *Almidor* the black King of *Morocco*, in revenge of his Queen, likewise taken away by the said *English* Champion: The great Governour of *Thessaly*, in revenge

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venge of his Daughter, taken away by a *French Knight*: The King of *Jerusalem*, in revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a *Spanish Knight*: The *Tartarian* Emperour, in revenge of his Son Count *Palatine*, slain by the unhappy hand of the Champion of *Wales*: the *Thracian* Monarch, in revenge of his vain Travel after his seven Daughters, now in keeping of certain Christian Knights: in revenge of which injuries, all Kingdomes from the further parts of *Prefter Johns* Dominions, to the borders of the red Seas, have set down their hands and seals to be aiders in this bloody War.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperour likewise consented to their bloody determination, and thereupon gave speedy commandment to muster up the greatest strength that Grecia could afford, to joyn with the Pagans, to the utter ruine and confusion of Christendome: which bloody Edict, or rather inhumane judgment pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the Christian Champions to a speedy departure, and every one to hasten to his own Countrey, there to provide for the Pagans entertainment: so after due considerations the Champions departed, in company of their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their Husbands bosomes, then with their misbeleeving Parents: where after some few days they arrived in a spacious Bay of Portugall, in which Haven they bowed by the honour of true Knight-hood, to meet again within six Months ensuing, there to conjoyn all their Christian Armies into one Legion: upon which plighted resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: S. George into England, S. Denis into France. Saint James into Spain, S. Anthony into Italy, S. Andrew into Scotland, S. Patrick into Ireland, S. David into Wales: whose pleasant Banks, they had not beheld in many years before: where their entertainments were as honourable as their hearts desired: but to speak of the mustering up of Souldiers in every Christian Kingdome, and what strength arrived at the appointed time in the Bay of Portugal: shall be discoursed in the sequel of this History, and how troublesome Wars overspread the whole Earth, where the Heroicall deeds of these noble Champions shall at large be described: Also the overthrow of many Kings and Kingdomes, ruines of Towns and Cities, and the decay of many flourishing Common-weales: Likewise of the bloody Tragedies of many unchristian Princes: whereat the Heavens will mourn, to see the e-

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fission of blood trickle from the breasts of murdered Infants, the heaps of slaughtered Damisels trampled to pieces by Souldiers Horse, and the Streets of many a City sprinkled with the blood of reverend Age: Therefore gentle Reader, accept of this my labour with a smooth brow and a kind countenance, and my weary Muse shall never rest, till I have finished the pleasant History of these Heroical Champions.

CAAP. XIII.

How the seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their Troops in the Bay of Portugal: the number of the Christian Armies, and how Saint George made an Oration to the Souldiers.

After the seven Champions of Christendome Arrived in their native Countreys, and by true Reports had blazed abroad to every Princes ear, the bloody resolution of the Pagans, and how the Provinces of Africa and Asia had mustred up their Forces to the Invasion of Europe: all Christian Kings than at the entreaty of the Champions appointed mighty Armies of well-approved Souldiers, both by Sea & Land to intercept the Infidels wicked intention. Likewise by the whole consent of Christendome, the Noble and fortunate Champion of England, S. George, was appointed Chief General, and principal Leader of the Armies, and the other six Champions were Chlected for his Council and Chief Assistants in all attempts that appertained either to the benefit of Christendom, or the furtherance of their Fortunate Proceedings.

This Honourable War so fired the hearts of many youthful Gentlemen, and so encouraged the minds of every common Souldier, that some mortgaged their Lands, and at their own proper charges furnished themselves: some sold their Patrimonies to serve in these Honourable Wars: and other some forsook Parents, Kindred, Wife, Children, Friends, and acquaintance, and without constraint of pressing, offered themselves to follow so Noble a General, as the renowned Champion of England, & to spend their blood in the just quarrel of their native Country. So be brief one might behold the Streets of every Town and City throughout all the Dominions of Europe, beautified with Troops of Souldiers, which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. When the joyful sound of thundring Drums, and the Echoes of silver Trumpers

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Trumpets summoned them to Arms; that followed with as much willingness as the Grecians followed Agamemnon to the wall oerhroto of Troy: for by that time the Christian Champions had sported themselves in the bosome of their kinde Mistresses, the forward Captaines taken their Courtly Pastimes, and the willing Souldiers bade adue to their friends and acquaintance, the Spring had covered the Earth with a new Liberty: which was the appointed time the Christian Armies should meet in Portugal, there to joyn their seberal Troops into one Legion: which promise caused the Champions to bid adue to their native Countreys, and with all speed to buckle on their Furnitures, to hope up Sayles, where after a short time, the wind with a calm and prosperous Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of Portugal.

The first that arrived in that spacious Haven, was the noble Champion S. George, with an hundred thousand courageous English Soldiers, whose forwardness betokened a fortunate success and their willing minds, a joyfull victory. His Army set in Battle Bay, seemed to counterbail the number of the Macedonian Souldiers wherewith toger Alexander conquered the Western World: his Horse-men being in number twenty thousand, were armed all in black Cozzlets: their Lances bound about with Plates of steel their Steeds covered with Mail three times doubled: their Colours were the sanguine Cross, supported by a golden Lyon: his sturdy Bowmen, whose conquering gray-Goose wing in former times hath terrified the circled Earth, being in number likewise twenty thousand, clad all in red Bandiliens, with caps of the same colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine Cross, being the true badge and honour of England: their Bowes of the strongest Pew, and their Arrowes of the soundest Ash, with forked heads of steel, and their Feathers bound on with green wax and twisted silk. His Musketters being in number ten thousand, their Muskets of the widest boze, with Fire locks wrought by curious workmanship, yet of such wonderful lightness, that they required no rest at all to ease their right aiming Arms. His Caliber shot likewise ten thousand of the smaller timbzed men, but yet of as courageous minds, as the tallest Souldiers in his Army. His Pikes and Bills to guard the waving Ensigns, thirty thousand clad all with glittering bright Armour: likewise followed ten thousand labouring Pioners if occasion serbed, to undermine any Town or Castle, to intrench

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Forsts or Sconces, or to make a passage through Hills & Mountains, as worthy Hanibal did, when as he made a way for his Soldiers through & lofty Alpes, that divide the Countreys of Italy & Spain.

The next that arrived within the Bay of Portugal, was the Princely minded Champion D. David of Wales, with an Army of fifty thousand of true born Britains, furnished with all Habilliments of War, to so Noble and Valiant a Service, to the high renown of his Countrey, and true honour of his Progeny: their Armour in richness nothing inferiour to the English mens: their Colours were a golden cross, supported by a silver Griffin: which Scutcheon signifieth the ancient Arms of Wales: for no sooner had Saint George a sight of the Valiant Britains, but he caused his Muskettiers presently to entertain them with a Volley of Shot to express their happy & joyful welcome to shore, which speedily they performed so couragiously with such a rattling noise, as though the Firmament had burst in sunder, and the Earth made Eccho to their thundring melody.

But no sooner were the Skies cleared from the smok of & reeking Powder, and that S. George might at pleasure discern the Noble and Magnanimous Champion of Wales, who as then rode upon a milk-white Hobbie in silver Armour, guarded with a Train of Knights in purple Vestures: but he greeted S. David with kind courtesies, and accompanied him to the English Tent, which they had erected close by the Port side, where for that night these two Champions remained spending the time with unspeakable pleasure: and so upon the next day after, S. David departed to his own Tent, which he had caused to be pitcht some quarter of a League from the English Army.

The next that arrived on the fruitful Banks of Portugal, was Saint Patrick, the Noble Champion of Ireland, with an Army likewise of fifty thousand, attired after a strange and wonderful manner: their Furnitures were of the skins of wild Beasts, but yet more unpierceable than the strongest Armour of Proof: they bore in their hands mighty Darts, tipped at the end with pricking Steel, which & courageous and Valiant Irish Soldiers by the agility of their Arms, could throw a full right shoot, & with forcible strength, would strike three or four inches into an Oke, & with such a certain aim, they would not miss the breadth of a foot.

These adventurours and hardy Souldiers no sooner arrived on the shore, but the English Muskettiers gave them a Princely entertainment

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tainment, and presently conducted the noble minded Champion S. Patrick, to the English Tent, where the three Champions of England, Wales, and Ireland, passed away the time with exceeding great Royalty, laying down plots how to pitch their Camps to the most disadvantage of the misbelieving Enemy, and setting perfect directions which way they were best to march, and such like devices for their own safeties, and the benefit of Christendome.

The next that landed on the Banks of Portugal, was S. Andrew the worthy Champion of Scotland, with threescore thousand of well approved Souldiers: his Horsemen, the bold adventurous Gallowayes, clad all in quilted Jackets, with Lances of the Turkish fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Beavers the Arms of Scotland, which was a corner cross supported by a naked Virgin: His Pikemen the stiffe and hardy men of Orkney, which continually lye upon freezing Mountains, the Illie Rocks and the Snowie Vallies: his shot the light footed Palidoniars, that if occasion be, can climb the highest Hill, and for nimbleness in running over-goe the swift footed Stag.

These bold adventurous Scottish men in all forwardness, deserved as much honour at the English Champions hands as any of the other Nations before: therefore he commanded his shot on their first entry on Land, to give them a Noble Entertainment, which they performed most Royally, and also conducted S. Andrew to the English Tent, where after he had given S. George the Curtesie of his Country, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the English Tent a mile.

The next that arrived was S. Anthony the Champion of Italy with a band of fourscore thousand brave Italian Souldiers, mounted on warlike Coursers, every Horseman attended on by a naked Negro, bearing in his hand a Streamer of watcht Silk with the Arms of Italy thereon set in Gold, every footman furnished with approved furniture in as stately manner as the Englishmen, who at their landing received as Royall an entertainment, as the other nations, and likewise S. Anthony was as highly honoured by the English Champion, as any of the other christian Knights. The next that Arrived was S. Dennis the victorious Champion of France, with a band of fourscore thousand. After him marched Dukes of twelve several Dukedomes, then under the Government of the French King, every one at his own proper cost and charges maintained two thousand Souldiers, in these christian Wars: their entertainments were as glorious as the rest.

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The last of all the Christian Champions that arrived upon the fruitful Banks of Portugal, was the magnanimous Knight Saint James of Spain, with a band likewise of fourscore thousand; with him he brought from the Spanish Mines ten Tun of refined Gold, only to maintain Souldiers in the defence of Christendom, who no sooner Landed with his Troops, but the six Champions gave him the Honourable welcome of a Souldier, and ordained a solemn Banquet for the general Armies, whose number justly surmounted five hundred thousand; which Legions they consigned into one Camp Royal, and after placed their Wings and Squadrons Battalion-wise, chiefly by the direction of S. George, being then chief General by the consent of the Christian Kings: who after he had overbeiewed the Christian Armies, his countenance seemed to prognosticate a crowned Victory, and to foretel a fatal overthrow to the misbelieving Potentates: therefore to encourage his Princely Followers to persevere in their wonted willingness, pronounced this Princely Oration.

You men of *Europe* (said he) and my Country-men, whose conquering Fortunes never yet have feared the enemies of Christ, you see we have forsook our native Lands and committed our Destinies to the Queen of chance, not to fight in any unjust quarrel, but in the true cause of *Israels* Anointed, not against nature to climb to the Heavens, as *Nimrod* and the Gyants proffered in former time: but to prevent the Invasion of Christendom, the ruine of *Europe*, and the intended overthrow of all Christian Provinces: the bloody minded Infidels have mustered up Legions, in numbers like blades of grass, that grow upon the flourishing downs of *Italy*, or the Stars of Heaven in the coldest Winters night protesting to fill our Countreys with Seas of blood, to scatter our Streets with mangled limbs, and convert our glorious Cities into Flames of quenchless fire: Therefore dear Countrey-men, live not to see our Christian Virgins spoyle by lustful rape, nor dragged along our Streets, like guiltless Lambs to a bloody slaughter: nor live to see our harmless Babes, with bruised brains dash against hard flinty Stones; nor live to see our unlusty age whose hair resemble silver Mines, lye bleeding on the marble Pavements: But like true Christian Souldiers fight in the quarrel of your countries. What though the Pagans be in number ten to one, yet Heaven I know will fight for Christendom and cast them down before

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before our faces, like drops of *April* Showers. Be not dismayd to see them in ordered ranks, nor fear not when you behold the Streamers hovering in the waving wind, when as their steeled Pikes like to a thorny Forest will over spread whole Countrys: thousands of them I know will have no heart to fight, but lie with cowardly fear like flocks of sheep before the greedy Wolf. I am the Leader of your noble minds, that never fought in vain, nor nor never entred Battel but returned with conquest. Then every one with me build upon this Princely resolution: *for Christendome we fight, for Christendome we live and die.*

This Souldier-like Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole Army with a general voice cryed, to Arms, to Arms with Victorious George of England: which Noble resolution of the Souldiers, so joyced the English Champion, and likewise encouraged the other Christian Knights with such a forwardness of minde, that they gave speedy commandement to remove their Tents, and to march with easie journeys towards Tripoly in Barbary, where Almidor the black King of Morocco had residence: in which Trabel we must leave for a while the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived at one instant in the Kingdome of Hungary, and how they fell at variance in the Election of a General: which civil mutiny caused much effusion of blood to the great hurt both of Africa and Asia as here followeth.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the dissention and discord that hapned amongst the Army of the Pagans in Hungary: the Battel betwixt the Christians and the Moors in Barbary: and how Almidor the black King of Morocco was foddren to death in the Cauldron of boiling lead and Brimstone.

The ireful Pagans after they had leaved their Partial forces both by Sea and Land repaired to their general place of meeting, there to conclude of the utter ruine of Christendome: for no sooner could Winter with drab his chill frost from the Earth, and Flora took possession of his place, but the Kingdome of Hungary suffered excessive penury, through the numberless Armies of the accursed Infidels, being their appointed place of meeting: for though Hungary of all other Countreys both in Africa

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frica and Asia, then was the richest and plentifullest of Victuals to maintain a Camp of men: yet was it mightily over-pressed & greatly burthened with multitudes, not only with want of necessaries to reliebe Souldiers but with extreme cruelty of those bloody minded Discreants, that through a civill discorde which hapned amongst them, about the Election of a General, they converted their union to a most inhumane slaughter, and their triumphant victorie to a dismal bloody Tragedy: For no sooner arrived their Legions upon the Plaines of Algernos, being in length & breadth one & twenty Leagues, but the King of Hungary caused their muster Rolls to be publicly read, and justly numbred in the hearing of the Pagan Knights, which in this manner was proclaimed through the Camp.

First, Be it known unto all Nations that fight in the Quarrel of *Africa and Asia*, under the conduct of our three great Gods, *Mahomet, Tarmagant, and Apollo*, what invincible Forces be now arrived in this renowned Kingdom of *Hungary*, and Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious Buildings, and plentifulled with all manner of Riches.

First, We have from the Emperour of *Constantinople* two hundred thousand Turks. From the Emperour of *Grecia*, two hundred and fifty thousand, From the Emperour of *Tartary*, a hundred threescore and three thousand, From the Souldan of *Persia*, two hundred thousand. From the King of *Jerusalem*, four hundred thousand. Of *Moors* one hundred and twenty thousand. Of cole-black *Negars*, one hundred and forty thousand. Of *Arabians*, one hundred and sixty thousand. Of *Babylonians*, one hundred and thirty thousand and odde. Of *Armenians*, one hundred and fifty thousand. Of *Macedonians*, two hundred and ten thousand. Of *Siracussians*, fifteen thousand six hundred. Of *Hungarians*, three hundred and six thousand. Of *Scilians*, seven thousand three hundred. Of *Scythians*, one hundred and five thousand. Of *Parthians*, ten thousand and three hundred. Of *Phrygians*, seven thousand and three hundred. Of *Ethiopians*, sixty thousand. Of *Thracians*, fourscore thousand. Likewise from the Provinces Prester John, three hundred thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Dukedomes, whose number I omit for this time, lest I should seem over tedious to the reader.

But to conclude such a Camp of Armed Souldiers Arrived in *Hungary*, that might in one Peneth have destroyed Christendom

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had not God defended them from those Barbarous Nations, and by his invincible power confounded the Pagans in their own practices: for no sooner had the Heraulds proclaimed through the Camp, what a number of Nations joyned in Arms together, but the Souldiers fell at dissention one with another, about the election of a General: some vowed to follow none but the King of Jerusalem: some Ptolomy the Egyptian King: and some the Souldan of Persia, either to persevere in their own wills, or to lose their lives in the same quarrel.

Thus in this manner, parts were taken on all sides, not onely by the meaner sort, but by Leaders and Commanders of Bands; whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their wills to their Souldiers pleasure. This civil broyle so discouraged the whole Army, that many withdrew to their homes and presently marched homewards, as the King of Morrocco with his Tartary Horses, and cole-black Negars: likewise the Souldan of Persia, Ptolomy the Egyptian King, the Kings of Arabia and Jerusalem, every one departed into their own Countries, during the time they attempted first to gain an enterprise. The rest, not minding to pocket up abuses, fell from braving boasts to down-right blows, whereby grew such sharp and bloody War, that it cost more Souldiers lives, then the civil Putting at the destruction of Jerusalem. Which battel by the irreligious Pagans continued without ceasing for the space of three days, in which encounters, the murdered Infidels, like scattered Coyn, overspread the fields of Hungary: the fruitful Valleys lay drowned in purple gore: the fields of Coyn consumed with flames of fire: their Towns and Cities ruined with wasting War; wherein the Fathers were sad witnesses of their Childrens slaughters, and the Sons beheld their Parents reverend hairs, more white then tyed silver, besmeared with clodded blood: there might the Mothers see the harmlesse Babes boyn up and down the streets upon Souldiers Lances: there might they see their silken Ornaments and rich Attire in pools of blood lie swimming up and down: there might they see the chaires of honest Dames and pure Virgins dashed against hard stony stones; there might they see their Courts and Pallaces by Souldiers burned to the ground; there might they see how Councillars in their Scarlet Gowns lay burning in the fire: there might they see how Kings

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and Queens were arm in arm consumed to ashes: there might they behold and see how melted gold in choaked Sinks lay every where: there might they see the bloodiest Tragedies that ever eye beheld, and the woofullest news that ever Christians ears heard told. In this long and bloody War, one sucking Child was not left alive to report the story to ensuing Ages, no not a Souldier to carry Arms throughout Kingdom of Hungary, so justly was this vengeance of God throtton upon the heads of these misbelieving Discreants, that durst attempt to lift their hands against his true annointed Passions: for no doubt but this invincible Army of Pagans had ruinated the borders of Europe, had not the mighty hand of God with his unspeakable mercy been Christendomes defence, and confounded the Infidels in their own civil Wars, which bloody and strange overthrow of those unchristian people, let us for ever bury in the lake of oblivion, and persevere in the fortunate proceedings of the seven Champions of Christendom, who had entered the Borders of Barbary, before Almidor the black King of Morocco, with his scattered troops of Moors and Negars returned from Hungary, and by fire and sword had wasted many of his chiefest Towns and Forts, whereby the Country was much weakened, and the Commons compelled to sue for mercy at the Champions hands, who bearing true Christian minds, with in their hearts continually, pittied, harboured, boughsased to grant mercy to those that yielded their lives to the pleasure of the Christian Knights: but when S. George had intelligence of Almidors approach with his weakened Troops, he presently prepared his Souldiers in readines to give the Moors a bloody Banquet, which was the next Morning by break of day performed, to the high Honour of Christendom: but the Night before, the Moors knowing the Country better then the Christians, got the advantage both of Wind and Sun: whereat S. George being somewhat dismayed, but yet not discouraged, emboldened his Souldiers, with many heroical speeches, proffering them frankly the Enemies spoiles, and so with the Suns uprising entered Battel, where the Moors fell before the Christians Swords, as ears of Corn before the Reapers Sickles.

During this conflict, the seven Champions still in the fore front of the Battel, so adventurously behaved themselves, that they slew more Negars then a hundred of the brabest Knights in the Christian Armies.

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Armies. At last Fortune intended to make S. George's Proverbs to shine brighter then the rest, singled out the Morocco King, betwixt whom and the English Champion, was a long and dangerous Fight: but S. George so courageously behaved himself with his trusty Sword, that Almidor was constrained to yield to his mercy. The Army of the Moors seeing their King taken Prisoner, presently would have fled: but that the Christians being the lighter of foot, overtook them, and made the greatest slaughter of them that ever hapned in Barbary.

Thus after the Battel ended, and the joyful sound of Victory rung through the Christian Army, the Souldiers furnished themselves with the Enemies spoils, and marched by S. Georges direction to the City of Tripoly, being then almost unpeopled through the late slaughter which was there made: in which City after they had rested some days, and refreshed themselves with wholesome food, the English Champion, in revenge of his former persecuted injuries by the Morocco King, gave this severe sentence of death.

First, he commanded a brazen Cauldron to be filled with boiling Lead and Brimstone: then Almidor to be brought to the place of death by twelve of the Noblest Piers in Barbary, therein to be consumed, flesh, blood, and bones: which was duly performed within seven days following. The Brazen Cauldron was erected by the appointment of S. George, directly in the middle of the chiefest Market place, under which a mighty hot fire continually burned, for the space of eight and forty hours: whereby the boiling Lead and Brimstone seemed to sparkle like fiery Furnaces in hell, and the heat to exceed the burning Oven at Babylon.

Now all things being thus prepared in readiness, and the Christian Champions present to behold the woful spectacle, the condemned Black-a-more King came to the place of Execution, in a shirt of fine Indian silk, his hands pinioned together with a Chain of gold, and his face covered with a Damask Scarf, his attendants and chief conductors twelve Moors Piers, clad in sable Gowns of Taffaty, carrying before him the Tablet of Fortune, with the Picture of an Usurper climbing up, with this Motto on his breast, I will be King in spite of Fortune: upon the top of the Tablet the Picture of a Monarch daunting, with this Motto on his breast; I am a King in spite of Fortune: Lastly, on the other side of the

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Water, the Picture or perfect Image of a deposed Potentate, falling with his Head down-wards, with this Motto on his Breast I have been a King while pleased Fortune: which plainly signified the chance of War, and of inconstant destiny: his Guard was a hundred christian Souldiers, holding fortune in disdain: after them attended a hundred of Morocco Maigins in black Ornaments, their hair bound up with Silber Tapers, and covered with Weyls of black Silk, signifying the sorow of their Countrey for the loss of their Soberaign. In this mournful manner came the unfortunate Almidor to the boiling Cauldron; which when he came near, his heart waxed cold, and his tongue debord of utterance for a time, at last he brake forth into these earnest Protestations, proffering more for his life, then the whole Kingdom of Barbary could perform.

Most mighty and invincible Champion of Christendom (quoth he) let my life be ransomed, and thou shalt yearly receive ten Tuns of tryed gold, five hundred webs of woven silk, the which our Indian Maids shall sit and spin with silver Wheelles: a hundred Ships of Spices and refined Sugar shall be yearly paid thee by our Barbary Merchants: a hundred Wagons likewise laden with Pearl and Jasper Stones, which by our cunning Lapidists shall be yearly chosen forth and brought thee home to England, to make that blessed country the richest Land within the Dominions of Europe: likewise I will deliver up my Diadem, withall my Princely Dignities, and in company of these Morocco Lords, like bridled Horses, draw thee dayly in a silver Charriot up and down the circled earth, till death give end to our lives Pilgrimage: therefore most admired Knight at Arms, let these salt tears that trickle from the conduits of my eyes, obtain one grant of comfort at thy hands, for on my bended knees I beg for life, that never before this time did kneel to mortal man.

Thou speakest in vain (replyed Saint Georg:) not the Treasures hidden in the deepest Seas, nor all the golden Mines of rich America, shall redeem thy life: thou knowest accursed Homicide, thy wicked practices in the Egyptian Court, where thou professedst wrongfully to bereave me of my life through thy treachery,

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ry, I endured a long imprisonment in *Persia*, where for seven years I drank foul Channell water, and sufficed my hunger with bread of Bran Meal: my food was loathsome flesh of Rats and Mice, and my resting place, a dismal Dungeon, where neither Sun nor the chearful light of Heaven lent me comfort: during my long continued misery: for which inhumane dealing and proffered injuries the heavens intorce me to a speedy revenge, which in this manner shall be accomplished.

Thou seest the torment prepared for thy death, this brazen Cauldron fild with boyling lead and brimstone, wherein thy cursed body shall be speedily cast, and boiled, ti'l thy detested limbes be consumed to a watry substance in this sparkling liquour: therefore prepare thy self to entertain the violent stroke of death, and willingly bid all thy Kingly dignities farewell: but yet I let thee understand, that mercy harbours in a Christians heart, and where mercy dwels there faults are forgiven upon some humble penitence: though thy Trespasse deserves no pity but severe punishment, yet upon these considerations I will graunt thee liberty of Life: First, that thou wilt forsake thy false gods, *Tamagant* and *Apollo*, which be but the vain imaginations of men, and believe in our true and everliving God, under whose Banner we Christians have taken in hand this long War. Secondly, thou shalt give commandement, that all thy Barbarous Nations be Christened in the Faith of Christ. Thirdly, and lastly, that thy three Kingdomes of *Barbarie*, *Morocco* and *India*, swear true Allegiance to all Christian Kings, and never to bear Arms, but in the true quarrel of Christ, and his annointed Nations. These things duly observed, thy life shall be preserved, and thy liberty obtained, otherwise look for no mercy but a speedy and most terrible death,

These words more displeased the unchristian King of Morocco, than the sentence of his condemnation, whereupon in these brief speeches he set down his resolution.

Great

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Great Potentate of *Europe* (replyed *Almidor*) by whose mightiness Fortune sits fettered in the Chains of power, my Golden Diadem, and Legal Scepter by constraint I must deliver up: but before I forsake my countrey gods, I will endure a hundred deaths; and before my conscience be reformed to a new faith, the earth shall be no Earth, the Sea no Sea, the Heaven no Heaven. Thinkest thou now proud Chrillian, by thy threatned torments, to make me forget my Creator, and believe in thy God the supposed King of the Jews, and basely born under an Oxe's Stail? No, no accursed Christians, you off spring of *Cain*, you generation of *Ismael*, you seed of Vipers, and accursed through the World, look for a speedy showr of vengeance to rain from heaven upon your wicked nations: your bloody practices have pierst the Battlements of *Jove*, & your tyrannies beaten open the Gates of mighty *Mahomet*, who hath provided whips of burning wyre to scourge you for your cruelties, proffered against his blessed worshippers: now with this deadly curse I bid you all farewell: the plagues of Egypt light upon your Kingdom: the curse of *Cain* upon your Children, the famine of *Jerusalem* upon your friends, and the misery of *Oedipus* upon your selves,

This wicked resolution & baleful curse, was no sooner ended by the desperate minded *Almidor*, but the impatience of *S. George* was so highly moved, that he gave present commandment to the appointed Executioners to cast him into the boiling Cauldren; which incontinently they performed to the terrour of all the Beholders: To see this woful spectacle, & Battlements of & Temple were so thronged with people, & Houses covered with women and children, & the Streets filled with armed Souldiers that it was a wonder to behold: amongst which multitudes there were some particular Persons, that at the sight of *Almidors* death fell down and brake their necks: but the generall number, as well of Pagans as Christians, cryed with chearful voyces, Honour and Victory follow Saint George of England, for he hath redeemed Barbary from a miserable servitude. Which joyfull hearing so delighted the seven Champions of Christendome, that they caused their Conduits to run with wines, the Streets to be beautified with Bonafires, and a sumptuous Banquet to be proclaimed throughout the City, which after continued for the space of seven days,

in

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in more magnificent Royalty, than the Banquet at Babylon when the Macedonian Monarch returned from the worlds conquest.

The Champions Liberty procured such faithful love in the hearts of the Morocco Peers, that with a generall consent they chose Saint George for their lawfull King, where after they had invested him in the Princely Seat of the Morocco Potentate, they set the Crown upon his head, and after presented him with an imperial pall, which the Kings of Barbary usually wore upon their Coronation day, protesting to forsake their prophane Religion, and be Christened in the faith of Christ.

This promised conversion of the Infidels, more delighted the English Champion, then to have the whole worlds honour at command: for it was the chiefest point of his Knightly Oath, to advance the Faith of Christ, and to enlarge the bounds of Christendom: after his Coronation was solemnly performed, the other six Champions conducted him to a Princely Pallace, where he took true Allegiance of the Morocco Lords, by plighted Oath to be true to his Crown: after this he established the Christian Lawes to the benefit of the whole Country: then he commanded all the Ceremonious Rites of Mahomet to be trodden under feet, and the true Gospel of Christ to be Preached: likewise he caused all that did remain in Barbary to be Christened in the new faith: but these observations continued but a time, as hereafter shall be discovered at large. For Fame not intending to let the worthy champion long to remain in the idle bowers of peace, summoned them to persevere in the Noble Atchievements, and to muster up a new their Soldiers, whose Armour, cankered ease had almost staid with rust: therefore S. George committed the Government of his Country, to four of the principal Peers of Morocco, and marched towards the Country of Egypt, where lived treacherous Ptolomy, the Father of his beloved Lady Sabra, whom he had left in the Kingdom of England: In which Journey and happy arrival in Egypt, we will leave the seven Champions for a time, and speak of the faithless Infidels in Barbarie, after the departure of the Christians, whose former Honours they slightly regarded: For no sooner had S. George with his Martial Troops hidden their country adieu, but the faithless Moors reconciled themselves to their former Gods, and

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and purposed a speedy revenge for the death of Almidor, against all Christians that remained within the limits of that Heathen Nation: For there were many Souldiers wounded in the late battel. Likewise a number oppressed with sickness, which the Christian Champions had left behind for their better recoveries: upon whom the Barbarous Moors committed their first tyranny: for they caused the distressed Souldiers to be drawn upon sleds to the uttermost parts of the City, & there put them into a large old Monastery, which they presently set on fire, and most inhumanely burned the Christian Souldiers, and after converted the place into a filthy Leasick: many women and succourless Childzen they dragged up and down the Streets, till their brains were dashed against the Stones, and the blood had covered the Earth with a purple hue: Many other cruelties were committed by the wicked Infidels, against the distressed Christians, which I purpose to pass over, and wholly discourse of the foolish and bloody murder of an English Merchant and his Wife, in the same City of Tripoly: the report whereof may force even merciless Tygers to relent, and those eyes to shed Springs of tears that never wept before. The bloody-minded Negars violating both Deaths promise before plighted to Saint George, by violence set upon the Merchants House, where first they made a Massacre of his Servants, and before his face cast their dead bodies to hunger starved Dogs: then coming to the Merchant, they bound him fast with hempen cords, to the strongest post in his House, and after took his children, being seven of the godliest boys that ever Nature framed, whom they likewise tyed round about him. Then one of the Moors being crueller then the rest, preferred to deflower the Merchants Wife before his face but she in chastity like Camma, chusing rather an honourable death then an infamous life, spit in the Negars face, and most bitterly rebuked him, yielding neither to his force, nor his bloody threats: but snatching a knife from his girdle, betwixt to sheath it in her bosom: before she would lose that precious gem of honour, that once being gone could not be recovered for all the worlds Treasure.

This resolution of the English Merchants Wife, caused the stern Negar to exceed in cruelty: but the principal of that wicked company, being a bloody and merciless Tyrant, stabbed one of the little children before the Mothers face.

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Now subbozth Dame (quoth he) wilt thou yeld to my desire, and preferre the libes of the other six Childzen? Otherwise shalt thou behold them butchered in the same manner. To sell my Honour for the libes of my Childzen (replied she) will be an offence to God, and a continuall cozastbe to my Husbands heart if we live together: Therefore accursed Monister, persecute your tyranny: It is not all your threats and bloody dealings shall convert my chaste minde, nor once enforce my thoughts to give any consent thereunto.

These words being no sooner ended, but the lustful Moore took another of her Childzen, and stabbed befoze her Husbands face, thinking thereby to force the Merchant to entreat his Wife to consent to the wicked Negars determinations; but he being as resolute as his Vertuous Wife, spake in this manner:

O you cursed black dogs of Barbary, more worse in quality then bloody Tygers, and more merciless then wicked Cannibals. think you that the murder of our Childzen shall enforce our hearts to yeld to your lustful desires? No, no, persevere in your tyrannies: if I had a hundred Childzen, twice the number of King Priams, yet would I lose them all, befoze I will endure to see my Wives dishonour: Childzen may be gotten again, but her honour neber recovered.

These words pricked the Negars to the gall, and caused them to commit the wickedest Deed that eber was practised under the Celestiall Globe of Heaben: First they sheathed their poniards in the breasts of all the Merchants Childzen, whose guiltless blood stained all the Chamber with a crimson colour, then with their Fauchions did they cut their bodies all in sunder, and caused seven Pies to be made of their flesh, and after serbed in a Banquet to their woofull Parents, whom the merciless Moors set at a square Table, the Merchant placed directly opposite against his wife, where they were constrained either to feed upon their own Childzen, or starbe for want of other sustenance.

This woofull spectacle strook such a grief into the English Merchants heart, that he could scarce endure to speake for weeping: his wife, when she beheld the heads of her lovely Sons lying upon the Table, as it were looking to Heaben for revenge, breathed forth this dying Lamentation:

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Unhappy Babes, would you had been strangled in my Womb at your first conception: then should not these accursed Infidels have triumpht thus in your unhappy Tragedies, nor your unfortunate Parents beheld this luckless day: whereon I pray that never Sun may shine again, but be accounted an ominous day throughout the whole world, for Heaven I hope (poor Babes) will rain a shower of vengeance on their heads, that have caused this our untimely death: and with this prayer I now bid the world farewell.

At which words her grief so exceeded the bounds of reason, that it stayed the passage of her breath, whereby she was forced to yield her soul to the Paradise of peace. She being no sooner dead, but the sorrowful Merchant likewise bitterly exclaimd against the injustice of Fortune, and the Tyranny of the Barbarous Moors accounting his Destiny more hapless then the Thracian Kings, that buried his children in his own bowels: and the cruelty of these Infidels to exceed the Tyranny of Nero, that caused his Mothers Womb to be opened that he might behold the place of his conception: but when the Merchant had sufficiently bewailed the Murder of his Children, the death of his wife, and his own misery he yielded his soul to the furious stroak of death. The end of whose long languishments, when the wicked Moors had intelligence of, they caused their dead bodies to be carried to the top of a high Mountain, and there left for the prey of hungry Ravens: But the Sun consumed them like the mornings dew, and by the wonderful workmanship of Heaven, in the same place sprung a Tower of Moses to signify the unspotted honour of the Merchant and his vertuous Wife; which Miracle we leave to the wonder of the Moors, and speak of the Christian Champions proceedings, that by his time were arrived in the Kingdom of Egypt.

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CHAP. XI.

How the Christians arrived in Egypt, and what hapned to them there. The Tragedy of the lustful Earl of Coventry, How Sabra was bound to a stake to be burned, and how Saint George redeemed her : Lastly, how the Egyptian King cast himself from the top of a Tower, and broke his neck.

During the time of the bloody murder wrought by the Barbarous Moors upon the English Merchant and his Wife, with his seven Childzen, as you heard in the former Chapter, the Champions of Christendom arrived upon the Territories of Egypt, where they supposed to have met with Legions of Armed Souldiers, and to have adven- tured their lives upon the Chance of War : but all things fell out contrary to their expectations : found the Gates of every City set open, and every Village and Town unpeopled, for the Commons at the report of the Christians Arribal, secretly hid their Treasure in the Caves of the Earth, in deep Wells, and such like obscure places, and a general fear and extream terrour assailed the Egyptians, as well the Peers of the Land, as the simple Countrey people : many fled into woods and wilderness and closely hid themselves in hollow Trees : many digged Caves in the Ground, where they thought best to remain in safety : and many fled to high Mountains, where they long time lived in great extremity, feeding upon the Grass of the Ground : so greatly the Egyptians feared the Army of the Christians that they expected nothing but the ruine of their Countrey, with the loss of their own lives : and the murder of their Wives and Childzen.

But to speak of the Christian Champions, who finding the Country desolate of people, suspected some deep policy of the Egyptian, thinking them to have mustered their warlike forces to

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bid them Battell; therefore Saint George gave commandement through the whole Camp, that not a man upon pain of death, should break his Rank, but march advisedly with their weapons ready prest to encounter Battel, as though the Enemies had directly placed themselves opposite against them: which special charge the christian Souldiers duly obserbed, looking neither after the wealth of Cities nor the spoyle of Villages, but circumspectly marched according to their Leaders directions along the Countrey of Egypt, till they approached the sight of King Ptolomies Court: which when the Noble Champion of England beheld, in this manner encouraged he his Followers.

Behold (said he) you invincible Captains of Christendom, ponder cursed Towers where wicked Ptolomie keeps his Court; those Battlements, I say, were they as richly built as the great Pyramides of Greece, yet should they be subbered and laid as lebel with the Ground, as the City of Carthage; there hath that accursed Ptolomy his residence, that for preserving his Daughter from the burning Dragon, treacherously sent me into Persia, where for seven years I lied in great extremity in a dismal Dungeon, where the Sun did never give me light, nor the company of people comfort: In revenge whereof, my heart shall never rest in quiet, till I see the Buildings of his Pallace set on fire, and converted into a place of desolation, like to the glorious City in Phrygia, now overspread with stinking weeds and loathsome puddles: therefore let all Christian Souldiers, that fight under the Banner of Christendom, and all that love George of England your chosen General, drave forth your warlike weapons, and like the angry Greeks, overturn those glittering Battlements: leaue not one stone upon another, but lay it as lebel with the ground, as the Harbest Reapers do Fields of ripened corn; let your wrathful furies fall upon these Towers like drops of April Showers, or like storms of winters Haile, that it may be hzuted through the whole world, what just vengeance did light upon the Pride of Egypt: leaue not (I say) as you love your General, when you have subbered the Pallace, not one man alive, no, not a sucking Babe, but let them suffer vengeance for the wickedness of their King. This is my Decree, haue
Knights

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Knights of Christendom; therefore march forward: Heaben and Fortune be your good Spéed.

At which words the Souldiers gabe a general shout, in sign of their willing minds. Then began the silken Streamers to flourish in the Air, the Drums chearfully to sound forward, the silver Trumpets recorded Echoes of Victorie: the barbed Steeds grew proud of this attempt, and would stand upon no ground, but leapt and danced with as much courage, as did Bucephalus the Horse of the Macedonian Alexander always before any notable Victorie; yea, every thing gabe an evident sign of good successe, as well senseless things as living creatures.

With this resolution marched the Christians, purposing the utter confusion of the Egyptian, and the wooll ruine and destruction of Ptolomies sumptuous Pallace. But when the Souldiers approached the Gates with wrathfull Weapons, ready to assault, there came pacing out thereat, the Egyptian King, with all the chiefest of his Nobles, attired in black and mournfull Ornaments, bearing in their hands Olive Branches: next them the bravest Souldiers in Egypt, bearing in their hands broken weapons, shivered Lances, and torn Ancients: likewise followed, thousands of Women and childzen, with Cypress Wreaths about their Heads, and in their Hands Olive Branches, crying for mercy to the Christians. That they should not utterly destroy their declining Countrey, but shew mercy to unhappy Egypt: This unexpected sight, or rather admirable wonder, caused Saint George to sound a retreat, and gabe commandment through the Christian Army, to withhold their former vowed vengeance from the Egyptians till he understood what they required: which charge being given and duly obserbed, Saint George with other the six Champions came together, and admitted the Egyptian King with his Nobles to their presence, who in this manner began to speak for his Countrey.

You unquered Knights of Christendom, whose worthy Victories and Noble Achievements the whole World admires, let him that

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that never kneeled to any man till now, and in former times disdained to humble himself to any Potentate on Earth, let him I say, the most unfortunate Wretch alive, crave mercy, not for my self, but for my Country; my Commons blood will be required at my hands: our murdered Infants will call to Heaven for revenge, and our slaughtered widows sink down to Hell for revenge: So will the vengeance of Heaven light upon my soul, and the curse of Hell upon my head. Renowned Champion of England, under whose custody my dear Daughter is kept, even for the love of her be merciful to Egypt. The former wrongs I professed thee when I sent thee, like a guiltless Lamb into Persia, was contrary to my will: for I was incensed by the flattery of that accursed Blackmoor King, whose soul for evermore be scourged with whips of Wyre, and plagued with the punishment of Tantalus in Hell: if my life will serve for a just revenge, here is my naked Breast, let my heart blood stain some Christians Sword, that you may bear the bloody witness of my death into Christendom, or let me be torn into a thousand pieces by mad uncamed Steeds, as was Hippolitus Son of Theseus in his charmed chariot.

Most mighty Controlers of the World, command the dearest things in Egypt, they beat your pleasures, we will forsake our gods, and believe in that God which you commonly adore: for he is the true and living God, ours false and hateful in the sight of Heaven.

This penitent Lamentation of the Egyptian King caused the Christian Champions to relent, but especially Saint George, who having a heart beautified with a well spring of pity, not only granted mercy to the whole Countrey, but purchased Ptolomy liberty of life, upon condition that he would forsake what he had promised, which was, to forsake his false gods, and believe in our true God Christ Jesus.

This kindness of Saint George almost ravished Ptolomy with joy, and the whole Land, both Peers and Commons more rejoiced at the friendship of the Christians, then if they had been made Lords of the Western World. The news of this happy unity was bruited in all the parts of Egypt: whereby the Commons that before fled for fear into Woods and Wildernesses, Dens and Caves, Hills and Mountains, returned joyfully to their own dwellings,

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Dwellings, and caused Bonafires to be made in ebery City, Town and Village: the Bells of Egypt rung day and night, for the space of a week: in ebery place was seen Banquetting, Dancing, and Feasting: Sorrow was banished, Wars forgotten, and Peace proclaimed.

The King at his own charges ordained a sumptuous and costly Banquet for the Christian Champions, wherein for bounty it exceeded that which the Trojans made, when Paris returned from Greece with the conquest of Menalaus Queen. The Banquetting house was built with Cypress wood, covered with the pure Adamant stone; so that neither Steel nor base iron could come therein, but it was presently drawn to the top of the Roof: as for the variety of Services which graced forth the Banquet, it were too tedious to repeat: But to be brief, what both the Land and Sea could afford was there present. The Serbitours that attended the Champions at the Banquet, was attired in Damask Vestments, wrought with the purest Silk the Indian Virgins spun upon their silver Wheels; at ebery course the Serbitours brought in a consort of Egyptian Ladies, who on their Iboed Lutes strained forth such admired harmony, that it surpassed Arions musick, which when he was cast into the sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the shore, or the sweetness of Orpheus silver harp, which made both stones & trees to dance; or the melody of Apollo's inspiring musick, when he descended to the lower parts for the love of Daphne.

These Pleasures so ravished the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of Warlike Drums, which were wont to call them forth to bloody Battels. But these delights continued but a short time, for there arrived a Knight from England, that brought such unexpected news to St. George, that changed his joys into extream sorrow: for after this manner began the Messenger to tell his woeful Tale.

Fair Englands Champion (saith he) instead of Arms get Swallows wings, and flye to England, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady; for she is judged to be burned at a stake for murdering the Earl of *Coventry*: whose lustful Desires would have stained her Honour with Infamy, and made her the scorn of Vertuous Women: Yet this mercy is granted by the King of England, that if within twelve Moneths a Champi-
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on may be found, that for her sake will venture his life, if it be his fortune to overcome the Challenger of her death, she shall live: but if it be his fatal destiny to be conquered, then must she suffer the heavy judgement before pronounced; therefore as you love the life of your chaste and beloved Lady, hast into England, delay no time; for delay is dangerous, and her life in hazzard to be lost.

This terrible Discourse struck such a terror to St. Georges heart, likewise to the Egyptian King her Father, that for a time they stood gazing one in anothers face, as though they had been distracted of their wits, not able to speak one word; but at last St. George recovered his former sense, and breathed forth this sorrowful Lamentation,

O England, O unkind England, have I adventured my life in thy defence, and for thy defence have lain the field of *Mars*, buckled on my armor in many a parching Summers day, and many a freezing Winters night, when you have taken your quiet sleeps on beds of down: and will you repay me with this discontent, or rather undeserved wrong, to adjudge her spotless body to consuming fire? whose blood if it be spilt before I come, I vow never to draw my trusty Sword in Englands quarrel more, nor never account my self her Champion, but I will rend my warlike colours into a thousand pieces, the which I wear on my Burgonet, (I mean the crimson Cross of England) and wander unknown Countries, obscurely from the sight of any Christian eye? is it possible that England will be so ungrateful to her friend? can that Renowned Country harbor such a lustful Monster, to seek to dishonour her, within whose heart the fountain of Vertue springs? Or can that Noble City, the Nurse and Mother of my life entertain so vile a Homicide, that will offer violence to her, whose chastity and true Honour hath caused tameless Lions to sleep in her lap?

In this sorrowful manner wearied St. George the time away, until the Egyptian King, whose sorrow being as great as his, put him from him complaints, and requested the English Knight to tell the true discourse of Sabra's proffered violence, and how she murdered the lustful Earl of Coventry; to whom after a bitter sigh, thus the Messenger thus replied, in this manner;

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Most Noble Princes and Potentates of the Earth, prepare your ears to entertain the most full tale that ever English Knight discoursed, and your eyes to wipe Seas of brackish tears: I would I had no tongue to tell it, nor heart to remember it. But since I am compelled through the love and duty I owe to the Noble Champions of Christendome to express it, then thus it was.

It was the fortune, nay I may say, unhappy destiny of your beloved Lady, upon an evening, when the Sun had almost lodged in the West, to walk without the Walls of Coventry, to take the pleasures of the sweet fields, and flourishing meadows, which Flora had beautified in a Summers Liberty: but as she walked up and down, sometimes taking pleasure to hear the chirping Birds how they strained their silver notes: other times taking delight to see how nature had covered both Hills and dales with sundry sorts of Flowers: then walking to see the cheerefull running Rivers, the murmuring Spicket of whose streams exceeded the rest for pleasure. But she (kind Lady) delighting her self by the River side, a sudden and strange alteration troubled her mind: for the Chain of Gold that she did wear about her Neck, presently changed colour, from a yellow turnisht brightness, to a dim paleness; Her Rings fell from her fingers, and from her nose fell drops of blood: whereat her heart began to throb, her ears to glow, and every joint to tremble with fear. This strange accident caused her speedily to hasten homeward: but by the way she met the Earl of Coventry, walking at that time to take the pleasure of the evening Air, with such a train of worthy Gentlemen, as though he had been the greatest Peer in all England: whose sight when she beheld a far off, her heart began to misgibe, thinking that fortune had allotted those Gentlemen to offer her some injury; so that upon her cheeks fear had set a vermilion die, whereby her beauty grew admirable; which when the Earl beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the excellentest creature that ever nature framed, their meeting was silent: she showed the humility of a virtuous Lady, and he the courtesie of a kind Gentleman: she departed homewards, and he into the fields, she thinking all danger past, but he practised in his mind her utter ruine and downfall: for the dart of Love had shot from her beautiful

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lions cheeks into his heart, not true love, but lust: so that nothing might quench his desire, but the conquest of her chastity, such extream passion bewitched his mind, that he caused his servants every one to depart: and then like a discontented man he wandered up and down the fields, beating in his mind a thousand sundry ways to obtain his desire: for without he enjoyed her love, he was likely to live in endless languishment: but at last he sighed out this passion of love.

O you immortal power, why have you transported her from an earthly Lady to a heavenly Angel? Sabra is no worldly creature, but a divine substance; her beauty is a stain unto the Queen of Love, and her countenance of more Majesty then Juno's grace: her twinkling eyes that glister like the flaming Stars, and her beauteous cheeks more pleasant then Ros's dipt in milk, have pierc'd my heart with the pricks of Love, and her Love I will enjoy, or lose my life. O! but there is a bar which thwarts kind affections, and hinders my desires, St George I mean, is her true and Lawful Husband, the Honour of whose bed she will not violate for all the Kingdomes of the world. Alas, faint hearted fool that I am, Sabra is beautiful, and therefore to be tempted: she is a Woman and therefore easie to be won, her Husband he is sporting in the fields of Mars, then why may not she take pleasure in the chamber of Venus: I will use my flattering glosses, many kind speeches, and many sweet embraces, but I will crop that bud, which but to taste, I would give my whole Lands and Revenues: I will tell her St. George is a wanderer, and one that will never return, whereas I am a mighty Peer in England, and one that can accomplish whatsoever she desires. Many other circumstances this lustful Earl used, to flatter himself in this vain conceit. At last, the scabbling night with pitchy Clouds began to overspread the brightsome Heavens, whereby he was forced to repair homewards, and to smother up his Love in silence, no quiet sleep that night could enter into his eyes, but fond and restless Dreams: sometimes he thought he had his Love Mistress in his Arms, dallying like the Paphian Queen upon her Minions knee: but presently awaking, he found it but a gliding shadow, which added new grief to his

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his lobe sick passions: then by and by he thought he saw before
the watchfull Champion with his dreadful bloody sauchion, came
to reuenge his Ladys ratiffment: whereat the troubled Earl
started from his bed, and with a leud voyce cryed to his Cham-
berlain for help, saying, that St. George was come to mur-
ther him: which sudden outcry not onely awaked the Chamber-
lain but the whole house, which generally came to hear him
company: they set up Chaniphrye Tapers to giue light, and
made him Pusck to comfort him, and to dribe all fond fancies
from his mind: but no sooner ceased the Pusck, but he fell into
his former cogitations, pondering in his mind which way he
might obtain his purpose: whereat a dismal Night Raven beat
her wings against his chamber window, and with a harsh voyce
gave him warning of a bad success. Then presently began the
Tapers to burn blue, as though a troop of gasty Spirits did en-
compass his Lodging, which was an eident sign that some
strange and unhappie further should worthily follow. All which
could nothing withdrade the lustful Earl from his wicked enter-
prize, nor conuert his mind from the speyl of so sweet a Lady.
In this manner spent he the night away, till the Suns bright
countenance summoned him from his restless bed: from whence
being no sooner risen but he sent for the Steward of his house,
and gave him a charge to provide a most sumptuous and costly
Banquet, for he intended to invite thereunto all the principal
Ladies in Coventry: what bountifull cheer was provided, I think
it needles to repeat: but to be short, at the time and hour ap-
pointed, the invited Ladies repaired: the Banquet was brought
in by the Earl Seruants, and placed upon the Table by the Earl
himself: who after many welcomes giben, began thus to mobe the
Ladies delight.

I think my house most highly honoured (said he) that you haue
boughtased to grace it with your presence: for my thinks you beau-
tifie my Hall, as the twinkling Stars beautifie the bail of Hea-
uen: but amongst the number of you all you haue a Cinchia,
a glistering silber Moon, that for brightness excceeded all the
rest: for she is fairer then the Queen of Cypress, lovelier then
Dido, when Cupid sat upon her knee, wiser then the Preph-
etess of Troy: of Personage more comely then the Grecian Dame,

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and of moze Majesty then the Queen of Love : So that all the Muses with their Ivory pens may write continually, and yet not sufficiently describe her excellent ornaments of nature.

This commendation caused a general smile of the Ladies, and made them look one upon another whom it should be. Many other Courtlike discourses pronounced the Earl to move the Ladies delight, till the banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen by the Earls appointment, with most excellent Musick : other some that danced most curiously, with as much Majesty as Paris in the Grecian Court. At last, the Earl requested one of them to choose out his Beloved Mistress, and lead her some stately Cozants : likewise requesting that none would be offended what Lady soever he did affect to grace with that courtly pastime : at which request all of them were silent, and silence is commonly a sign of consent ; therefore he imboldened himself the moze to make his desires known to the Beholders. Then with exceeding Courtesie, and great Humility, he kissed the beauteous hand of Sabra, who with a blushing countenance and bashful look accepted his courtesie, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians strained forth their inspiring melody ; the Lushful Earl lead her a first course about the Hall, in as great Majesty as Mayors did the Queen of Paphos to gain her Love, and she followed with as much Grace, as if the Queen of Pleasure had been present to behold their Courtly Delights : and so when the first course was ended, he found fit opportunity to unfold his secret love, and reveal unto the Lady his extream passion of mind, which were in these speeches expressed.

Most Divine and Peerless Paragon (said he) thou onely wonder of the World, for beauty and excellent ornaments of Nature, know that thy two twinkling eyes that shine more brighter then the Lights of Heaven, being the true Darts of Love, have pierced my heart, and those thy Crimson Cheeks, as lovely as *Aurora's* countenance, when she draws the Curtains of her purple bed to entertain her wandering Lover, those Cheeks I say have wounded me with Love : therefore except thou grant me

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me kind comfort; I am like to spend the remnant of my life in sorrow, care and discontent: I blush to speak what I desire, because I have setled my Love where it is unlawful, in a bosome where Kings may sleep and sui-seit with delight, thy breast I mean most divine Mistris, for there my heart is kept Prisoner, Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my ransome is a constant mind: thou art my *Venus*, I will be thy *Mars*; thou art my *Hyleu*, I will be thy *Mahomet*: thou art my *Cressida*, I will be thy *Troilus*, thou art my *Love* and I will be thy *Paramour*. Admit thy Lord and Husband be alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy young years in solitary Widdow-hood: he is unconstant like *Aeneas*, and thou more hapless than *Dido*. He marched up and down the World in Glistening Armour, and never doth intend to return: he abandoneth thy presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps: therefore, Dear *Sabra*, live not to consume thy youth in singleness, for Age will overtake thee to soon, and convert thy Beauty, to wrinkled Frownes.

To which words, *Sabra* would have presently made Answer but that the Musick called them to dance the second Course: which being ended, he replied in this manner.

Most Noble Lord (said he) for our bounteous Banquet, courteous entertainment, I give the humble thanks of a poor Lady, but for your sute and unlawful desire, I do detest as much as the sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering Gloses I esteem as much as doth the Ocean of a drizzling shower of Rain: your Syrens Songs shall never intice me to listen to your fond Requests: but I will like *Vlysses*, stop my ears, and bury all your flattering incitements in the Lake of forgetfulness. Think you that I will stain my Marriage Bed with the least spot of Infamy, that will not proffer me one Thought of wrong, for all the Treasures of the Wealthy Seas: Surely the Gorgious Sun shall lose his Light by day, the Silver Moon by night, the Skies shall fall, the Earth shall sink, and every thing shall change from kind and nature, before I will falsifie my faith, or prove disloyal to my beloved *George*: attempt no more my Noble Lord, to batter the Fortrels of my good name with the Gunshot of your flattery, nor seek to stain my Honour with your lustful desires. What if my Lord and Husband

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prove disloyal and chose out other loves in Forraign Lands ? yet will I prove as constant to him as *Penelope* to her *Ulysses* : and if it be his pleasure never to return , but spend his days amongst strange Ladies , yet will I live in single solitariness like to the Turtle Dove when she hath lost her mate , abandoning all company , or as the mournful Swan that swims upon *Meanders* silver streams , where she records her dying tunes to raging billows ; so will I spend away my lingering days in grief and die :

This Resolution of the vertuous Lady daunted so the Earl that he stood like a senceless Image gazing at the Sun , not knowing how to reply : but yet when they had dauced the third Course , he began a new to assault her unspotted chastity , in these termes .

Why my dear Mistress have you a heart more hard then flint , that the tears of my true love can never mollifie ? Can you behold him plead for grace , that hath been sued unto by many worthy dames I am a man that can command Countreys : yet can I not command thy stubborn heart. Divine *Sabra* if thou wilt grant me thy love , and yeild to my desire , Ile have the clad in silked Robes , and damask Vestures , imboist with *Indian* Pearls , and rich refined Gold , perfumed with Camphire , Biss , an Syrian sweet perfumes : by day a hundred Virgins like to *Thetis* , tripping on the Silver Sands , shall usually attend thy person ; by night a hundred Eunuches with their strained Instruments shall bring thy senses into a golden slumber : If this procureth not thy sweet content , I will prepare a sumptuous Chariot made with Gold , wherein thou shalt be drawn by Sable spotted steeds along the Fields , and gallant Pastures adjoyning to our City VValls , whereas the Evening Air shall breath a coldness , far more sweet then Balm upon thy checks , and make thy beauty glitter like the purple Pillar of *Hesperion* , when he leaves *Aurora* blushing in her bed , whereby the Heavens and all the powers therein shall stand and wonder at thy beauty , and quite forget their usual courses : All this , my dear , divine and dainty Mistress , is at my command , and more , so that I may enjoy thy love and favour : which if I have not , I will discontentedly end my life in Woods ,
and

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Ye savage Bears in Caves and Dens that lie,
Remain in peace, if you may sorrows bear,
And be not moved at my misery,
Though too extream my passions do appear:
England farewell, and *Coventry* adue,
But, *Sabra*, Heaven above still prosper you.

These Verses being no sooner finished, and engraven about the bark of a Walnut tree, but with a grisse look and horrid countenance he lit up his hand, intending to strike the poyniard up to the Hilt in his breast: but at the same instant he beheld *Sabra* entering the Orchard to take her wonted walks of pleasure, whose sight kindred his purpose, and caused other bloody cogitations to enter into his mind. The Furies did insence him to a wicked deed, the which my trembling tongue saith to report: for after she had walked to the farthest side of the melancholly Orchard, he rigorously ran unto her with his Dagger drawn, and catching her about the slender waste, thus spitefully threatened her.

Now stubborn Dame (quoth he) will I obtain my long desired purpose, and revenge by violence thy former proud denials: first I will wrap this Dagger in thy locks of hair, and nail it fast into the ground: then will I ravish thee by force and violence, and triumph in the conquest of thy chastity: which being done, I'll cut thy tongue out of thy mouth, because thou shalt not reveal nor descry thy bloody Ravisher: Likewise with this Poyniard will I chop off both thy hands, whereby thou shalt never write with Pen thy stain of honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffered disgrace. Therefore except thou wilt yeild to quench my desired love with the pleasures of thy Marriage bed, I will by force and violence inflict those vowed punishments upon thy delicate body: be not too resolute in thy denials, for if thou beest, the gorgeous Sun shall not glide the compass of an hour, before I obtain my long desired purpose: and thereupon he stepped to the Orchard Door, and with an expedition locked it, and put the key into his Pocket. Then returned he like the hunger-starved Wolf, to seize upon the Weak lamb: or like the chased Boar when he is wounded with the Hunters Lance, came running to the helpless Lady, intending

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intending her present Rape, and foul dishonour: But she thinking all hope of aid or succour to be void, fell into a dead stocum, being not able to move for the space of a quarter of an hour: But yet at last, having recovered her dead senses, to their former vital moving, she began in this piteous manner to defend her assailed Chastity, from the wicked Earl that stood over her with his bloody Dagger, threatening most cruelly her final Confusion.

My Lord of *Coventry* (said she with weeping tears and kneeling upon the bare ground) is virtue banished your breast, have you a mind more tyrannous then the Tygers of *Hercania*, that nothing may suffice to satisfy your lustful desires but the stain of mine honour, and the conquest of my chastity? If it be my beauty that hath intised you, I am content to have it converted to a loathsome Leprosie, whereby to make me odious in your eyes: If it be my rich and costly garments that make me beautiful and so intangle you, henceforth I will attire my body in poor and simple Array, and for ever more dwell in country Caves and Cottages, so that I may preserve my chastity unspotted. If none of these may suffice to abase your tyrannous intent, but that your lust will make me times wonder, and pointing stock, and scorn of vertuous Ladies, then will the heavens revenge my wrongs, to whom I will incessantly make my petitions: the Birds in the *Ayr* after their kind will evermore exclaim against your Wickedness: the silvane Beasts that abide in Woods and Deserts, will breath forth clamours of your wickedness: the creeping Worms that live within the crevisses of the earth, will give dumb signs and tokens of your wickedness: the running Rivers will murmur at your wickedness: the Woods and Trees, Herbs and Flowers, with every senseless thing, will sound some motions of your wickedness. Return, return, my Noble Lord, unto your former vertues: banish such fond desires out of your mind: stain not the honour of your house with such black scandals and disgrace: bear this in mind before you do attempt so vile a sin; What became of *Hellens* Ravishment, but the destruction of renowned *Troy*? What of *Roman Lucretia's* Rape, but the Banishment of *Tarquin*? and what of *Progne's* foul deflowerment by her sisters Husband, the lustful King of *Thrace*? but the bloody Banquet

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Banquet of his young Son *Isis*, whose tender body they served to his Table backed in a Pie? At which speeches the treful Earl wrapped his hands within her locks of hair, which was covered with a costly Caul of Gold, and in this manner presently repyed unto her.

What tellest thou me of Poets Tales (said he) of *Prognus* Rape, and *Terins* bloody Banquet? thy ravishment shall be an Induction to thy Tragedy, which if thou yeild not willingly, I will obtain by force and violence: therefore prepare thy self either to entertain the sentence pronounced, or yeild thy body to my pleasure. This unrecanting and betwixt resolution of the Earl, added grief upon grief, and heaped mountains of sorrow upon her soul: twice did the hapless Lady cast her eyes to Heaven, in hope the Gods would pity her distress, and twice unto the Earth, wishing the Ground might open and devour her, and so deliver her from the fury of the wicked Homicide: but at last when she saw that neither tears, prayers, nor wishes could prevail, she gave an outward sign of consentment upon some conditions; under colour to devise a present means to preserve her Chastity, and deliver her self from his lustful assailments. There is no condition said the Earl, but I will yeild unto, so thou wilt grant my desire, and make me chief commanders of thy love.

First, my Lord (quoth she) shall you suffer me to sit some certain hours upon this bed of Violets, and bewail the loss of my good name, which shortly shall be yeilded up to your pleasure: then shall you lie and dally in my lap; thereby to make my affections, yet freezing cold, to flame with burning brands of love: that being done, you shall receive your wished desires. These words caused the Earl to convert his furious wrath to smiling joy, and so casting down his Dagger; he gave her a courteous kiss, which she in his conceit graciously accepted: whereto his mind was brought into such a vain opinion, that he thought no heaven but in her presence, no comfort but in her sight, and no pleasure but in her: then caused he Sabra to sit down upon a bed of Violets, beset about with divers sorts of Flowers, whose lap he made his Pillow, wherupon he laid his head, intending as he thought, to increase desire: But as Women in extremity have the quickest wits; so Sabra buied her self by all means possi-

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He, either now or never to remove the cause of her deep distress,
by practising his death, and so quit her self from her inordinate
Sorrow: one while she told him pleasant tales of love, in hope to
bring his senses to a slumber, the better to accomplish her desire:
other while she played and sported with his hair that hung hang-
ling down his shoulders like to threads of silk: but at last when
neither discourses, tales, nor her dallying pastime with his hair
could not bring him asleep, she strayed forth the Organs of her
voice, and over his head sung this woful Ditty;

Thou God of sleep and golden dreams appear:
That bringest all things to peace and quiet rest,
Close up the glasses of his eyes so clear,
Thereby to make my fortune ever blest,
His eyes, his heart, his senses, and his mind,
In peaceful sleep let them some comfort find.

Sing sweet you pretty birds in tops of trees,
With warbling tunes and many a pleasant note:
Till your sweet Musick close his watchful eyes,
That on my love with vain desires dore dore:
Sleep on, my dear, sleep on, my loves delight,
And let this sleep be thy eternal night.

You gentle Bees, the Muses lovely birds,
Come aid my doleful Tunes with silver sound,
Till your inspiring melody records,
Such heavenly musick that may quite confound,
Both wit and sense and tyre his eyes with sleep,
That on my lap in sweet content I keep,

You silver streams, which murm'ring Musick make,
And fill each dale with pleasant harmony,
Whereat the fishing fish much pleasure take,
To hear your sweet recording melody,
Assist my tunes, his slumbering eyes to close,
That on my lap now tastes a sweet repose.

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Let whispering Winds in every senseless Tree,
A solemn sad and doleful Musick sing :
From Hills and Dales, and from each Mountain high,
Let some inspiring sound or Echo ring :
That he may never wake from sleep again,
Which sought my Marriage bed with lust to Raine.

This delightful song rock'd his senseless to such a careless slumber, that he slept as soundly upon her Lap as in the softest bed of Down; whereby she found a fit opportunity to deliver her unfilled body from his lustful desires. So taking the Poppiard in her hand, which he had cast a little aside, and gazing thereon with an ireful look, she made this sad complaint.

Grant you immortal powers of Heaven (said she) that of these two extremes I choose the best: either must I yeild my body to be dishonoured by his unchast desires, or stain my hands with the trickling streams of his heart blood. If I yeild unto the first, I shall be then accounted for a vicious Dame: But if I commit the last, I shall be guilty of a wilful Murder, and for the same, the Law will adjudge me a shameful death. What shall I fear to die, or lose my vertue and renown? No my heart shall be as tyrannous as *Danans* Daughters, that slew their sistrie Husbands in a night: or as *Medea* cruelie which scattered her brothes bloodie yams upon the Sea shore, thereby to hinder the swift pursure of her Father, when *Jason* got the golden Fleece from *Colchus* Ile. Therefore stand still you glistening Lamps of heaven, stay wandring time, and let him sleep eternally.

Where art thou sad *Melpomene*, that speakest of nothing but of Murders and Tragedies: where be these Dames that evermore delight in blood? Come, come, assist me with your cruelties, let me exceed the hate of *Progne* for her ravishment: or ge heart, and take delight in blood, banish all thoughts of pitty from thy breast, be thou as merciless as King *Phaonius* Queen, that in revenge of five and twenty Murdered Sons, with her own hands stained the Pavements of *Agamemnon*'s court with purple gore.

A little longer were no sooner ended, but with a moratfull and pale countenance, she sheathed the Poppiard up to the hilt in the cloare of his back, whereat he started, and would

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would have got up on his feet, but the Streams of blood so violently gushed from his wound, that he declined immediately to the Earth, and his soul was forced to gibe the Wazels a doleful adieu.

When Sabra beheld the bed of Violets stained with blood, and every flower converted to a crimson colour, she sighed grievously: but when she saw her garments all to be sprinkled with her Enemies blood, and he lay wallowing at her feet in Purple Gaze, she ran speedily unto a flowing Fountain, that stood on the farther side of the Orchard, and began to wash the blood out of her clothes; but the more she washed, the more it increased: a sign that Heaven will never suffer wilful murder to be hid, for what cause soever it is done.

This strange Spectacle, or rather wonderful accident; so amazed the sorrowful Lady; that she began anew to complain: O that this wicked Murderer had never been done (said she) or that my hand had been stucken lame by some unluckly plannet, when first it did attempt the deed! VVhither shall I fly, to throwd me from the company of vertuous women, which will for evermore shun me as a detested Murderer? If I should go into some Foreign Country, there Heaven will cast down vengeance for my guilt: If I should hide my self in Woods and solitary Wildernesses, yet would the wind discover me; and blow this bloody crime, to every corner of the VVorld: or if I should go live in Caves, or darksome Dens; within the deep foundation of the Earth, yet will his Ghost pursue me there, and haunt me day and night; so that in no place a Murderer can live in rest, such discontented thoughts shall still oppress his mind. After she had breathed forth this comfortless lamentation to the Ayre, she tore her blood-stained Garment from her back, and cast it into the Fountain, where it turned the water into the colour of blood, so bloody is murder in the sight of Heaven.

Thus being disrobed into her Petticoat, she turned to the Slaughtered Earl, whose face she found covered with Spots: which added more grief unto her soul, for she greatly feared, her murder was discovered: but it fell not out as she mistrusted: for it is the nature and kind of Robin Red Breast and other Birds, always to cover the face of any dead man, and those were

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were they that bred this fear in the Ladies Heart. By this time the day began to shut up his bright windows, and sable night entered to take possession on the earth, yet durst not the cruel and distressed Sabra, make her repair homewards, lest she should be described without her upper Garment.

During which time, there was a general search made for the Earl by his Servants, for they greatly suspected some danger had befallen him, considering that they heard him the night before so too fully complain in his Chamber. At last, with Torch lights they came to the Ward Gate, which they presently burst open: wherein no sooner entering, but they found their Murthered Master lying by a bed of Tuniclets covered with Purses: likewise searching to find out the Murtherer, at last they espied Sabra in her bare Petticoat, her hands and face besprinkled with blood, and her countenance as pale as ashes: by which signs they suspected her to be the bloody bereaver of their Lord and Masters life: therefore because she descended from a Noble Linage, they brought her the same night before the King, which did then keep his Court, in the City of Coventry: who immediately upon the confession of the Murther, gave this severe judgement against her.

First, to be conveyed to Prison, there to remain for the term of twelve moneths, and at the end thereof, to be burned like a most wicked offender: Yet because she was the Daughter to a King, and a Loyal Lady to so Noble a Knight, his Majesty in mercy granted her this labour, that if she could get any Knight at Arms, before the time were expired, that would be her Champion, and by Combate redeem her from the fire, she should live: otherwise, if her Champion were vanquished, then to suffer the former punishment.

Thus have you heard the discourse of all things which happened till my departure from England, where I left her in prison, and since that time five moneths are fully expired: therefore most renowned Champion, as you love the life of your Lady, and with her delivery, make no tarrance, but with all speed get into England, for I greatly fear, before you arrive on the blessed Shore, the time will be finished, and Sabra suffer death for want of a Champion to defend her cause.

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This doleful Discourse heare Dr. George with the other Knights and Champions, to such an extasse of mind, that every one departed to their Lodging Chambers with dumb signes of sorrow, being not able to speak one word; where for that night they lamented the mishap of so Vertuous a Loepe. The Egyptian King her father, he abandoned the sight of all companies: and repaired to the top of a high Tower built of Marble Stone, to therein he barred himself so fast with Iron Bars, that none could come within the hearing of his lamentations: then raged he up and down like frantick Oedipus, tearing his eyes from their Natural Cells, accusing Heaven of Injustice, condemning earth of Iniquity, and accursing man for such an execrable Crime; one while wishing that his Daughters birth day had been her Burial day: another while that some unlucky Planet would descend the firmament, and fall upon his miserable head. Being in this extream passion, he never hoped to see his Daughters Countenance again: and so about Midnight, being a time when Desperate men practise their own destructions, he cast himself headlong from the top of the Tower, and broke his Neck, and all bespinkled the Flinty Pavements with his blood and Braine.

As sooner was the night banished, and bright Phcebus entred the Zodiack of Heaven, but his bruised body lifeless and senseless, was found by his Servants lying in the Pallace yard all beaten in peices against the ground. The woeful news of this self-willed Murder they presently told to certain Egyptian Knights, who took his scattered Limbs and carried them to Dr. Georges Chamber, whom they found arming himself for his departure towards England: but at this woeful spectacle he took a second conceited grief in such extream manner, that it had almost cost him his life, but that the Egyptian Knights gave him many comfortable speeches, and by the consent of many Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Barons, with many other of the late Kings Privy Council, they elected him the true succeeding King of Egypt, by the Marriage of Ptolomies Daughter: which Royal offer Dr. George refused not, but took upon him the Regiment of the whole Country, so that for a short time his journey towards England was stayed, and upon the third

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day following his Cozonation was appointed, to which they solemnly performed, to the high honour of all the Christian Champions, for the Egyptian Pers caused St. George to be apparelled in Royal vestures like a King, he had on a suit of flaming Green like an Emerald, and a mantle of Scarlet very richly furd, and wrought curiously with Gold: then the other six Champions led him up to the Kings Throne, and set him in a Chair of Ebony, which had pummels of silver, which stood upon an Alabaster Elephant; then came three of the greatest Lords in Egypt, and set a Crown of gold upon his Head; then followed the Knights with a Scepter, and a naked Sword, to signify that he was chief Governour of the Realm, and Lord of all that appertained to the Crown of Egypt. This being performed in most sumptuous and stately manner, the Trumpets with other Instruments began to sound, whereat the general company with joyful voyces cryed altogether, Long live St. George, true Champion for England, and King of Egypt. Then was he conducted to the Royal Pallace, where for ten days he remained amongst his Lords and Knights, spending the time in great joy and pleasure: the which being finished, his Ladies distress constrained him to a sudden departure: therefore he left the guiding of his Land to twelve Egyptian Lords, binding them all by Oath to deliver it at his return: likewise charging them to inter the body of Ptolomy in a sumptuous Tomb befitting the Body of so Royal a Potentate: Also, appointed the six Champions to raise their Tents, and muster up a new their Souldiers, and with all speed march into Persia, and there by dint of bloody war revenge his former injuries upon the cursed Souldan.

This charge being given, the next morning by break of day, he buckled on his Armour, mounted on his swift scoted steed, and had his friends in Egypt for a season adieu: and so in company of the Knight that brought him that unlucky news, he took his Journey with all speed towards England; in which travel we will leave him for a time: Also passing over the speedy prohibition made by the Christian Champions in Egypt, for the Invasion of Persia, and return to sorrowful Sabra being in Prison, awaiting each minute to receive the final stroke of impartial Death: for now had the robbing plannets brought their pears journey to an end: yet Sabra

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had no Intelligence of any champion that would defend her cause, therefore she prepared her delicate body to receive her latest breath of life. The time being come, she was brought to the place of execution, whither she went as willingly, and with as much joy, as ever she went before time unto her Marriage: she had made humble submission to the World, and unfeignedly committed her soul to God. She being at the Stake, where the King was present with many thousands, as well of woful personages, as of Common people, to behold this woful Tragedy, the Deaths man stripping off her Garment, which was of black Sarcenet; and in her Snot white Smock bound her with an Iron Chain unto the Stake: then placed they round about her tender body, both Pitch and Turpentine, and Gunpowder, with other merciless things, thereby to make her death the more easie, and her pain the shorter: which being done, the King caused the Herald to summon in the Challenger, who at the sound of the Trumpet came tracing in upon a roan coloured Steed without any kind of mark, and trapped with rich Trappings of Gold and precious Stones of great price: there came forth at the Horse mouth, two Larks like unto an Elephants, his Postils were very large and big, his head little, his breast somewhat broad, well pitch, and so hard that no Sword were it never so sharp, was able to enter in thereat. The Champion was called the Baron of Chester, a bolder and hardier Knight, they thought lived not then upon the face of the whole Earth: he so advanced himself up and down, as though he had been able to encounter with an hundred Knights. Then the King caused the Herald to summon in the Defendant, if there were any to defend her cause, both Drums and Trumpets sounded three severall times up and down the fields: betwixt every rest, was a full quarter of an hour, but yet no defendant did appear: therefore the King commanded the Executioner to set the Stake on fire.

At which words Sabra began to grow pale as ashes, and her Joynts to tremble like to Aspen leaves; her Tongue that before continued silent, began to record a Swan-like dying tale, and in this manner uttered the passion of her heart: Be witness, Heaven and all your bright Celestial Angels: be witness Sun and Moon, all true Beholders of my fact; be witness thou
clear

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clear Firmament, and all the World be witness of my innocency: the blood I shed was for the safeguard of my Honour and unspotted chastity; great God of Heave, if the prayers of my unstained heart may move thy mighty Majesty, or my true innocency prevail with thy immortal power, command that either my Lord may come to be my Champion, or sad beholder of my Death. But if my hands were stained with blood about some wicked enterprise, then Heaven shew present vengeance upon me, else by some Noble Champion save my body alive. At which instant she heard the sound of a shrill Trumpet, the which St. George caused to be wound: (for as then he was near) which caused the Execution a while to be deferred. At last they beheld afar off a stately Banner waving in the Ayre, the which a Squire carried before St. George. then they espied near unto the Banner, a most valiant armed Knight mounted upon a cole black Pallard, with a Warlike Lance standing in his rest: by which sudden approach they knew him to be the same Champion that would defend the distressed Ladies life. When the King commanded the Drums and Trumpets to sound: to whereat the people gave a general shout, and the poor Lady half dead with fear began to rebide, and her blushing Cheeks to be as beautiful as red Roses dypt in Milk, or blood mingled with Snow. But when St. George approached the sight of his constant Lady, whom he found chained to a Stake, encompassed with many instruments of Death, his heart so relented with grief, that he almost fell beside his Horse: yet remembering wherefore he came he recalled his courage, and intended to try his fortune in the Combate, before he would discover himself unto his Lady. And so when the Trumpets sounded Deaths Alarm, the two Knights set Spurs to their Horses, and made them run so fiercely, that at the first encounter they withered both their Lances to their hands, then rushed they together so rigorously with the Bodies and Helmets, that they fell down both to the Earth: but St. George who was the more lusty Knight, nimbly leapt upon his feet without any hurt, but the Baron of Chester lay still with his head downwards, casting from his Mouth abundance of blood, for he was mightily bruised with the fall, but when he rebided from his Lance, he took his Shield, taking cut a mighty Fauchion, and with a terrible countenance

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tenance ran at S. George. How proud Knight (quoth he) I sweare by all the Saints of heaben, to reuenge my blood which thou hast shed: and therewithal he struck so violently upon St. Georges Shield, that it cleaved quite asunder. Then began he to wax angry, and took his Sword in great wrath, and gave the Baron of Chester such a stroke, that he cut away Arm and Shoulder, and all the flesh of his side to the bare Ribs, and likewise cut his Leg almost cleane a sunder, in the thickest place of his Thigh, and yet for all that the Sword entred half a foot into the earth: then fell the Baron of Chester to the ground, and breathed forth this lamentable cry.

How frowne, you fatal Stars eternally: that did predominate at my birth, for he is slain and banquished, that neuer stoop to any Knight before this day: and thereupon the blood stoped the passage of his speech, and his soul went flying to Elizium: where at the whole company admired and applauded Saint George for the most fortunate Knight in the World. Then the King delivered Sabra with his own hands to St. George, who most courteously receiued her, and like a kind Knight cast a Scarlet Mantle ouer her body, the which a Lady standing by bestowed upon him; yet he minded not to discouer himself, but set her upon his postly Steed, (that presently grew proud in carrying so rich a burthen) and with his own hands led him by the bridle reins. So grear was the joy throughout the City, that the Bells rung without ceasing that whole day together, the Citizens thorow ebery place S. George should pass, did hang forth at their windows, and on their Walls, Cloth of Gold and Silk, with rich Carpets, Cushion-coverings of green Welber lay a broad in ebery window: the Clergy in Copes of Gold and Silk, met them with solemn procession: the Ladies and beautiful Damels strowed ebery street whereas he pass with Roses and most pleasant Flowers, and crowned him with a wreath of green Bayes, in sign of his Triumphant Victorie and Conquest.

In this manner went he to the Kings Pallace, not known by any what he should be, but that he was a Knight of a strange Country: Yet Sabra many times as they passed along, desired to see his face and know his Name, for that he had aduentured so far for her sake, and that for her desire he had banquished the bravest Knight in England. Yet
for

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for all her perswasions, he kept himself undiscovered till a troop of Ladies in company of Sabra, got him into a chamber richly hung with Arras cloth, and there unlaced his Weber: whose countenance when she beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband which had redeemed her from death, she fell into a dead swoon for very joy: but St. George sprinkled a little cold water on her face and revived her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving kiss, calling her the most truest, and the most loveliest Lady that ever nature framed, that to the very death would not lose one jot of her unspecked Honour. Likewise she accounted him the truest Knight, and the Loveliest Husband, that ever heavenly Hymen linckt in bands of Marriage with any Woman. But when the King had notice that it was St. George his Countreys Champion, which achieved that noble Conquest in conquering the Baron of Chester, he was ravished with such joy, that he came running in all haste to the Chamber, and most kindly embraced him, and after he was unarmed, and his wounds washed in Rhenish wine and new Milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banqueting House, where they feasted for that evening, and after he kept open court for all comers so long as St. George continued there, which was for the space of one Moneth: At the end whereof he took his Lady and one Page with him and bade England adieu, and then he travelled towards Persia, to the other Christian Champions, whose dangerous journey, and strange adventures you may read in this Chapter following.

CHAP. XVI.

How Saint George in his Journey towards Persia, arrived in a Country inhabited onely by Maids, where he atcheived many strange and wonderful Adventures: Also of the Ravishment of seven Virgins in a Wood, and how Sabra preserved her honour from a terrible Gyant.



After St. George with his vertuous Lady departed from England, and had travelled through many Countries, taking their direct courses towards Egypt, and the confines of Persia, where the other six Champions remained with the Warlike Legions: At last, they arrived in the Countrey of the Amazonians, a Land inhabited by none but Women: In which Region Saint George atcheived many brave and Princely Adventures, which are most wonderful to rehearse, as after is declared: for travelling up and down the Country, they found every Town and City desolate of people, yet very sumptuously built, the Earth likewise untilled, the Pastures uncherished, and every field overgrown with weeds: whereby he deemed that some strange accident had befallen the Country, either by War, or most alike of some greivous Plague, for they could neither see eye of Man, Woman, nor Child, whereby they were forced to feed on Berries and Roots, and instead of brave Palaces, they were constrained to lie on broad Pastures, upon the banks of Rivers, and instead of Curtains of silk, they had black and dark clouds to cover them.

In this extremity they travelled up and down for thirty days, but at last it was their happy fortunes to arrive beside a rich Pavilion, situated and standing in the open fields, which seemed to be the most glorious sight that ever they beheld,

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behold, for it was wrought of the richest Work in the World, all of green and Crimson Satten, bordered with Gold and Azure, the Posts that bare it up were of Ivory, the Cordes of green silk, and on the top thereof there stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the two Corners, two green Silber Griffins shining against the Sun; which seemed in richness to exceed the Monument of Mausolus, being one of the Worlds twelve Wonders. They had not there remained long, admiring at the Beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Pavilion there appeared a Maiden Queen Crowned with an Imperial Diadem, who was the most fairest creature that ever he saw. On her attended Amazonian Dames, bearing in their Hands Silber Bows of the Turkish Fashion, and at their Backs hung Quibers full of Golden Arrows, upon their Heads they wore Silber Coronets, beset with Pearls and precious Stones: their Attire comely and gallant: their Faces fair and gentle to behold, their Foreheads plain and white, the Tramels of their Hair like burnisht Gold: their Bows small and proper, somewhat drawing to a brown colour, their Visage plain, neither too Long nor too Round, but coloured like Roses mixt with Lillies, their Noses long and straight, their Ruddy Cheeks somewhat, Smiling, their Eyes lobbely, and all the rest of their parts and Lineaments, by nature framed most excellent, who had made them in beauty without compare: The Queen her self was clothed in a Gown of Green, straight girt unto her body with a lace of Gold, so that somewhat her Round and Lilly white Breast might be seen, which became her wonderful well: beside all this she had on a Crimson Berte, lined with Violet Welbet, and her wide sleeves were likewise of Green Silk, embroydered with Flowers of Gold, and with rich Pearls, When St. George had sufficiently beheld the beauty of this Maiden Queen, he was almost entrapped in her love, but that the dear affection he bare to his own Lady prevented him, whom he would not wrong for all the Treasures betwixt the highest Heaven and the lowest Earth. At last, he alighted from his Horse, and humbled himself unto her excellency, and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner.

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Most diuine and faire of all fairs, Quēn of sweet beauty (said he) let a trauelling Knight obtain this fauour at your hands, that both himself and his Lady whom you behold here wearied with trauel, may take our rest within your Pabillion for a night: For we haue wandzed up and down this Countrey many a day, neither seeing man to giue us lodging, nor finding food to cherish us, which made us wonder that so brabe a Countrey, and so beautiful with natures Ornaments as this is, should be left desolate of people, the cause whereof is strange I know, and full of wonder.

This Question being courtesously demanded by Sr. George, caused the Amazonian Quēn as kindly to reply: Sit Knight quoth she (for so you seem both by your behabieur and gallant stature) what fauour my Pabillion may offord be assured of: But the remembzance of my Countreys desolation which you speak of breeds a Sea of sorrow in my soul, and maketh me sigh when I remember it: but because you are a Knight of a strange Land, I will report it though unto my grief: about some twelue years since, it was a Negromancers chance to arribe within this Countrey, his name is Osmond, the cunningest Artist his day libing upon the Earth, for he can at his cell raise all the Spirits out of Hell, and with his Charms make Heauen to rain continually showres of blood: my Beauty at that instant tempted him to Love, and ozoned his senses so in desire, that he assailed by all perswasions that either Wit or Art could devise to win me to his will: but I habing trusted my self to Diana's chastity, to liue in singleness among these Amazonian Maids, contemned his Love, despised his person, and accounted his perswasions as ominous Snakes; for which he wrought the destruction of this my Realm and Kingdome: for by his Magick Art and damned charms, he raised from the earth a Mighty Colver, the Porter whereof he mingled with Virgins blood, wherein are such enchantments wrought, that the light of the Sun, and the brightnes of the Skies is quenched, and the Earth blasted with a terrible Vapour, and black Mist, that ascendeth from the Colver, whereby a generall darkness overspread our Land, the compass of four and twenty leagues, so that this countrey is clean wasted and destroyed, and my people fled out thereof.

This

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This Tower is haunted day and night with gasty fiend: and at his departure into *Persia*, where he now by Inchantment aidsthe Souldian in his Wars against the Christians, he left the guarding of the same to a mighty, and terrible Gyant; for shape the ugliest monster that ever eye beheld; or ear heard tell off; for he is thirty foot in length: his head three times larger then the Head of an Ox: his Eyes bigger then two Pewter Dishes, and his Teeth standing out of his Mouth more then a Foot, wherewith he will break both Iron and Stetel: his Armes big and long without any measure; and his body as black as any Coal, and as hard as Brass: also of such a strength, that he is able to carry away at once three Knights Armed: and he never eateth any other Meat, but raw flesh of Mankind: he is so light and swift, that a Horse cannot run from him, and often times he hath been Assailed with great Troops of Armed men, but all of them could never do him any harm, neither with Sword, Spear, Cross-Bow, nor any other Weapon.

Thus have you heard most Noble and courteous Knight, the true discourse of my utter Ruine, and the Vengeance shewed upon upon my Country, by this wicked Negromancer: for which I have remained ever since in this Pavilion amongst my Maidens, where we pray both day and night, that some unhappy fortune, or terrible vengeance may fall upon this wicked Conjuror.

Now as I am a true English Knight, (replied Sir George) no sooner shall the Mornings Sun appear, but I will take my journey to that Inchaned Tower: in which he enter in despite of the Gyant, and break the Inchantment, or make my Grave within the Monsters Bowels: which if I happily perform, then will I travel into *Persia*, and setter up the most wicked Negromancer, and like a bloodhound lead him up and down the World in Chains.

Most dangerous is the adventure (quoth the Amazonian Queen) from whence as yet did never Knight return. But if you be so resolute & noble minded, as to attempt the Enterprize, then happy be your fortune; and know brave Knight, that this Tower lyeth westward from hence some thirteen Miles, and thereupon she took him by the hand, and caused *Sabra* likewise to alight from her Palfrey,

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tray, and led them both into her Pabilion, where they were feasted most royally, and for that night slept securely. But when the days bright Windows opened, and the morning Sun began to glister, in all hast St. George that valiant minded Champion, arose from his sweet content, and Armed himself: where after he had taken his leaue of the Quēn, and gave her thanks for his courteous entertainment, he also took his leaue of Sabra, whom he left in company of the Quēns Maidens, till his return with conquest, and so rode forth till it was Noon, and then he entred into a deep Valley, and eber he rode lower and lower. It was then a fair day, and the Sun shined clear: but by that time he had ridden ten Miles and a half, he had lost both the Light and the Sun, and also the sight of Heaben: for it was there as dark as Night, and more dismal then the deepest Dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River with streams as black as pitch, and the Banks were so high, that the water could scarce be sen running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none could enter among them that eber returned back with life: about his head flew monstrous bizds, and diuers Griffons, who were able to bear away an Armed Knight Horse and all, and were in as great multitudes as though they had been Sterlings: also there were Flies as big as Ruts, and as black as pitch, which stung him and his Horse so greivously that there issued down such store of blood, that it changed his Horse from a sable to a crimson colour: likewise the Griffins struck at St. George with their Talons so furiously, that had he not defended himself with his Shield, which covered his whole body, he had been pierced to the heart.

In this dangerous manner rode he on, till he came to the Gates of the Enchanted Tower, whereas the Giant sat in his Iron Coat, upon a block, with a Piece of Steel in his hand, who at the first sight of St. George, beat his teeth so mightily together, that they rang like the Crack of an Anvile, and he ran raging like a fiend of Hell, thinking to have taken the Champion, Horse and all in his long teeth, that were as Sharp as steel, and to have born them presently into the Tower. But when St. George perceived his mouth open, he took his sword, and thrust it therein so far, that it made the Giant to roar so loud, that the Elements seemed to shunder, and the Earth

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earth to tremble : his Mouth smokt like a fiery furnace, and his Eyes rotoled in his head, like brands of flaming fire : the wound was so great, and the blood issued so fast from the Gyants Mouth, that his courage began to quail, and against his will he was forced to yeild to the Champions mercy, and to beg for Life, to which St. George agreed, but upon condition that the Gyant would discover all the secrets of the Tower, and ever after bestoorn his true servant, and to attend on him with all diligence: to which the Gyant stoore by his own soul, never to leave him in extremity, and to answer him truly to all questions whatsoever. Then St. George demanded the cause of the darkness, and how it might be ceased. To which the Gyant answered in this manner :

There was in the Country about some twelve years since, a cunning Negromancer, that by Inchantment built this Tower, the which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible fire to spring from the Earth, that cast such a smoak over the whole Land: whereby the people that were wont to dwell therein are fled and famished for Hunger: Also this Inchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, the which did never man before this time without Death: A so within the Tower, near unto the fire, there stands a fair and pleasant fountain, to which if any Knight be able to attain, and cast the Water thereof into the Fire, then shall the darkness ever after cease and the Inchantment end, for which cause I have been bound to guard and keep the Tower from the Atchievement of any Knight.

Then when the Gyant had ended his discourse, St. George commanded him to remain at the Gate, for he would adventure to end the Inchantment, and deliver the Country from so grievous a plague. Then went he close by the Windows of the Tower, the which were fifteen Spears in Length and Breadth, till he came to a little Wicket, through which he must needs enter : yet was it set as thick with Pikes of Steel, as the Pricks on an Waghens skin, to the intent that no Knight should approach near unto the dooz, nor once attempt to enter into the Tower : yet with great danger he opened the Wicket whereout came such abundance of Smoak that the darkness of the Country doubled, so that neither Torch nor Can-

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Candle would burn in that place: yet nevertheless St. George entred, and went downwards upon stairs, where he could see nothing, but yet felt so many great blotches upon his Burgonet, that he was constrained to kneel upon his knees, and with his shield to defend himself, or else he had been bruised to peices. At last he came to the bottom, and there he found a fair great Vault, where he felt so terrible a heat that he sweat exceedingly, and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the fire, and going a little further he spied out the fountain, whereat he greatly rejoiced: and so he took his shield, and bare therein as much water as he could, and cast it into the fire. In conclusion, he laboured so long till the fire was clean quenched: then began the Skies to receive their perfect lightness, and the Golden Sun to shine most clearly about him, where he plainly perceived how there stood upon the Stairs many great Images of Brass, holding in their hands mighty Pieces of Steel, the which had done him much trouble at his coming down: but then their power was ended, the fire quenched, and the Enchantment finished.

Thus when St. George through his invincible fortitude had performed this dangerous adventure, he grew weary of Trabel, both with heat and sweating, and the mighty blotches he received from the brazen Images, that he returned again to the Wicket, whereas the deformed Giant still remained: who when he beheld the Champions return both safe and sound, he fell upon his knees before him, and said.

Sir Knight, you are most welcome and happily returned, for you are the flower of Chivalry, and the bravest Champion of the world, Command my Service, Duty, and Obedience, for whilst I live, I do protest by the burning Banks of Acheron, never to follow any Knight but you, and hereupon I kiss your golden Spur, which is the Noble badge of Knighthood.

This humble submission of the Giant caused the Champion to rejoyce, not for his overthrow, but that he had gotten so mighty a Seruant, then unlaced he his helmet, and lay down after his weary Encounter, where after he had sufficiently rested himself, he took his journey in company of the Giant, to the Amazonian Queen, where he left his Lady in Company of her Virgins: who

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who like a kind, modest, and vertuous wife, during all the time of her Husbands absence, continually prayed to the immortal powers of Heaven for his fortunate success and happy return, otherwise resolving her self, if the loving Destinies should cross his intent, and unluckily end his days before the adventure were accomplished, then to spend the remnant of her life among those happy Virgins. But on the sudden before the Queen and her Virgins were aware, St. George arrived before the Pavillion dutifully attended on by the Gyant, who bore upon his Shoulder the body of a tall Oak, by which the Queen knew that his Protecks had redeemed her Country from darkness, and delivered her from her sorrow, care, and trouble: so in company of her Maids very gorgeously attyred, she conducted the Champion to a Bowser of Roses, intermingled with creeping vines, the which in his absence they had planted for his Ladies delight. There found he Sabra at her Devine prayers, like to a solitary Widow, clad in mourning habitments: but when she beheld her Lord return in safety, she banished grief, and in all haste ran unto him, and in his bosome ravished her self with pleasure.

But to speak how the Amazonian Queen feasted them, and in what manner she and her Maids devised pastime for their contents, were too tedious to repeat: but when night gave end to their pleasures, and sleep summoned all things to a quiet silence, the Queen brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, wherein stood a Bed framed with Ebony Wood, over-hung with many pendants of Gold, the Lich was stut with Down of Turtle Doves, the Sheets of Medion silk: thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotton, covered with Damask, and stit with threads of gold. The Queen bestowd upon St. George at his going to bed, an embroidered Shirt, curiously wrought with many rare devices, as the Labours of Hercules, the Triumphs of Mars, and the lobes of many Potentates, wrought in such curious manner, as though all her self had been the contriiber.

Sabra at her going to Bed was likewise presented by the Queens Maidens, with a light Kirtle of changeable Wiolet, somewhat blushing on a red colour. Also, they put a white Kerchief of Silk upon her Head, somewhat loose and untied, so that under the same yet Hozy Throat might be easily seen, and her
fair

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fair golden hair lying about her neck : oher them was cast a mantle of green Silke, which made the bed seem moze beautiful then Floras richest Ornaments. By them the Queen and her Virgins sat, making sweet musick upon their Silber tuned Lutes, till golden sleep had closed up their eyes ; the which being done, the Queen with her Ladies departed likewise to their natural rests. But all this while the Giant never entered the Pabillion, but slept as soundly at the foot of a Pine tree, as Saint George did in his embroydered Bed : for he knew not what pleasures belonged thereunto, nor never before that time beheld any Romans Fare. At last, the night withdrew her black Curtains, and gave the morning leade to appear, whose pleasant light caused St. George to forsake his bed, and to walk some few miles to oher-biethe the Country: In which journey he took such exceeding pleasure, that he thought it the goodliest Realm that ever he saw, for he perceived well how it was full of wondrous Wealth.

At last, he climbed up to the top of an high Mountain, being some two miles from the Queens Pabillion, wheroun he stood and beheld many stately Towns and Towers, high and mighty Castles, many large woods and meadows, and many pleasant Rivers ; and about the Towns laid Vines, goodly Pastures and Fields. At last, he beheld the City of Argenia shining against the Sun, the place where the Queen in former time was wont to keep her Court : which City was incircled with deep Ditches, the Wall strongly builded, and moze then five hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone : also he saw many fair Churches covered with Lead, having tops and Spires of Gold, shining most gorgeously, with Weather-Cocks of Silber, glistering against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgesses Houses stand like Pallaces closed with high and strong walls, barred with Chains of Iron from house to house whereat in his heart he praised much the nobleness and richness of the City, and said to himself, that it might well be called Argenia, for it seemed to be of Argent, that is as much as to say of Silber.

During the time of the Champions pleasurable walk, which continued from the break of day, to the closing of the Evening, hapned a woful Tragedy, neer unto the Queens Pabillion, committed by the Poisonous Giant whom St. George brought from

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from the Enchanted Tower: soz that same morning when the Sun had mounted some seto degrees unto the Firmament, seven of the Queens Virgins in Sabras company, walked into a pleasant thicket of Trees adjoining to her Pavilion, not onely to take the pleasure of the morning Ayre, but to hear the chirping melody of Birds: in which thicket of Grove, under a Pine-Tree, this Gyant lodged the passed night: but no sooner came these beautiful Ladies under the Branches of the trees, but the Gyant cast his eye upon them, whose rare perfection so fired the heart of the lustful Gyant, that he must either quench his desires with the Spils of their Chastities, or end his days in some monstrous manner: thereloz he starts up from the place where he lay, and with a wrathful countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all eight at once betwixt his Arms, he boze them to the further side of the Grove, where he Rashed seven of the Queens Maidens, and afterwards bebozred them alibe into his leftem betwels, Sabra being the eighth of that woful number, which in her sight he beheld butchered by that bloody Wolf: but continuing the time of their Rashedment, she made her supplication to the Gods, that they would in mercy defend her chastity from the lustful Rape of so wicked a Monster: and immediately upon these words she saw an ugly Load come crawling before her, through which by policy she saved her life, and preserved her honour: for she took the Load betwixt her hands, and crushed the venom from her impoisoned bowels, wherewith she all besprikled her face, so that presently her fair beauty was changed into loathsom Ulcers, for she seemed more like a creature deformed with Leprosie, then a Lady of excellent Feature. At length she being the last of all, her time came that she should be disfloured, and the lustful Gyant came to fetch her: but when he beheld her visage so indented, he lothed her sight, seeing neither to Rashed her, nor preferring to devour her, but discontentedly wandring away greatly grieved at the committed crime, and sorely repenting himself of so wicked a deed, not onely for the spoil of the seven Virgins, but for the wrong offered to so Noble a Knight: he no more granted him liberty of life, but received him into his service: thereloz he ragged up and down the Grove, making the Earth to tremble at his exclamations: one

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while cursing his fortune and hour of creation: another while banning his Sire and debillish Dam: but when he remembred the noble Champion St. George, whose angry froton he would not see for all the World, then to prevent the same, he ran his head most furiously against a knobbed Oak, and brayed himself: tohere we will leave him now weltring in his blood, and speak what became of Sabra after this bloody accident: for after she had wandzed up and down the Thicket many a weary step, incensing Heaben against the Gyants cruelty, the Sun began to set and the dark night dzew on, which caused her thus to complain:

O you immortal Powers of Heaven, and you Celestial Planets, being the true Guiders of the Firmament, open your bright Celettial gates, and send some fatal Panner, or some burning Thunder-bolt, to ride me from the vale of misery, for I will never more return to my Lord, sith I am thus deformed, and made an ugly creature, my loathsome face will prove a corasive to his heart, and my body a torment to his soul: my sight will be displeasent, my company hated, my presence lothed, and every one will shun my sight as from a Crocodile; therefore I will remain within this Grove, till Heaven either bring me to my former beauty, or end my languishing misery: yet witness Heaven of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and in what extremity I have maintained my chastity: in remembrance of my true love, here will I leave this chain of gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know for his sake I have endured a World of wo. At which speeches she took her chain (which was doubled twenty times about her Neck) and left it lying all besmeared in the blood of those Wrigins whom the Gyant had Rabbished and slain, and so betook her self to a sad and solitary life, intending never to come in the sight of men, but to spend her days wandzing in the Woods: tohere we will likewise leave her for a time, and speak of St. George, who by this was returned to the Queens Pabillon, where he missed his Lady, and had intelligence, how that she in company of seven other Ladies, walked in the morning into a pleasant Grobe to hear the melody of Birds, and since that time no news hath been heard of them: for as then it grew toward night, which caused St. George greatly to mistrust that some mischance had befallen his Lady. Then he demanded what was be-

come

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come of the Gyant; but answer was made, that he was never
seen nor heard of since morning: which caused him greatly to sus-
pect the Gyants treachery, and how by his means the Ladies were
prevented of their purposed pleasures.

Therefore in all haste like a frantick man he ran into the Thicket,
filling every corner with clamours and resounding Echoes of her
Name, and calling for Sabra through every Bramble Bush: but
there he could neither hear the voyce of Sabra, nor the answer of
any other Lady, but the woeful Echoes of his exclamations, which
ratied through the leaves of the trees. Then began he to wax some-
thing melancholly, and passionate, passing the time away till
bright Cynthia mounted on the Hemisphere, by whose glittering
Beams he saw the ground besprinkled with purple gore, and
found the Chain that Sabra was wont to wear about her Neck, all
bestrewned in blood: he bitterly complained against his own Fortune:
and his Ladies hapless destiny: for he supposed then that the Gy-
ant had Murthered her.

O discontented sight (said he) here lyes the blood of my be-
loved Lady, the truest Woman that ever Knight enjoyed: that
body which for excellency deserved a Monument of Gold, more
rich then the Tomb of Angelica, I fear lies buried in the Bowels
of that monstrous Gyant; whose life unhappily I granted. Here
is the Chain besmeared in blood, which at our first acquaintance I
gave her in a Courtey Mask: this golden Chain, I say, stained with
the blood of my dear Lady, shall for evermore be kept within my
Bosome, near unto my bleeding heart, that I may still remember
her true love, faith and constancy. But fond fool that I am, why
do I talk in vain? it will not recompence her Murthered soul, the
which methinks I hear how it calls for revenge in every corner
of the Grove. It was I that left her carelessly within the danger of
the Gyant, whom I little mistrusted, therefore will I meet her in
Elizium shades, and crave remission for my committed trespass,
for on this Oak I will abridge my life, as did the worthy Knight
Melmeropolion for the love of Sillara: which Lamentation being
no sooner ended, but he took the Chain of Gold, and fastened one
end to the arm of a great Oak, and the other end to his Neck, in-
tending presently to strangle himself, but Heaven prevented his
desperate intent after a strange manner: for under the same Tree

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the bzained Gyant lay, not yet fully dead, who in this manner spake to S. George:

O stay thy hand, most noble and invincible Knight, the Worlds chief wonder for admired Chivalry, and let my dying soul convert thee from so wicked a deed: Seven Virgins in this thicket have I Ravished, and Buried all their Bodies in my accursed Bowels: but before I could desloure the eighth, in a strange manner her bright beauty was changed into a loathsome Leprosie, whereby I detested her sight, and left her chastity undefiled, but by her sad complaints I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and love, and to this hour she hath her residence within the circuit of this Thicket: & thereupon with a doleful groan which seemed to shake & ground, he had adue to the World. Then S. George being glad to hear such tidings, reberted from his desperate intent, and searched up and down the Grove till he found Sabra, where she sat sorrowing under the bzanches of a Mulberry-tree, betwixt whom was a sad and heaby gréetings; and as they walked back to the Queens Pallison, he discounted to him the truth of this bloody stratagem, where she remained till the Amazonian Queen had cured her Leprosie by the secret vertue of her skill: of whom after they had taken leabe, and given her thanks for her kind courtesies, S. George with his Lady took their journey towards Persia, where the Christian Armies lay incamp, at whose arrival, you shall hear strang and wonderful things, the like was neber done in any age.

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CHAP. XIV.

How S. George and his Lady lost themselves in a Wilderness, where she was delivered of three goodly Boys. The Farie Queen Prophesie upon the childrens fortunes Of S. Georges return into Bohemia, where he Christened his Children, and of the finding of his Fathers Grave, over which he built a stately Tomb.

Saint George having attended the adventure of the Enchanted Tower, and Sabra, the surer of the Lustful Giant, they took their journey towards Persia, where the Christian Champions lay encamped before the Souldans great City of grand Belgor, a place most strongly fortified with Spirits, and other gantly illusions, by the Enchantment of Osmond, whom you heard before in the last Chapter, to be the rarest Negromancer in the World: but as the English Champion with his Lady travelled thitherward, they hapned into a Desert, and mighty Wilderness overgrown with lofty Pines, and Cedar-Trees, and many huge and mighty Oaks, the spreading branches whereof seemed to withhold the light of heaven from their untrodden passages, and tops for exceeding height to reach into Elements, the inhabitants were Silbanses, Satyrs, Fayries, and other Woodie Rumpes, which by day sported up and down the Forrest: and by night tended the pleasures to Proserpine the Fayrie Queen. The Musick of silver sounding Birds, so chearfully resounded through the Woods, and the whistling Wind made such melody amongst the leaves of trees, that it ravished their senses like harmony of Angels and made them think they had entered the shades of glad some Elizium: one while they wondred at the beauty of the woods, which nature adorned with a Summers liberty: another while at the green and fragrant grass, beaten out in round Circles, by Fayries dances, so long till they had lost themselves amongst the unknown passages, not knowing how, nor by what means to recover the perfect Path

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of their journey, but were constrained to wander in the Wilderness like Solitary Pilgrims, spending the day with weary steps, & the night with vain imaginations, even as a child when he hath lost himself in a populous City, runneth up and down, not knowing how to return to his native dwelling: even so it happened to these two lost and disconsolate Travellers, for when they had wandered many Days one way, and finding no end of their toils, they retired backward to the place of their first setting forth: where they were wont to hear the Noise of people resound in Country Villages, and to meet travellers passing from place to place, but now they heard nothing but blustering of Winds, rattling in the Wood, making the Brambles to whistle, and the Trees to groan; and now and then to meet a speckled Beast like to the Main-bow, weltring from his Den to seek his natural sustenance: in their Travell by night they were wont to hear the Crowing of the Cock, recording glad tidings of the chearful days approach, the Neighing of horses in Pasture field, and the barking of Dogs in Farmers Houses: but now they were affrighted with the roaring of Lyons, pellocking of Wolves, the Croaking of Toads in Woods of rotten Trees, and the rustle sound of Prognies habishment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this solitary manner wearied they the roling time away, till thrice thrice times the Silver Moon had renewed her borrowed light, by which time the burthen of Sabras Womb began to grow painful, and the fruit of her body ready to wax ripe, the hour of her Delibery drew on, wherein she required Lucioaes help, to make S. George the Father of a Princely Son: time called for Spidwives to aid and bring her babe into the World, and to make her a happy Mother: but before the painful hour of her Delibery approacht, S. George had provided her a Bower of Vine branches, which he erected betwixt two pleasant Hills: where instead of a Princely Cabinet, being with Arras, and rich Tapestry, she was constrained to suffice her rest with a simple lodging covered with Mosses, and other fragrant flowers: her bed he made of green spots, and a little down, beset curiously round about with Olive branches, and the Sprigs of an Orange tree, which made it seem more beautiful then Floras Pavilion, or Dianas Pandion: but at last, when she felt the pain of her Womb grow intolerable, and

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and the Seed ready to be reaped, and how she was in a Wilderness devoid of womens company, that should be ready to assist her in so secret a matter, she cast her self down upon her Possie bed, and with a blushing countenance she discovered her mind in this manner to St. George

My most Dear and loving Lord (quoth she) my true and onely Champion at all times and seasons except at this hour, for it is the painful hour of my delivery, therefore depart from out of the hearing of my crys, and commit my fortune to the pleasures of the Heavens: for it is not convenient for any mans eye to behold the secrets of a Woman in such a case: stay not, I say, dear Lord, to see the Infant now sprawling in my Womb, to be delivered from the bed of his Creation, forsake my presence for a time, and let me like the Noble Queen of France, obtain the favour of some Fairy to be my Midwife, that my Babe may be as happily born in this wilderness, as was her valiant Sons Valentine and Orson, the one of them was cherish'd by a King, and the other by a Bear, yet both of them grew famous in their Deeds: my pain is great, dear Lord, therefore depart my Cabinet, and before Phoebus lodgeth in the West, I shall either be a happy Mother, or a lifeless body: thou a joyful Father, or a sorrowful Widower. At which words St. George sealed the agreement with a kiss, and departed silently without any reply: but with a thousand sighs he had her adieu, and so took his way to the top of a Mountain, being in distance from his Ladies abiding, a quarter of a Mile, there knel'd he during the time of her travail, with his bare knees upon the bosome of the earth, never ceasing prayers, but continually soliciting the Majesty of God, to grant his Lady a speedy and easie delivery: at whose divine Orisons the Heavens seemed to relent, and all the time of her pain, covered the place with a Vale of darkness, by great flocks of Birds, with troops of untamed Beasts, that came flocking about the mountain where he knel'd, and in their kinds assisted his Celestial contemplations: where I will leave him for a time, and speak what hapned to Sabra in the middle of her pains, and extremity of her Travail: for after St. Georges departure, the fury of her grief so rag'd in her Womb, that it exceeded the bounds of reason, whereby her heart was constrained to breath so many tearing sighs, that they seemed to blast the leaves of trees
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and to wither the flowers which beautified her Cabinet, her burnt and torments caused her star bright eyes, like Fountains to distil down silver drops, and all the rest of her body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible Earthquake: so greivous were her pains, and ruful were her cries, that she caused the merciless Tygers to relent, and untamed Lyons, with other wild beasts, like Assy Lambs to sit and bleat: her greivous cries, and bitter moans, caused the heavens, as it were, to bleed their vapours down, and the Earth to weep a spring of tears: both Herbs and Trees did seem to drop, hard stony Rocks to sweat when she complained.

At last, her pittifull cries pierced down to the lowest Vaults of direfull Dis, where Proserpine sits crowned amongst her Furies, and so prebaild, that in all haste she attended from her Regiment, to work this Ladies safe delivered, and to make her Father of three goodly Boys, who no sooner arrived in Sabras Lodging, but she practised the duty of a Midwife, eased the burthen of her Womb, and safely brought her Babes into the World: at whose first sight the Heavens began to smile, and the Earth to rejoyce, as a sign and token, that in time to come they would prove three of the Noblest Knights in the World.

This courteous deed of Proserpine was no sooner performed, but she aid the three Boys, in three most rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which she caused her Furies to fetch invisibly from three of the richest Knights in the world, and therewithal Mantles of silk, with other things thereunto belonging: likewise she caused a winged Satyre to fetch from the furthest borders of India, a covering of Damask Lassar Embroidered with Gold, the most richest Ornament that ever mortal eye beheld: for thereon was wrought and libely portrayed by the curious skill of Indian workers, how God created Heaven and Earth, the wandring courses both of Sun and Moon, and likewise how the golden Planets daily do predominate: Also there is no story in any age remembered since the beginning of the world, but it was thereon most perfectly wrought: So excellent it was, that Art her self could never devise a cunninger. With this rich and sumptuous Ornament she covered the Ladies Child-bed: whereby it seemed to surpass in bravery the gorgeous Bed of Juno the brave Queen, when first she entertained impertious Jove. After this Proserpine laid under every
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Childs Pillow a silver Tablet, whereon were written in Letters
of Gold their good and happy Fortunes.

Under the first was these Verses Charactered, who at that time
lay frowning in his Cradle like the God of War.

A Souldier bold, a man of wondrous might,
A King likewise this royal Babe shall die :
Three golden Diadems in bloody fight,
By this brave Prince shall also conquered be :
The Towers of fair Jerusalem and Rome,
Shall yeild to him in happy time to come.

Under the Pillow of the second Babe was Charactered these
Verses following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like Cupid up-
on the lap of Dido, whom Venus transformed to the likeness of
Ascanius.

This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Times wonder for device and Courty sport :
His Tilts and Turnaments abroad shall ring,
To every Coast where Noble Knights resort :
Queens shall attend, and humble at his feet,
Thus love and beauty shall together meet.

Lasty, under the Pillow of the third was these Verses like-
wise Charactered, who blushed in his Cradle like Pallas when she
strove for the Golden Apple with Venus and the Queen of Hea-
ven.

The Muses darling for true sapience,
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his days.
Kings shall admire his learned eloquence,
And write in brazen books his endless praise

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By Pallas gift he shal achieve a Crown,
Advance his fame, and life Him to renown.

Thus when the Fairie Queen had ended her Propheſſie upon the Childen, and had left them golden fortunes lying in their Cradles, she hantſhed away, leaving the Lady rejoycing at her safe deliv'ry, and wondering at the gifts of Proſerpine: which she conjectured to be but shadows to dazle her eyes, and things of fading substance: but when she had laid her hands upon the rich cobering of Damask Lasse ty, which covered her Mossy bed, and felt that it was the self same form that it seemed, she cast her eyes with a chearful look up to the Majesty of Heaven, and not onely gave thanks to immortal Jove for her rich received benefits, but for his mercifull kindness in making her the happy Mother of three such goodly Childzen. But we will now return again to the Noble Champion S. George, whom we left praying upon the Mountain top, and as you heard before, the skies were overspread with sable clouds, as though they had been mourning witnesses of his Ladys torment: but before the golden Sun had dis'd into watry Theris Lap, the element began to clear, and to withdraw her former mourning Mantles, by which he supposed that Heaven had pittied his Ladies pains, and granted her a safe deliv'ry: therefore in all hast he retired back to the Silban Cabinet; the which he found most strangely deckt with sumptuous habiliments, his Lady lying in her Child-bed, as glorious as if she had been the greatest Empress in the World; and three Princely boys sweetly sleeping in their severall cradles: at whose first sight his heart was so ravished with joy, that for a time it with-held the passage of his tongue: but at last when he found the silver Tablets lying under the pillows, and read the happy fortunes of his children, he ran unto his Lady, embracing her lovingly, and kindly demanded the true discourse of this accident, and by whose means the Bower was beautified so gorgeously, and the propounder of his Childzens Propheſſie: who with a countenance blushing like purple morning, replied in this manner:

My most dear and welbeloved Lord, the pains I have endured to make you the happy Father of three lovely boys, hath been
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more joyfull then the stroke of death, but yet my delivery more joyfull then the pleasures of this World: the Winds carried my groans to every corner of this Wilderness, whereby both trees and herbs assisted my complaints, Beasts, Birds, and Feathered Fowls, with every senseless thing that nature framed on his Earth, seemed to pity my moans: but in the midst of my torments, when my soul was ready to forsake this Worldly habitation, their appeared to me a Queen Crowned with a Golden Diadem, in state and gesture like imperious Juno, and in beauty to Divine Diana: her Garments for bravery seemed to stain the Rain-bow in her brightest hue, and for diversity of colours, to surpass the flowers of the Field: on her attended many beautiful Nymphs, some clad in garments in colour of the Chrystial Ocean, some in attire as gallant as the pleasant Rose, and some more glorious then the Azured Firmaments: her wisdom might compare with Apollo's, her judgement with Pallas, and her skill with Lucina's: for no sooner entred she my presence, but my travels ceased, and my Womb delivered up her grievous burthen: my Babes being brought to light by the vertue of her skill, she prepared these rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which were brought invisible to my Cabinet; likewise these Mantles, and this imbroydered Coverlet, she frankly bestowed upon me, and so immediately vanished away.

At which words, S. George gave her so many kind embraces, and kissed her so lovingly, as though it had been the first day of their sumptuals. At last, her hunger increased, and her desire thirsted so much after food, that except she received some comfortable sustenance, her life were in danger, This extream desire of Sabra, caused S. George to buckle on his Armour, and to unsheath his trusty Sword ready to goze the intrails of some Deer: who swage by the honour of true Knight-hood, never to rest in peace, till he had purchased her hearts content. My love (quoth he) I will adventure for thy sake, more dangers then Jason did for Medeas love: Ile search the thickest Groves, and chase the nimble Doe to death: the flying Fowl Ile follow up and down from Tree to Tree, till over-wearied they do fall down & dye: for love of thee & these my tender Babes, whom I esteem more dear then the conquest of rich Babylon, I will adventure more dangers then did Hercules for the love of Deianira, & more extreames then Turnus did in his bloody battels: & there-

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upon which his fault heon ready charged, he traced woods, leading no thorny brake nor mossie cave unsearcht, till he had found a herd of fallow Deer: from which number he singled out the fattest, to make his Lady a bountiful Banquet: but in time of his absence, there happened to Sabra a strange and wonderful accident: for there came weltring into the Cabinet three most wild and monstrous Beasts, a Lyon, a Tygres, and a she Wolf, which took the Babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret dens.

At which sight, Sabra like one distraught of sense, started from her bed, and to her weak power offered to follow the Beasts, but all in vain: for before she could get without her Cabinet, they were past sight, and the Childrens cry without her hearing: then like a discontented Woman she turned back, beating her breast, rending her hair, and raging up and down her Cabinet, using all the rigour she could devise against her self: and had not D. George returned the sooner, she had most violently committed her own slaughter: but at his return, when he beheld her face stained with tears, her head disshred of Ornament, and her Abazg breast all to be rent, he cast down his Wenson in all haste, asked the cause of her sorrow.

O (said she) this is the wofullest day that ever hapt to me: for in the time of your unhappy hunting, a Lyons, a Tygres, and a Wolf came into the Cabiner, and took my Children from their Cradles; what is become of them I know nor, but greatly I fear, by this time they are intombed within their hungry bowels.

O simple monuments (quoth he) for such sweet Babes: Well Sabra, if the Monsters have bereaved me of my Children, this bloody Sword that dived into the entrails of the fallow Deer, shall rive my woful heart in twain. Accursed be this fatal day, the Planets that predominate, and Sun that shines thereon: heaven blot it from the year, and let it never more be numbred, but accounted for a dismal day throughout the World: let all the trees be blasted in those accursed Woods: let Hearbs and Grasse consume away and dye, and a'l things perish in this Wilderness. But why breath I out these curses in vain, when as me thinks I hear my Children in untamed Lyons Dens, crying for help and succour? I come, sweet Babes, I come, either to redeem you from the Tygers wrathful jaws, or make my grave within their hungry bowels.

Then

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Then took he up his Sword besmeared all in blood, and like a man bereaved of wit and sense, ranged up and down the Wilderness, searching every corner for his Childzen; but his Lady remained still in her Cabinet, lamenting for their loss, washing their Cradles with her peeped tears that ran down her stained cheeks like silver drops.

Many ways wandred S. George, sometimes in Valleys where Wolves and Tygers lurk; sometimes on Mountain tops, where Lyons whelps do sport and play, and many times in dismal thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandred S. George up and down the Wilderness for the space of two days, bearing no news of his unchristened Childzen. At last he approached the sight of a pleasant river, which smoothly glided down betwixt two Mountaines, into whose Streams he purposed to cast himself, and so by a desperate death give end to his sorrows: But as he was committing his body to the mercy of the Waters, and his soul to the pleasure of the heavens, he heard a far off the rustle screech, as he thought of a comfortless Babe: which sudden noise, caused him to refrain from his desperate purpose, and with more discretion to tender his own safety. Then casting his eyes aside, it was his happy destiny to spie three inhumane Beasts lying at the foot of the hill, tumbling themselves against the warm Sun, and his three pretty Babes sucking from their Wombs, their most unkind milk: which spectacle so encouraged the Champion, that without further advisement, with his single Sword, he assailed at one time the three Monsters: but so furiously they pursued him, that he little prevailed, and being almost breathless, was forced to get into an Orange tree; else he had been buried in their merciless bowels: but when the three wild beasts perceived him above their reaches, & that by no means they could come nêr him with their wrathful jaws, they to rent and roze the root of the tree, that if by policy he had not prevented them, the tree had been pulled in pieces: for at that time it was so full of ripe Oranges, and so overladen, that the branches seemd to bend, and the boughs to break: of which fruit he cast such abundance down to the Beasts, whereby they restrained their furies, and fed so fast thereon, that in short time they grew drunk, and quite overcome with a dead and heavy sleep, this good and happy fortune caused S. George nimbly to leap

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off the Tree, and with his keen edged Sword cut off their heads from their bodies, the which being done, he went to his Children, lying comfortless upon a ~~Waste~~ bank; who so pleasantly smiled in his face, that they made him greatly to rejoyce, and to receive as great pleasure in their sights, as though he had been honoured with the conquests of Caesar, or the Royalty of Alexander, therefore after he had given them his blessing, he took them up in his Arms and spake these words following.

Come, come my pretty Babes, your safe deliveries from these inhumane Monsters, will add long life unto your Mother, and hath preserved your Father from a desperate death; From hence forth let Heaven be your guide, and send you as happy fortunes as Romus and Romulus, the first Founders of Emperious Rome, which in their infancies were nursed with the milk of a Ravenous Wolf: and as prosperous in your adventures as was that Persian Potentate, which fed on the milk of a Bitch. At the end of which speeches, he approached the Cabinet, where he left his Lady mourning for the loss of her children: but at his return he found her without sense or moving, being not able to give him a joyful welcome, whereat he fell into this extreme passion of sorrow.

O Fortune, Fortune, (quoth he) how many griefs heapest thou upon my head! wilt thou needs enjoin me to an endless sorrow? See Sabra, see, I have redeemed our sons, and freed them from the Tygars bloody jaws, whose wrathful countenance did threaten death. Which comfortable speeches caused her presently to revive, and to take the lillie Infants in her Armes, laying them sweetly upon her Bosome, at which they seemed to smile as pleasantly, as Cupid in the lap of Dido, when Aeneas sported in the Court of Carthage. The kind embraces, loving speeches, and joyful conference that past betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were not too long to be discoursed: but to be short, they remained in the Wilderness without further disturbance, either of Wild Beasts or other accident, till Sabra had recovered her Child-bed sickness: and then being conducted by a happy Star, they returned back the ready way to Christendom: where after some few days travel, they arrived in the Bohemian Court, where the King

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King of that Country, with two other bordering Princes most copassly Christened his Childzen. The Eldest they named Guy; the second Alexander; and the third David: the which being performed, and the triumphs ended, which in most sumptuous manner continued for the space of one moneth, then the Bohemian King for the great love he bare to S. George, provided most honourably for his Childzens bringing up.

First he appointed three several Ambassadors; with all things necessary for so princely a charge, to conduct the three Infants, to three several Countries. The first and Eldest, whose fortune was to be a Soldier, he sent to the Imperial City of Rome (being then the wonder of the World for martial Discipline) there by the Emperors to be trained up. The Second, whose Fortune was to be a Courtly Prince, he sent to the rich and plentiful Country of England, being the pride of Christendom for all delightful pleasures. The Third and last, whose Fortune was to prove a Scholar, he sent into Germany, unto the University of Wittenberg, being thought at that time to be the Excellentest place of Learning, that remained throughout the whole World.

Thus were S. Georges Childzen provided for by the Bohemian King; for when the Ambassadors were in readiness, the Ships for their passage furnished, and their attendants appointed, S. George in company of his Lady, the King of Bohemia with his Queen, and a train of Lords and Gentlemen, and Ladies, conducted them to Ship-board, where the wind served them prosperously, that in a short time he had adue to the shore, and sailed chearfully away. But as S. George returned back to the Bohemian Court, it was his chance to come by an old ruined Monastery, under whose walls in former time his Father was buried, the which he knew by certain Verses Carved in stone over his Grave by the Commons of the Country (as you may Read before in the beginning of this History.) Over the same he requested of the King, that he might erect a stately Monument, that the remembrance of his name might live for ever, and not be buried in the Grave of obscurity.

To which reasonable demand the King most willingly consented, and presently gave special commandment that the cunningest Architects that remained within his Dominion, should forthwith be sent for, and withal gave a Tun of Gold

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Gold forth of his own treasury towards the performance thereof.

The sudden report of this memorizable deed being bruited abroad, caused workmen to come from every place of their own accord, with such willingness, that they in short time finished it, the foundation of the Tomb was of the purest Marble, whereon was engraven the frame of earth, and how the watry Ocean was divided, with Woods, Groves, Hills, and Dales; so libely portraged, that it was a wonder to behold: the Props and Pinacles of Alabaster, beset with knobs of Jasper stone; the sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet; upon the top stood four golden Lions, holding up, as it were an Element, therein was curiously contrived the Golden Sun and Moon, and how the Heavens have their usual courses, with many other excellent things wrought both in Gold and Silver, which for this time I omit, because I am forced at large to discourse of the princely proceedings of S. George, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their leave of the King, thanked him for his love, kindness and courtesie, and so departed towards Egypt and Persia, of whose adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

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CHAP. XVI.

How Saint George with his Lady arrived in Egypt : of their Royal entertainment in the City of Grand Caire : and also how Sabra was Crowned Queen of Egypt.

Any strange accidents, and dangerous adventures, S. George with his Lady passed, before they arrived within the territories of Egypt, which I want memory to repeat, and art to describe. But at last when fortune smiled, which before had long time crossed their intents with her inconstant chances, and had cast them happily upon the Egyptian shore, being the Nurse and Mother of Sabras first creation; the twelve Pers unto whom S. George before time had committed the guiding of his Land, and keeping of his Crown, as you heard before discoursed, now met him and his Lady at the Sea-side, most richly mounted upon their costly trapped Reeds, and willingly surrendered up his Scepter, Crown, and Regiment: and after, in company of many Princely Estates, both of Dukes, Earls, Lords, Knights, and Royal Gentlemen, they attended them to the City of Grand Caire, being then under the subjection of the Egyptian Monarchy, and the greatest City in the world, for it was in breadth full threescore miles, and had by just account, within the walls twelve thousand Churches, besides Abbies, Prieories, and Houses of Religion: but when S. George with his stately attendants entered the Gates, they were presently entertained with such a joyful sound of Bells, Trumpets, and Drums, that it seemed like the inspiring Musick of heavenly Angels, and to exceed the Royalty of Caesar in Rome, when he returned from the worlds conquest. The streets were beautified with stately Pageants, contrived by Scholars of ingenious capacity, the Pavement strewd with all manner of odoriferous Flowers, and the Walls hung with Indian Coverlets and curious Tapestry.

Thus

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Thus passed they the streets in great solemnity, wondring at the curiosity of the Pageants, and listening to their learned Orations, till they entred the Gates of the Pallace, where in the first entry of the Court was contrived ober heads, a Golden pendant Firmament, as it were supported by a hundred Angels: from thence it seemed to rain Nectar and Ambrosia: Likewise there descended, as it were from clouds, Ceres, the Goddess of plenty, sitting upon a Throne of Gold, beautified with all manner of springing things, as of Corn, Olives, Grapes, Hearbs, Flowers and Trees: who, at the coming by of S. George: & his Lady presented them with two Garlands of Wheat, bound up most curiously in bands of silver, to signifie that they were happily returned to a plentiful Countrey, both of wealth and treasure. But at Ceres ascension up into the Firmament, there was seen most strange and pleasant Fire-works shooting from place to place, as though the fierie Planets had descended from Heaben, and had generally consented to make them delightful Pastimes: but as S. George with his Lady, crowned with Garlands of wheat, passed through the second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood Mars the angry God of War, inbrond with a Camp of Armed Souldiers, as if they were with their Weapons ready charged, to assault some strong Hold, or invincible City: their silver trumpets seemed to sound chearfully, their thundering Drums courageously, their silken streamers to flourish valiantly, and themselves to march Triumphantly: All which seemed to gibe more content to S. George, then all the delightful pleasures befoze rehearsed: for there was nothing in all the World that more rejoiced his heart, than to hear the pleasant sound of War, and to see Souldiers brandish forth their Steele weapons. After he had sufficiently delighted himself in these Partial Sports, and was ready to depart, the God of War descended his Throne, and presented him with the richest Armour that ever eye beheld, and the bravest Sword that ever Knight handled: for they had been kept within the City of Grand Cayer for the space of five hundred years, and held for the richest Monuments in the Countrey. Also he presented Sabra with a Pyrrour of such an inestimable price, that it was valued at a Kings Ransome: for it was made by Magick Art: the vertues and qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report:

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report : for therein one might behold the secret Mysteries of all the liberal Sciences, and by Art discover what was practised in other Princes Courts : if any Hill or Mountain within a thousand Miles of the place where it remained were enriched with a Mine of Gold, it would describe the place and Country, and how deep it lay closed in the Earth, by it one might truly calculate upon the birth of Children, Succession of Princes, and continuance of Common-wealths, with many other excellent gifts and Vertues, which for this time I omit. Then in great state passed S. George to the third Court, which was as richly beautified with all gallant sights as the other twain : for there was most libely portrayed the manner of Elizium, how Iove and Juno sat inbested on their Royal Thrones, and likewise how all the Gods and Goddesses took their places by degrees in Parliament : the sight was pleasant, and the device most excellent, their Musick admired, and their Songs heavenly.

Thus passed S. George with his Lady through the three Courts till they came to the Pallace : to wherein was provided against their coming a statelier Banquet then had the Macedonian Monarch, at his return into Babylon, when he had conquered the middle Earth : the curious Cates and well replenisht dishes were so many, that I want Art or Eloquence to describe them : but to be short, it was the sumptuous Banquet that ever they beheld since their departure from the English Court, and so artificially served, as though that all the World had been present. Many days continued this sumptuous War, and accompanied with such princely triumphs, as Art herself wants memory to describe.

The Coronation of Sabra, which was Royally performed within three moneths following, requires a golden Pen to write it, and a tongue washt in the conservatives of the Muses honey to declare it. Egypt was honoured with Triumphs, and Grand Caire with Tilts and Turnaments. Through every Town was proclaimed a solemn and Feastiball day, in the remembrance of their new crowned Queen ; no Headesman nor Artificer was suffered to work that day, but was charged upon pain of Death to hold it for a day of Triumph, a day of joy, and a day of pleasure, in which Royalties S. George was a principal performer, till thirst of honour summoned him to Armes: the remembrance of the Christian Cham-

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pions in Persia, caused him to bebiate the Pastimes, and to buckle on his steele Cozset, which had not glittered in the fields of Mars in four and twenty days: of whose Noble Deeds, and adventures proceedings, I will at large discourse, and leave all other pastimes, to the new invested Quén and her Ladies.

CHAP. XVII.

The bloody Battel betwixt the Christians and the Persians, and how the Negromancer Osmond raised up by Magick Art, an Army of Spirits to fight against the Christians: How the six Champions were Enchanted, and recovered by S. George: The misery and Death of the Conjurer, and how the Souldan brained himself against a Marble Pillar.

Now must we return to the Christian Champions, and speak of their Battels in Persia, and what happened to them in S. Georges absence, for if you remember before, being in Egypt, when he had news of his Ladies condemnation in England, for the Murder of the Earl of Coventry, he caused them to march into Persia, and encouraged them to revenge his wrongful Imprisonment upon the Souldan his provinces: in which Country after they had marched some fifty Miles, burning and spoiling his territories, they were intercepted by the Souldans power, which was about the number of three hundred thousand fighting men: but the Muster-Rolls of the Christians were likewise numbred, and they amounted not to above one hundred thousand able men: at which time, betwixt the Christians and Pagans, happened a long and dangerous Battel, the like many age was seldome fought: for it continued without ceasing, for the space of five days, to the great effusion of blood on both Parties. But at last, the Pagans had t'e worst: for when they beheld their Fields bestrowed with mangled bodies, and that the
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Rivers for twenty Miles compass did flow with Crimson blood; their hearts began to fail, and incontinently fled like Sheep before the Wolf. Then the Valiant Christians thirsting after revenge, speedily pursued them, sparing neither Young nor Old, till the ways were strowed with lifeless bodies, like heaps of scattered sand: in which pursuit and honourable Conquest, they burned two hundred Forts and Towns, battering their Towers of Stone as level with the ground, as Harbest Reapers do fields of ripened Corn: But the Souldan himself, with many of his best approb'd Souldiers escaped alive, and fortified the City of Grand Belgor, being the strongest Town of War in all the Kingdom of Persia: before whose walls we will leave the Christian Champions planting their puissant Forces, and speak of the damnable practises of Osmond within the Town, where he accomplisht many admirable accidents by Magick Art: for when the Christian Army had long time given Assaults to the Walls, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like Storms of Winters Pail, whereby the Persian Souldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yeild, and commit their lives to the mercy of the Christian Champions: but when the Souldan perceived the Souldiers Cowardise, and how they would willingly resign his happy government to regain Rule, he encouraged them still to resist the Christians desperate Encounters, and within thirty days, if they had not the honour of the War, then willingly to condescend to their Countreys Conquest: which Princely resolution encouraged the Souldiers to resist, intending not to yeild up their City, till death had made triumph on their bodies. Then departed he into a secret Tower, where he found Osmond sitting in a chair, studying by Magick how long Persia should remain unconquered: who at his entrance drobe him from his Charms with these Speeches.

Thou wondrous man of Art (said the Souldan) whom for Negromancy the World hath made famous. Now is the time to express the Loyalty and love thou bearest thy Sovereign: Now is the time thy Charming Spels must work for Persias good: thou seest my Fortunes are deprest; my Souldiers dead, my Captains slaughtered, my Cities burned, my fields of Corn consumed, and my Country almost Conquered; I that was wont

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to cover the Seas with Fleets of Ships, now stand amazed to hear the Christians Drums, that sound forth doleful Funerals for my Souldiers: I that was wont with armed Legions to drink up Rivers as we marched, and made the Earth to groan with bearing of our Multitudes; I that was wont to make whole Kingdomes tremble at my frowns, and force Emperious Potentates to humble at my feet: I that have made the Streets of many a City to run with blood, and stood rejoycing when I see their buildings burn: I that have made the Mothers Wombs, the Infants Tombs, and caused Cradles for to swim in streams of Blood, may now behold my Countries ruine, my Kingdomes fall, and mine own fatal overthrow: Awake, great *Osmond*, from thy Dreaming Trance, awake I say, and raise a troop of black infernal Fiends to fight against the Damned Christians, that like swarms of Bees do flock about our Walls, prevent, I say, my Lands Invasion, and as I am great Monarch of *Asia*, Ile make the King over twenty Provinces, and sole Commander of the Ocean, raise up I say, thy Charmed Spirits, burning Acheron empty for a time, to aid us in this bloody Battel.

These words were no sooner ended, but there rattled such a peal of Canons against the City Walls, that they made the very earth quake: whereat the *Begromaticer* started from his Chair, and in this manner encouraged the Souldan:

It is not Europe (quoth he) nor all their petty bands of Armed Knights, nor all the Princes in the World, that shall abate your Princely Dignity: Am not I the great Magician of this Age, that can both loose and bind the Fiends, and call the black-faced Furies from low Cocitus? Am not I that skilful Artist, which framed the charmed Tower amongst the Amazonian Dames, which all the Witches in the World could never spoyl? Therefore let Learning, Art, and all the secrets of the deeps, assist me in this enterprise, and then let frowning Europe do her worst: my Charms shall cause the Heavens to rain such rattling shours of stones upon their heads, whereby the Earth shall be overloaden with their dead bodies, and Hell overfilled with their hateful souls: senseless Trees shall rise in humane shapes, and fight for Persia. If wise Medea were

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were ever famous for Arts, that did the like for safeguard of her Fathers State, then why should not Osmond practice wonders for his Sovereigns happines? He raise a Troop of Spirits from the lowest Earth, more black then dismal Night, the which in ugly shapes shall haunt them up and down, and when they sleep within their rich Pavilions, Leigons of fierce Spirits will I up-raise from Hell, that like to Dragons spitting flames of fire, shall blast and burn the damned Christians in their tents of War: The fields of Grand Belgor shall be overspread with venomous Snakes, Adders, Serpents, and imployed Toads, the which unseen shall lurk in Mossie ground, and sting the Coronels of Warlike Horses: down from the Chrystal firmament, I will Conjure a Troop of Ayne Spirits to descend, that like to Virgins clad in Princely Ornaments, shall link those Christian Champions in the Charms of love: their eyes shall be like the twinkling Lamps of Heaven, & dazle so their Warlike thoughts, and their lovely countenances more bright then Fayries, shall lead them Captive to a Tent of love, the which shall be artificially erected up by Magick Spels: their War-like weapons that were wont to smoak in Pagans blood, shall in my charmed Tent be hung upon the Bowers of peace: their glittering Armours that were wont to shine within the fields of Africa, shall henceforth for ever more be stained with rust: and themselves surnamed for Martial Discipline, the wondrous Champions of the World, shall surfeit with delightful loves; and sleep upon the laps of Ayrie Spirits, that shall descend the Elements in Virgin shapes: terror and despair shall mightily oppress their mercilefs Souldiers, that they shall yeild the Honorable conquest to your Excellency: such strange and wonderous accidents by Art shall be accomplished, that Heaven shall frown at my Enchantments, and the Earth tremble to hear my Conjurations. Therefore most mighty Persian number up thy scattered bands, and to morrow in the morning set open thy gates, and march thitherward with thy Armed Souldiers: leave not a man within the City, but let every one that is able to bear Armes, fight in the Honour of Persia, and before the closing of the night, He make thee Conquerour, and yeild up the braving Christians as Prisoners to thy Mightiness.

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If this prove true renowned Osmond, as thou hast promised (saide the Souldan) Earth shall not harbour that too dear for thee: for thou shalt have my self, my Kingdoms, Crowns, and Scepters at command: the wealthy River Ganges, shall pay the yearly tribute with her treasure, the place where Midas washt his golden wish away. All things that nature framed precious, shalt thou be Lord and sole Commander of, if thou prevent the invasion of my Country: and thereupon he departed the Chamber and left the Negromancer in his study: and as he gave commandment, his Captains made in readines his Souldiers, and furnished their War-like Horses, and by the Suns uprising, marched into the fields of Be'gor, where upon the North side of the Enemy they pitched their Camp. On the other side, when the War like Christians had intelligence by their Courts of Guard, how the Persians were entred the fields ready to give them Battel, sudden Alarums sounded in their ears, rumours of conquest encouraged so the Souldiers, that presently they were in readines to entertain the Persians to a bloody Banquet. Both Armies were in fight, with blood-red Colours wabering in the Ayre: the Christian Champions richly mounted on their Warlike Coursers placed themselves in the forefront of the battel, like couragious Captains, fearing neither death nor inconstant Chance of Fortune. But the Souldan with his petty Princes like Cowards, were inbiron'd and compass with a ring of Armed Knights, where instead of nimble steeds, they sat in Iron Chariots. Divers Heroical and many Princely encouragements past between the two Armies, before they entred Battel: but when the Drums began to sound Alarm, and the silver Trumpets gave dreadful echoes of Death: when the Cross of Christiendome began to flourish, and the Armes of Mahomet to be advanced: even then began so terrible and bloody a battel, that the like was never found in any Age, for before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, the Pagans received so great a Massacre, and fell so fast before the Christian Champions, that they were forced to wade up to the knees in blood, and their Souldiers to fight upon heaps of slaughtered men: the fields were altered from a green colour, to a purple hue, the Vales were strept in crimson gore, & the hills & mountains covered with Dead mens rattling bones. But let us not forget the wicked Negromancer Osmond, that during the time of that dangerous

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gerous Encounter kneeled in a low Valley nêr unto the Camps, with his black hair hanging down unto his Shoulders like a tzeard of Snakes, and with his silber wand circling the Earth; where tohen he heard the sound of Drums thundering in the Ayre, and the Brazen Trumpets gibing dreadfull sounds of War, he entred into these fatal and damned speeches:

Now is the battell (quoth he) furiously begun, for methinks I hear the Souldan cry for help: now is the time my charming Spels must work for Persias Victory, and Europs fatal overthrow: which being said, thrice did he kiss the earth, thrice beheld the Elements, and thrice besprinkled the Circle with his own blood, the which with a silber Razor he let from his left Arm, and after began again to speak in this manner:

Stand still you wandring Lamps of Heaven, move not sweet stars, but linger on, till Osmonds Charms be brought to full effect. O thou great Demon, Prince of damned Ghosts, thou chief Commander of those fearful shapes, that nightly glide by misbeleiving Travellers, even thou that holdest a Snaky Scepter in thy hand, sitting upon a Throne of burning steel, even thou that bindest the Furies up in Chains, even thou that tossest burning fire-brands abroad, even thou whose eyes are like two unlucky Commets, even thee I charge to let thy Furies loose, open thy Brazen Gates, and leave thy boyling Cauldron empty: send up such Legions of Infernal Fiends, that may in number countervail the blades of Grass that beautifie these bloody fields of Belgor.

These fatal speeches were no sooner finished, but there appeared such a multitude of Spirits, both from the earth, water, ayre, and fire, that it is almost incredible to report, which he caused to run into the Christian Army: whose burning Fauchions not onely annoyed the Souldiers with fear & terror, but also fired the Horses Manes, burned the trappings, consumed their banners, scorched trees & herbs, & dimmed the Elements with such an extream darkness, as though the earth had been covered with eternal night, he caused the Spirits likewise to raise such a tempest, that it roze up mighty Whes by the roots, removed Hills and Mountains, and blew men into the Air horse and all: yet neither his Magick Arts, nor all the Furies and wicked Spirits could any whit daunt the most noble & magnanimous minds of the Champions of Christendom: but like unconquer'd Ipons they purchast

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purchase Honour where they went, colouring their Swords in Pagans blood, making the Earth true witnesses of their vicious and Heroical proceedings, whom they had attired in a blood-red Liberty: and though St. George (the Chiefest Champion of Christendom for Partial Discipline and Princely achievements) were absent in that terrible Battle: yet merited they as much Honour and Renown, as though he had been there present: for the accursed Pagans sell before their War like weapons, as thick as leaves do fall from trees, when the blustering Stormes of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Negromancer Osmond perceived that his Magick Spels took small effect, & who in despite of his Enchantment the Christians got the better of the day, he accursed his Art, and banned the hour and time wherein he first attempted so wicked an enterprise, thinking them to be preserved by Angels, or else by some Celestial means: but yet not purposing to leave off at the first repulse, he attempted another way by Negromancy to overthrow the Christians.

First, he erected up by Magick Art a stately Tent, outwardly in show like to the compass of Earth: but furnished inwardly with all the delightful pleasures that either Art or reason could invent, onely framed to Enchant the Christian Champions with enticing delights, whom he purposed to keep as Prisoners therein: then sell he again to his Conjurat[i]on, and bound a hundred Spirits by due obedience to transform themselves in the likeness of beautiful Virgins, which in a moment they accomplished, and they were framed in form and beauty like to the Darlings of Venus, in comeliness comparable with Theris dancing on the silver Sands, and in all proportion like Daphne, whose beauty caused Apol'o to descend the Heavens: their limbs were like the lofty Cedars, the cheeks to Roses dipt in Milk, and their eyes more bright then the Stars of Heaven: also they seemed to carry in their hands silver Bows, and on their backs hung Quivers of golden Arrows. Likewise upon their Breasts they had Pictured the God of Love dancing upon Mars his knee.

Thus in the shape of beauteous damels, caused he these Spirits to enter the Christians Army, and with the golden bait of their enticing smiles, to tangle the Champions in the snares of Love, and with their smiling beauties lead them from their Soldiers,
and

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and to bring them Prisoners into his Enchanted Tent. Which commandment being no sooner given, but these Virgins, or rather infernal Furies, more swift then the winds, gliding into the Christians Army, where their glistering beauties so dazled the eyes of the six Christian Champions, and their sober countenances so entrapped their hearts with desire, that their Princely valours were abated, and they stood gazing at their excellent proportions, as though Medusæes shadows had been pictured upon their faces, to whom the intising Ladies spake in this manner.

Come, princely Gallants, come, away with Arms, forget the sounds of bloody War, and hang your angry Weapons on the bowre of peace, Venus you see, hath sent her Messengers from *Paphos*, to lead you to the paradise of love: there Heaven will rain down *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* sweet for you to feed upon: and there the melody of Angels will make you Musick: there shall you fight upon beds of silk, and encounter with intising kisses. These golden promises so ravished the Champions, that they were Enchanted with their loves, and vowed to take their last farewell of Knighthood and magnanimous Chivalry.

This were they led from their Warlike Companies to the Pegromancers Enchanted Tent, leaving their Souldiers without Guides in danger of confusion. But the Queen of chance so smiled upon the Christians, that the same time S. George arrived in Persia with a fresh supply of Egyptian Knights: of whose Noble Atchievements I purpose now to speak. For no sooner had he entered the Battel, and placed his Squadrons, but he had intelligence of the Champions misadventures, and how they lay Enchanted in a Magick Tent, sleeping in pleasure upon the laps of Infernal Furies, the which Osmond had transformed by his Charms, into the likeness of beautiful Damsels: which unexpected news constrained S. George to breathe from his sorrowful heart this woful lamentation:

Unconstant Fortune (quoth he) why dost thou entertain me with such bitter news: are my fellow Champions come from Christendom to win immortal honour with their Swords, and lie they now bewitcht with beauty? Come they from *Europe* to fight in Coats of steel, and will they lye distraught in tents of love? Came they to *Asia* to purchase Kingdoms: and by bloody War to rui-

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nate Countreys, and will they yeild their Victories to so foul disgrace? O shame and great dishonour to Christendom! O spot to Knighthood and true Chivalry: this news is far more bitter to my soul, then was the poysoned dregs that Antipater gave to Alexander in his drunkenness, and a deadlier pain unto my heart, then was that juyce that Hannibal suckt from his fatal Ring. Come, Souldiers, come you followers of those cowardly Champions unsheath your Warlike weapons, and follow him whose soul hath vowed either to redeem them from the Negromancers Charms, or dye with honour in that enterprize. If ever mortal creatures warred with damned furies, and made a passage to Enchanted Dales, where Devils dance and warlike shadows in the night: then Souldiers, let us March unto that black Pavilion, and chain the cursed Charmer to some blasted Oak, that hath so highly dishonoured Christendom.

These resolute speeches were no sooner finished, but the whole Army, befoze daunted with fear, grew so couragious, that they protested to follow him through moze dangers then did the Grecian Knights with Noble Jason in the Ile of Colcos. Now began the Battel again to renew, and the Drums to sound fatal knells, for the Pagan Souldiers, whose souls the Christians Swords by numbers sent to burding Acheron: but S. George, that in valour excceeded the rest, as much as the golden Sun surpasseth the smallest stars in brightness, with his Sword made lanes of slaughtered men; and with his angry Arm made passage through the thickest of their Troops, as though that death had been commander of the Battel: he caused Crowns and Scepters to swim in blood, and headless Strieds with joyntless men to fall as fast befoze his Sword, as drops of rain befoze a thunder, and eber in great danger he encouraged his Souldiers in this manner: Now for the sake of Christendom, fight, Captains, be now Triumphant Conquerours, or Christian Martyrs.

These words so encouraged the Souldiers hearts with invincible valour, that they neither feared the Negromancers Charms, nor all his flaming Dragons, nor fierce Drakes, that filled the Air with burning lights, nor daunted at the strange encounters of Hellish Legions, that like to armed men with burning torches haunted them; so fortunate were their proceedings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the Enchanted Tent, whereas the

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Other Champions lay sursetting in lobe, whilst thousands of their friends fought in coats of steel, and merited renown by their Noble achievements: for no sooner arriv'd S. George with his warlike followers before the Pavilion, but he heard as it were the melody of the Muse: likewise his ears were almost ravish'd with the sugar'd songs of the Enchanted Virgins, which like the Musick of Orpheus Harp, caus'd the stones and trees to dance, and made the elements to shew more bright than the mornings beauty, with drops of honey trickling down their crystal cheeks: the Doves did hiss when they began to sing: the running waters danced, and every senseless thing did seem to breath out sighs for love: so pleasant and Heavenly were the sights in the Tent, and so delightful in his eyes, that he had been enchanted with their charmes if he had not continually born the honour of Knight-hood in his thoughts, and that the dishonour would redound to Christendoms reproach: therefore with his Sword he let drive at the Tent, and cut it into a thousand peices, the which being done, he apparently beheld where the Peggromancer sat upon a block of steel, feeding his Spirits with drops of blood, whom when the Champion beheld, he caus'd his Souldiers to lay hold upon him, and after chained him fast to the root of an old blasted Oak: from whence neither Art, nor help of all his Charms, nor all the Legions of his Devils could ever after loose him: where we leave him to his lamentations, filling the Air with Echoes of cries, and speak how S. George redeemed the Champions from their Enchantments.

First, when he beheld them disrobed of their warlike attyre, their Furniture hung up, and themselves secretly sleeping upon the laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented speeches.

O heavens (said he) how my soul abhors this spectacle, Champions of Christendom, arise, brave Knights, stand up, I say, and look about like men: are you the cholen Captains of your Countries, and will you bury all four honours up in Ladies laps? for shame arise, I say, they have the tears of Crocodiles, the Songs of Syrens to Enchant: to armes, brave Knights, let honour be your loves: blush to behold you Friends in armes, and blush to see your Native Countrymen sleeping the fields of *Mayors* with their bloods: Champions, arise, S. George calls, the Victory will tary till you come: Arise, and tear the womanish attyre, surfeit not in silken Robes: put on your steely Corsets,

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your glistering Burgonets, and unsheath your conquering weapons, that Mayors fields may be converted into a purple Ocean.

These Heroical Speeches were no sooner finished, but the Champions like men amazed, rose from their Ladies bosomes, and being ashamed of their follies, they submissively craved pardon, and besought by protestations, never to sleep in beds of Down, nor never unbuckle their Shields from their weary Arms, till they had won their Credits in the fields again: nor never would be counted his deserved followers, till their Triumphs were enroled amongst the deeds of Partial Knights. So Arming themselves with approved Cozzlets, and taking to them their trusty Swords, they accompanied S. George to the thickest of their Enemies, and left the Negromancer Chained to the Tree, which at their departure breathed forth these bitter Curses:

Let Hells horror, and tormenting pains (quoth he) be their eternal punishment: let flaming fire descend the Elements, and consume them in their warlike Triumphs, and let their ways be strowed with venomous thorns, that all their legs may rangle to their knees, before they march to their Native Countries. But why exclaim I thus in vain, when heaven it self preserves their happiness? Now all my Magick Charms are ended, and all my Spirits forsaken me in my need, and here am I fast chained up to starve and dye. Have I had power to rend the vales of earth, and shake the mighty Mountains with my charms? Have I had power to raise up dead mens shapes from Kingly Tombes: and can I not unchain my self from this accursed Tree? O no, for I am fettered up by the immortal power of the Christians God; against whom because I did Rebel, I am now condemned to everlasting fire. Come, all you Negromancers in the World, come all you Sorcerers and Charmers, come all you Scholars from the Learned Universities, come all you Witches Beldams, and Fortune-tellers, and all that practice Devillish Arts, come take example by the story of my fall.

This being said, he violently with his own hands tore his eyes from his head, as a sufficient revenge, because by the direction of their wills he was first trained in that damned Art: then betwixt his teeth he bit in two his loathsome tongue; because it muttered forth so many fatal Charms: then into his thirsty bowels he deboured his hands, because they had so often held the silver wand, where-

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wherewith he had made his Charmed Circles : and for every Letter Mark and Character, that belonged to his Conjurations, he inflicted a febrile torment upon himself : and at last, with sightless eyes, speechless tongue, handleless Arms and dismembred body, he was forced to give up his condemned Ghost : where after his age of life was banished from his Earthly Trunk, the Heavens seemed to smile at his sudden fall, and Hell began to roar at the conquest of his Death : the ground whereon he died, was ever after that time unfortunate, and to this present time, it is called in that Countrey, a Vale of Walking spirits.

Thus have you heard the damnable life, and miserable fall of this accursed Negromancer Osmond, whom we will not leade to the punishments due to such a wicked offender, and speak of the seven Noble and magnanimous Christian Champions.

After S. George had ended these Enchantments, they never sheathed up their Swords, nor unlocked their Armour, till the subversion of Persia was accomplished, and the Souldan with his Petty Kings rayen Prisoners. Seven days the Battel continued without ceasing : they slew two hundred thousand Souldiers, besides a number that fled away and drowned themselves : some cast themselves headlong down from the top of high trees, some made slaughter of themselves, and some yielded to the mercies of the Christians ; but the Souldan with his Princes riding in their Iron Chariots, endured the Christians encounters, till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by force and violence they were compelled to yield. The Souldan hapned into the hands of S. George, and six of his Vice-Kings to the other six Champions, where after they had sworn Allegiance to the Christian Knights, and had promised to forsake their Mahomet, they were not onely set at Liberty, but used most honourably : but the Souldan himself having a heart fraught with Despight and Tyranny, contemned the Champions courtesies, and utterly disoained their Christian Governments, protesting that the Heavens should first lose their wonted brightness, and the Seas forsake their swelling tides, before his heart should yield to their intended desires : whereupon S. George being resolved to revenge his former injuries, commanded that the Souldan should be disrobed from all Princely attire, and in base apparel sent to Prison, even to the same Dungeon where he him-
self

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Self had endured so long Impzisonment, as you heard in the beginning of the History: to which strict commandment was presently performed: In which Dungeon the Souldan had not long continued, sufficing his hungry stomach with the bread of musty Bran, and slanching his thirst with Channel water, but he began to grow desperate, and weary of his life, and at last fell into this woeful Lamentation:

O Heavens (quoth he) now have you thrown a deserved plague upon my head, and all those guiltless souls that in former times my tyrannies have murdered, may now be fully satisfied; for I that was wont to have my Table beautified with Kings, am now constrained to feed alone in a Dungeon, where sorrow is my food, and despair my servitor: I that have famished thousands up in Walls of stone, am now constrained to feed upon mine own flesh or else to starve and die: yet shall these cruel Christians know, that as I lived in tyranny, so will I dye: for I will make a Murder of my self, that after this life, my angry Ghost may fill their sleeps with gasty visions.

This being said, he desperately ran his head against a Marble Pillar, standing in the middle of the Dungeon, and dashed his brains from out of his hateful Head: the news of whose death when it was bzuided in the Champions ears, they proffered no violence to his lifeless body, but Anrmbed him in a sumptuous Sepulchze, & after that S. George took upon him the Government of Persia, and there established good and Christian Lawes: also he gave to the other six Champions, six seberal Kingdomes belonging to the Crown of Persia, and surnamed them his Vice-Koys or petty Kings. This being done he took truce with all the World, and triumphantly marched towards Christendom, with the conquest of that imperial Diadems, that is to say of Egypt, Persia, and Morocco: In which journey he erected many stately Monuments, in remembrance of his Victories and Heroical Atchievements, and through every Country that they marched, there flockt to them an innumerable company of Pagans, that desired to follo to him into Christendom, and to be christened in their Faith, protesting to forsake their gods, whose worshippers were none but Tyrants, and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of blood. To whose requests, S. George presently condescended: not bzies in granting them their desires,
but

seven Champions of Christendome.

but also in honouring them with the favour of his Princely countenance. This courtesie of the English Champion merited such a glistering gloze through the World, that as far as eber the swelling Ocean flowed, and as far as eber the golden Globes of Heaven extended their light, S. Georges Honour was bzuit: and not on-ly his matchlesse Adventures charactered in Bzazen Tables, but his partial exploits painted in ebery Temple: so that the Heathen Poets contribed Histozies of his deds, and famouzed his Name amongst the Wozthies of the World.

In this Princely manner marched S. George with his warlike Troops through the territories of Africa & Asia, in greater Royalty then did Darius with his Persian Sculdiers towards the Camp of time-wondzed Alexander. But when the Christian Champions approached the sight of the watry World, and began to go aboard their ships, the earth seemed to mourn at their farewells, and the seas to rejoyce at their presence, the Waves couched as smoth as chyztal Ice, and the Winds blew such gentle Gales, as though the sea gods had ben directozs of their fleet, the Dolphins danced above the water, and the lobely Pair maids in multitudes lay dallying anidn the streams, making them delightful pastime: the skies seemed to smile, and the Sun to shew a glistering bzightness upon the chyztal waters, that the Sea seemed to be silber.

Thus in great pleasure they passed the time away, committing their fortunes to the mercy of the winds and the waters, who did so favourably serbe them, that in shozt time they arribed upon the banks of Christendom: to here being no sooner come on shoz, & past the dangers of the Seas, but S. George in the presence of thousands of his followers, kneled down on the ground, and hbe God pralse for his happy arribal, by these words solloboing:

O thou omnipotent God of new Jerusalem, we not onely give thee condign praise, for our late archieued victories against thy enemies, who by their wickedness seek daily to pull thee from thy Celestial Throne, but also do render thee hearty thanks, that hast delivered us safely from the fury of the raging Seas, that otherwise might have drenched us in her devouring gulf, as thou didst Pharaoh, with his golden Chariots, and his invincible Legions: therefore great King of Juda, under whose Name we have taken many things in hand, and have atchieved so many victories,
grant

The Honourable History of the

grant that these true Obligations of our thankful hearts may be acceptable in thy sight, which be no fained Ceremonies, but the inward deuotions of our soules: and therewithal letting fall a shoure of tears from their eyes, & discharging a bolley of sighs from their breasts, as a signification of the integritie of their soules, he held his peace: then gabe he commandment that the Army should be discharged, and ebery one rewarded according to his desert, which within seven weeks was perfozmed, to the honour of Christendom.

After this S. George earnestly requested the other six Champions, that they would honour him with their presence home to his Country of England, and there receibe the comfort of ioyful ease, after the bloody encounters of so many dangerous Battels. This motion of S. George, not onely obtained their consents, but added a forwardness to their willing minds: so incontinently they set forth towards England: upon whose chalky Cliffs they in a short time arriued, and after this took their journey towards the City of London, where their entertainments were so honourably perfozmed, as I want the Eloquence of Cicero, and the Rhetorick of Caliope to descibe it.

Thus gentle Reader, hast thou heard the first Part of the Princely Archiueiment, Noble Adventures, and Honourable Lives of these Renowned and worthy Champions. The second part relates the Noble Atchievements and strange Fortunes of S. Georges three Sons, the loves of many gallant Ladies, the Combates and the Turnaments of many valiant Knights, and tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise the rest of the Noble Adventures of the Renowned Seven Champions, also the manner and places of their honourable deaths, and how they came to be called the seven Saints of Christendom.

FINIS.

THE
FAMOUS
HISTORY
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
CHRISTENDOME.

The Second Part.

LIKEWISE

Shewing the Princely Prowesse, Noble, Achievements, and strange Fortunes of Saint
GEORGE's three Sons, the lively
Sparks of Nobility :

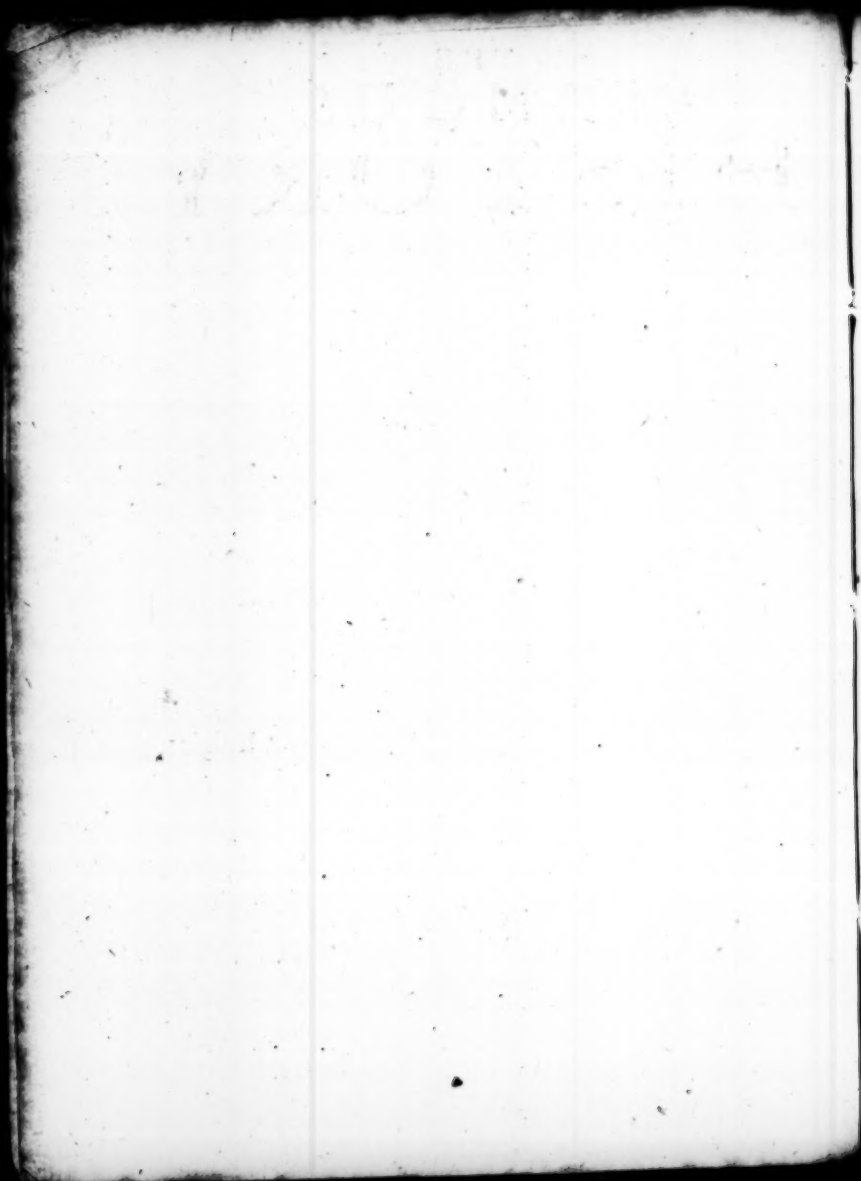
The Combats and Turnaments of many valiant Knights,
the Loves of many gallant Ladies, the Tragedies of mighty Potentates.

ALSO

The manner and places of the Honourable Deaths of the
Seven Champions, being so many Tragedies : and how
they came to be called the seven Saints of
CHRISTENDOME.

LONDON,

Printed by G. Dawson and are to be sold by Andrew Crook at
the Green Dragon in Pauls Church-yard.





To the Right Honourable, the Lord

WILLIAM HOWARD, *Richard Iohnson*

wiltheth encrease of all Prosperity.



S it hath, Right Honourable, of late pleased your most Noble Brother in kindness to accept of this History, and to grace it with a favourable countenance : So am I now emboldned to Dedicate the **S**econd Part unto your Honour, which here I humbly offer to your Lordships hands, not because I think it a gift worthy the receiver ; but rather that it should be, as it were a witness of

A 2

the

The Epistle Dedecatory.

the love and duty which I bear to
your Right Noble House.

And when it shall please you to
bestow the reading of these Discour-
ses, my humble request is, that you
would think I wish your Honour as
many happy dayes, as there be letters
contained is this History.

Thus praying for your Honours
chief happines, I remain

Your Honours

in all dutifull Love,

to his poor power.

R. I.



To the Gentle Reader.

I Have finished The Second Part of the Seven Champions of Christendom, for thy delight, being thereto encouraged by thy great Acceptance of my First Part. I will not boast of Eloquence nor Invention, thereby to invite thy willingness to read: Only thy curtesie must be my Buckler against the carping malice of mocking lesters, that being worse able to do well, scoff commonly at that they cannot mend, censuring all things, doing nothing, but (Monky-like) make Apish jests at any thing they see in Print: and nothing pleaseth them, except it savour of a

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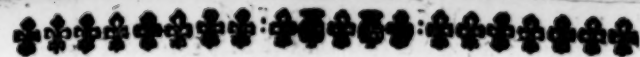
scoffing

To the Reader.

scoffing or invective spirit. Well, what those say of me I do not care, thy delight only is my desire: Accept it, and I am satisfied; reject it, and this shall be my penance, never again to come in Print. But having better hope, I boldly lead thee to the Mayn, for this doubtful Flood of Suspition, where I rest. Walk on in the History, as in an overgrown and ill busbanded Garden: if among all the weeds thou find one pleasing flower, I have my wish.

Thine,

Richard Iohnson.



The Honourable
HISTOR Y
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
CHRISTENDOME.

The Second Part.

How St. George's three Sons were entertained into the Famous City of *London*, and after how their Mother was slain in a Wood with the pricks of a Thorney Brake : her blessings she gave her Sons, St. George's Lamentation over her bleeding Body : and likewise of the journey the Seven Champions intended to *Jerusalem* to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.

After St. George with the other six Champions of Christendome (by invincible Conquests) had brought into subjection all the Eastern parts, and by dint of bloody wars poised the stubborn Infidels even to the farthest bounds of India, where the Golden Sun becometh to arise, as you heard discoursed in the former part of the History, they returned with the Conquest of Imperial Diadems, Regal Crowns, Kingly Scepters, to the rich and plentiful Countrey of England : where, in the famous City of London they many a day sojourned, a place not only beautified with sumptuous Buildings, but graced with a number of Gallant Knights and Gallant Gentlemen of Courtly Behaviour,

The Second Part of the

Behaviour, and there withall adorned with Troops of Ladies, of Divine and Celestial Beanties, that trip it up and down the Streets like to the Grecian *Andrenes*, when as they tread the *Phrygian Warriours* in the like Snares of Love: whereby it seemed rather a *Paradise* for Heavenly Angels, than a place for Earth's Inhabitants.

Here the Christian Champions laid their Armes aside, here hung they up their Weapons on the Bowyer of Peace, here their Glistering Cozlets rusted in their Armoyses, here was not heard the Warlike sound of Drums, nor Silber Trumpets, here stood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor Barbed Swords prepared to the Battel, but all things tended to a lasting Peace. They that had wont in Scaled Coats to sleep in Champion Fields, lay da'ling now in Beds of Silk: they that had wont with weareg Armes to weloche Warlike Franchion, late now imbracing lovely Ladies on their Wakes, and they whose eares had wont to hear the ruful cries of slayghtered Souloiers, whire now ope-cloyed with Ducks pleisant Harminy.

In this Delicuous manner lived these Champions in the City of London, butting the remembrance of all their forner Advenfures in the Lake of Distraction, and spending their times in Honourable Titles, and Courtly Turnaments: where St. George performed many Atchievements in Honour of his beloved Lady, and the other Knights in Honour of their Mistresses.

But at last, St. George's three SONS, Guy, Alexander, and David, being all three born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the Wildernesse, and sent into three feberal Kingdoms by their careful Father to be train'd up: the one in Rome to the Warlike Romans, another into Wittenberg to the Learned Germans, the third unto Brittain to the Valient English. But now being grown to some ripnes of Age, and agility of Strength, they desired much to visit their Parents, whom they had not seen from their Infancies, lying in their Cradles: and to crave at his hands the Honour of true Knighthood, and to wear the Golden Spur of Chivalldome.

This earnest and Princely Request so highly pleased their Tutor's, that they furnished them with a stately Train of Knights, and sent them Honourably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the famous City of London, where their Entertainments were most Princely, & their Welcomes so Honourable, that I want Art to describe, and Penmanship to expresse.

I omit

seven Champions of Christendome.

I omit what sumptuous Pageants and delightful Shewes the Citizens provided, and how the Streets of London were beautified with Tapestry, the solemne Bells that rung them joyful Welcomes, and the Silver Strained Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I pass over the Fathers joy, who prized their Sights more precious in his Eyes, then if he had been made sole Monarch of the Golden Mines of rich America; or that every hair that grew upon his Head had been equalled with a Kingdom, and he to give as many Golden Diadems in his Armes. Also their Mothers Welcomes to her Sons, who gave them more kisses then she breathed forth Groans at their Departures from her painful Womb in the Wilderness.

The other Champions Courtesses were not the least nor of the smallest in Account, to these three young Gentlemen: but to be short, St. George (whose Love was dear unto his Children (in his own Person conducted them unto their Lodgings, whereas they spent that Day, and the Night following in Royal Banqueting amongst their Princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the Morning Sun upon the Mountaintops, and the clear Countenance of the Elements made mention of some ensuing Pastime, but St. George commanded a solemne Hunting for the Welcome of his Sons.

Then began his Knights to Arme themselves in Troops, and to mount upon their Jennets, and some with well Armed Boar-speares in their hands prepared for the Game on foot: but St. George with his Sons clad in Green Vestments like Adonis, with silver Hornes hanging at their backs in Scarfes of coloured Silk, were still the foremost in this exercise. Likewise Sabra (intending to see her Sons valours displayed in the Field, whether they were in courage like their Father or no) caused a gentle Pastrep to be provided, whereon she mounted her Princely person to be witness of these Silvan sports: she was armed with a curious breast-plate wrought like to the scales of a Dolphin, and in her hand she bare a silver Bow of the Turkish fashion, like an Amazonian Queen, or Diana hunting in the Groves of Arcadia.

Thus in this gallant manner rode forth these Hunters to their Princely Pastimes, where after they had ridden some six miles from the City of London, there fell from St. Georges nose three drops of purple blood, whereat he suddenly started, & therewithall he heard the croaking of a Flight of Night Ravens, that hovered by the Forrests side, all which he judged to be dismal signes of some

The Second Part of the

ensuing Stratagem : but having a Princely mind, he was nothing discouraged thereby, but with a Noble Resolution entered the Forrest, accounting such Foze-telling Tokens for Old Times Ceremonies, wherein they had not passed the compass of half a Mile, but they started a Wild and swift Stag, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and gave Budge to their Horses, and followed the Game more swifter than Pyrates pursue the Merchants Ships upon the Seas : But now behold how crowning Fortune changed their pleasant Pastime to a sad and bloody Tragedy : for Sabra proffering to keep pace with them, delighted to behold the valient Encounters of her young Sons, and being careless of her self, through the over-stiffness of her Steed, she slipped beside her Saddle, & so fell directly upon a Thorney Brake of Brambles, the prickes whereof (more sharpe than Spikes of Iron,) entered to every part of her delicate body : Some pierce the lovely Closets of her Starr bright eyes, whereby (in stead of Christal pearled teares there issued drops of purest blood : her face before that blushed like the Dornings radiant countenance, was now changed into a Crimion red : her milk white hands that lately strained the Ivory Lute, did seem to wear a bloody Scarlet Glove : and her tender Paps that had often fed her Sons with the Milk of Nature, were all be-rant and tozme with those accursed Brambles : from whose deep wounds there issued such a stream of Purple gore, that it converted the Green from a lively Green to a Crimion hue, and the abundance of blood that trickled from her Breast began to enforce her soul to give the World a woeful farewell. Yet notwithstanding, when her beloved Lord, her sorrowfull Sons, and all the rest of the woeful Champions, had washed her wounded body with a spring of teares, and when she perceived that she must of force commit her life to the fury of impetuous death, she breathed forth this dying Exhortation.

Dear Lord (said she) in this unhappie Hunting must you lose the Truest wife that ever lay by any Princes side : yet mourn not you, nor grieve you my Sons, nor you brave Christian Knights, but let your Warlike Dymms convey me royally to my Tombe, that all the World may write in Bazen Booke, how I have followed my Lord (the Prince of Christendome) through many a Bloody field, and for his sake have left my Parents, friends, and Countrey, and have travelled with him through many a dangerous Kingdoms : but now the cruel fates have wrought their latest spite, and finished my life, because I am not able to performe
what

seven Champions of Christendome.

what Love he hath deserved of me. And now to you my Sons
this blessing do I leave behind : even by the Waines that hurt
me I once endured for your sakes, when as you lay enclosed in
my Wombe, and by my Trabels in the Wiltbernes where as my
groines upon your birth Day did (in my thinking) cause both
Tees and Stones to drop down teares, when as the merciles
Tygers and famelous Lyons did stand like gentle Lambs, and
mourned to here my Lamentations, and by a Mothers love that
ever since I have boyn you, imitate and follow your Father in all
his Honourable Attempts, harm not the silly Infant, nor the helpe-
less Widdow, defend the Honour of distressed Ladies, and give
freely unto wounded Soldiers, seek not to stain the unsported
Virgins with your Lusts. and Adventurs evermore to redeme
True Knights from Captivity : lvs ever professed Enemies to
Paganism, and spend your lides in the quarrel and defence of
Christ, that Babes (as yet unborn) in time to come may speak of
you, and recozd you in the Books of Fame to be true Christian
Champions. This is my Blessing, and this is the Testament
I leave behind : for now I feel the chilnes of pale Death closing
the closets of mine eyes : Farewell vain world, dear Loyd fare-
well, sweet Sons you famous followers of my George, an all true
Christian Knights, adieu.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a heaby sigh she
yielded up the Ghost : whereat St. George (being impacient in
his sorowes) fell upon her lifeless body, rendering his heir, and
tearing his Hunters Attire from his back into many pieces : & at
last when his griefs were some what diminished, he burst out in
to these bitter lamentations.

Gone is the Starr (said he) that lightned all the Northern world,
withered is the Rose that beauntified our Christian fields, dead is
the Dame that for her beauty stained all Christian Women : for
whom Ile fill the Ayre with everlasting moans : Let this day
henceforth be fatal to all times, and counted for a dismal day of
Death. Let never the Sun shew forth his Beames thereon a-
gain, but Clouds as black as pitch, cover the Earth with fearful
darkness. Let every Tree in this accursed Forrest, henceforth
be blasted with unkindly Winds : Let Brambles, Bards, and
Flowers consume and wither : Let Grass and blowings Buds
perish and decay, and all things near the place where she was slain
be turned to a dismal, black, and gassly colour, that the Earth it
self in mourning Garments may lament her loss. Let never Bird
sing cheerfully on tops of Trees, but like the mournful musicke of
the

The second part of the

the Sightingale, All all the Ayre with fatal tunes: Let bubbling Rivers murmur for her loss, and silver Swans that swim there, on sing doleful Melody: Let all the Diles belonging to these fatal Woods be covered with green bellied Serpents, croaking Toads, hissing Snakes, and sight killing Cockatrices: In black Trees, let fearful Ravens shrike, let Howlets cry, and Crickets sing, that after this it may be called a place of dead mens wandring Ghosts. But fond Wretch, why do I thus lament in vain, and bathe her bleeding body with my teares, when grief by no means will recall her life? Yet this shall satisfie her soul, for I will go a Pilgrimage unto Ierusalem, & offer up my tears to Jesus Christ upon his blessed Sepulchre, by which my stained soul may be washt from this bloody guilt, which was the causer of this sorrowful dayes mishap.

These sorrowful words were no sooner ended, but he took her bleeding limbs between his fainting Armes, and gave a hundred kisses upon her dying coloured lips, retaining yet the colour of a blabaster new washt in Purple blood, and in this extasie a while lying, gave way to others to unfold their woes.

But his Sins whole sorrows were as great as his, protested never to neglect one day, but daily to weep some tears upon their Mothers Grave, till from the Earth did spring some morisall Flower to bear remembrance of her death, as did the Violet that sprung from chaste Adonis blood, where Venus wept to see him slain. Likewise the other six Champions that all the time of their lamentations stood like men drowned in the depth of sorrow began now a little to recover themselves, and after protested by the honour of true Knight-hood, and by the Spurr and golden Garter of St. Georges Legg, to accompany him unto holy Land bare footed, without either Hoyle or Shoe, only clad in russet Gaberdines, like the usual Pilgrims of the Woyle and never to return till they had paid their Trowes at that blessed Sepulchre.

Thus in this sorrowful manner wearied they the time away, filling the Woods with Echoes of their lamentations, and recording their dolours to the whistling Winds: but at last when black night began to approach, and with her sable Mantle to overspread the Christal Firmament, they retired into her dead body, back to the City of London, where the report of this Tragical accident, drowned their friends in a Sea of sorrow: for the news of her timeless death was no sooner bruyted abroad, but the same

seven Champions of Christendome.

caused both old and young to lament the loss of so sweet a Lady. The Silver headed age, that had wont in Scarlet Gownes to meet in Counsel, sat now at home in discontented Griefs: the gallant Youth, and comely Virgins that had wont to beautifie the Streets with costly Garments, went drooping up and down in Black and mournful Vestures: and those remorseless hearts that seldome were oppressed with Sorrows, now constrained their eyes like Fountains, to Dischill Flood of brinish and pearly teares.

This general grief of the Citizens continued for the space of thirty dayes; at the end whereof, St. George with his Sons and the other Champions interred her body her Honourably and erected over the same a Rich and costly Monument (in sumptuous State like the Tombe of Mausolus, which was called one of the Wonders of the World, or like to the Pyramides of Greece, which was a strain to all Architects) for thereon was portrayed the Queen of Chastity with her Maidens, Bathing themselves in a Chrystal Fountain, as a witness of her Wonderous Chastity, against the lustful assaults of all lascivious Attempts.

Thereon was also most lively pictured a Turtle-Dove sitting upon a Tree of Gold, in sign of the true love that she bore to her betrothed Husband.

Also a Silver coloured Swan Swimming upon a Chrystal River, as a token of her Beauty: for as the Swan excelleth all other Fowls in whiteness, so she excelled all the Ladies in the World for Beauty.

I leave to speak of the curious Workmanship of the Pinacles that were framed all of the purest Ieat, pummelled with Silver and Jasper Stones: Also I omit the Pendants of Gold, the Scutcheions of Princes, and the Arms of Countreys that beautified her Tombe, the Discourse whereof requires an Orators Eloquence or a Pen of Gold dypt in the dew of Helicon, flowing from Parnassus Hill, where as the Muses do inhabit. Her Statue or Picture was carbed cunningly in Alabastrer, and laid as it were upon a Willow of Green Silk, like to Pigmaliions Ivoire Image, and directly over the same hung a Silver Tablet whereon in Letters of Gold was this Epitaph written:

Here lies the wonder of this worldly Age,
For Beauty, Wit, and Princely Majesty,
Whom spiteful death in his imperious rage,
Procur'd to fall through ruthles cruelty,

For

The second part of the
For as she sported in fragrant Wood,
Upon a Thorney Brake she spilt her Blood.

Let Ladies faire and Princes of great might,
With silver pearled Teares bedew this Tombe,
Accuse the fatal Sisters of dispite,
For blasting thus the pride of natures Bloome :
For here she sleeps within this earthly Grave,
Whose worth deserves a Golden Tombe to have.

Seven yeares she kept her pure Virginity;
In absence of her true betrothed Knight,
When many did persue her Chastity,
Whilst he remained in Prison day and night :
But yet we see that things of purest prize,
For sake the Earth to dwell above the Skies.

Ladies, come mourn with doleful melody.
And make this Monument your settled Bower :
Here shed your brackish teares eternally,
Lament both Year, Month, Week, Day, Hour:
For here she rests whose like can ne'er be found,
Here Beauties pride lies Buried in the Ground :

Her wounded heart that yet doth freshly bleed,
Hath caus'd seven Knights a journey far to take,
To fair *Jerusalem*, in Pilgrims weed,
The fury of her angry Ghost to slake :
Because their silvaine sports was chiefeest guilt.
And only cause her blood was timeles spilt.

Thus after the Tombe was erected, and the Epitaph engraven
on a silver Table, and all things performed according to Saint
Georges direction, he left his Sons in the City of London, under
the Government of the English King : and in company of the o-
ther six Champions, he took his journey towards *Jerusalem*.

They were Assured after the manner of Pilgrims, in rusted
Caberlines

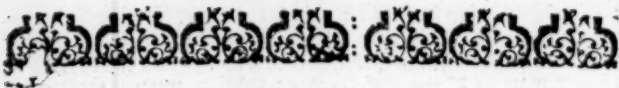
Seven Champions of Christendome.

Saberdines down to their feet, in their hands they bore flabes of Ebony wood tipped at the ends with Silver, the pikes whereof were of the strongest Arabian Steel, of such a sharpness, that they were able to pierce a Target of Toxtons Shell: upon their breasts hung Crookes of Crimson Silk, to signifie they were Christian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre of Christ.

In this manner set they forward from England in the Spring time of the year, when Flora had beautified the Earth with Pastures Tapestry, & made their Passages as pleasant as the Gardens of Hesperides, adorned with all kind of odoriferous flowers. When as they crossed the Seas, the silver flabes seemed to lie as smooth as Chrysal Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the waters, as a sign of a prosperous journey. In travelling by Land, the wayes seemed so short and easie, and the chirping melody of Birds made them such musick as they passed, that in a short season they arrived beyond the Borders of Christendome, and had entered the Confinnes of Affrica.

There were they forced instead of Downy-Beds, nightly to rest their weary Limbs upon heaps of Sun-burnt Poles: and instead of silken Curtains and curious Canopies, they had the Clouds of Heaven to cover them. Now their naked Leggs & bare feet, that had wont to stride the stately Steeds, and to trample in Fields of Pagans blood, were forced to climbe the craggy Mountaines, and to endure the torments of pricking Briers, as they travelled through the desert places and comfortless solitary wildernesses.

Many were the dangers that happened to them in their journey, before they arrived in Iudea, & princely their Atchievements, & most honorable their Adventures: which for this time I pass over, leaving the Champions for a time in their Tranel towards the Sepulchre of Christ, and speak what hapned to St. George's three Sons in visiting their Mothers Tombe in the City of London.



C H A P. II.

Of the strange Gifts that Saint *George's* Sons offered at their Mothers Tomb, and what happned thereupon: how her Ghost appeared to them, and counsell'd them to the pursute of their Father: also how the King of *England* Installed them with the Honour of Knight-hood, & furnished them with Habilliments of Wair.

The swift footed Steeds of Titans fiery Carr had almost finished a yee, since Sabra's Funeral was solemnized: in which time St. *George's* three Sons had visited their Mothers Tomb oftner than were dayes in the year, and had shed more sorrowfull tears thereon in remembrance of her love, than are Stars in the glittering Horizon: but at last these three young Princes fell at a civil Discord and mortal Strife, which of them should bear the truest love unto their Mothers dead body, and which of them should be held in greatest esteem. For before many dayes were expired, they concluded to offer up their severall Devotions at her Tomb: and he that devised a Gift of the rarest Price and of the strangest quality, should be held worthy of the greatest Honour, and accounted the noblest of them all. This determination was speedily performed, and in so short a time, accomplished, that it is wonderful to Discourse.

The first thinking to exceed his Brother in the strangeness of his Gift, made repair unto a cunning Enchantress, which had abiding in a secret Cave adjoining to the City, whom he procured (through many rich Gifts and large promises) by Art to devise a means to get the Honour from his Brethren, and to give a Gift of that strange nature, that all the world might wonder at the report thereof.

The Enchantress (being wonne with his promises) by Art and

seven Champions of Christendome.

and Magick Spels, devised a Garland containing all the diversity of flowers that ever grew in Earthly Gardens and though it were then in the dead time of Winter, when as the Silver Fiskles had disrobed both Herbs and flowers of their Beauties, & the Northern Snow lay freezing on the Mountaine tops, yet was this Garland contrived after the fashion of a rich Imperial Crown, with as many several flowers as ever Flora placed upon the Downs of rich Arcadia: in diversity of colours like the glittering Rain-bow, when it shineth in greatest pride: and casting such an odoreiferous sent and savour, as though the Heavens had rained down flowers of Champhere, Biss, or sweet smelling Amber-Greece.

This rare and exceeding Garland was no sooner framed by Enchantment. and delivered into his hands, but he left the Enchantress sitting in her Ebony Chair upon a block of Steel (practising her fatal Arts,) with her hair hanging about her shoulders, like wreathes of Snakes or venomous Serpents: and so returned to his Mothers Tomb, where he hung it upon a Pillar of Silver that was placed in the middle of the Monument.

The second Brother also repaired to his Mothers Tomb, and brought in his hand an Ivory Lute, whereon he plaid such inspiring melody, that it seemed like the harmony of Angels, or the celestial Musick of Apollo when he descended Heaven for the love of Daphne, whom he turned into a Bay Tree. The Musick being finished, he tied his Lute in a Damask Scarfe, & with great humility he hung it at the west end of the Tomb upon a knob of Jasper Stone.

Lastly, the third Brother likewise repaired with no outward devotion or wordly Gift: but clad in a Vesture of white Silk, bearing in his hand an instrument of death, like an instrument Lamb going to Sacrifice, or one ready to be offered up for the Love of his Mothers soul.

This strange manner of Repair, caused his other Brothers to stand attentively, and with diligent Eyes to behold his purpose.

First, after he had (submissively, and with great humility) let fall a shovle of Silver Teares from the Cisternes of his Eyes, in remembrance of his Mothers timeles Tragedy, he pickt his naked Breast with a silver Booke'n, the which he brought in his hand, from whence their trickled down some thirty drops of blood, which he after offered up to his Mothers Tomb in a Silver Vason, as an evident sign that there could be nothing more dear, nor of more precious price, than to offer up his own Blood for her

Lode. This Ceremonious gift caused his two other Brothers to swell in hatred like two chafed Lions, and run with Fury upon him, intending to catch him by the hair of the Head, and to drag him round about their Mothers Tomb, till his Waines were dashed against the Marble Wainment, & his blood sprinkled up in her Grave: but this wicked Enterprize moved the Majesty of heaven, that ere they could accomplish their intents, or stain their hands with his Blood, they heard (as it were) the noise of Dead mens bones rattling in the Ground, whereupon (looking fearfully about them) the Tomb seemed of it self to open, and thereupon to appear a most terrible and Gasty Shape, Pale, like unto Ashes, in Countenance resembling their Mother, with her breast besmeared in Blood, and her Body wounded with a number of Scarres, and so with a dismal and awful Look she spake unto her desperate Sons in this manner:

O y u degenerate from Natures kind! why do you seek to make aurther of your selves: can you indure to see my body rent in twain, my heart split in sunder, and my Tomb defiled? Abate this Fury, stain not your hands with your own Bloods, nor make my Tomb a Spectacle of more Death. Unite your selves in Concozd that my discontented Soul may sleep in Peace, and never more be troubled with your unbittled Honour. Make haste I say, Arm your selves in Steed & Cords, and follow your Father to Jerusalem, he is there in Danger, and distress of life; away I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this World, but hunt you up and down with Gasty Visions.

This being said, she vanished from their sight, into the byttle Ayre, whereat for a time they stood amazed, & almost distraught of wits, through the terrours of her words: but at last recovering their former Senses, they all vowed a continual Vowte, and never to proffer the like Injury again. but to live in Brotherly Concozd, till the Dissolution of their Carthly Bodies.

So in hast they went unto the King: and certified him of all things that had hapned: and falling upon their Knees before his Majesty, requested at his hands the Honour of Knight-hood, to ch leane to depart in pursute of their Father and the other Champions that were fallen into great Distress.

The King purposing to accomplish their desires, and to fulfill their Requests presently condissended, and not only gaue them the Honour of Knight-hood, but furnished them with Rich Habillments of War, answerable to their Magnanimous Minds.

First,

First be frank'y bestowed upon them thrée Stately Balfreys,
bred upon the bright Mountains of Sardinia, in Colour of an Iron
Gren, Beautified with Silver Hairs, and in pace swifter than
the Spanish Jennets (which are a kind of Horse ingendred by
the Winds upon the Alpes, certain cragged Mountains that
divide the Kingdoms of Italy and Germany) so boldness and cou-
rage like to Bucephalus the Horse of Alexander the Macedonian, or
Cæsars Steed, that never danted in the field: and they were trap-
ped with rich trappings of Gold after the Morrocco fashion, with
Saddles framed like unto Iron Chaires with backs of Steel, &
their Foreheads were beautified with spangled Plumes of Pur-
ple Feathers, whereon hung many Golden Bendants: y King
likewise bestowed upon them thrée costly Swords wrought of
purist Lybian Steels, with Lances bound about with Plates of
Brass, at the tops whereof hung silken Streamers beautified
with the English Cross being y Crimson badge of Unit'hood,
and Honour of Adventurous Champions: Thus in this Royal
manner robe these thrée young Knights from the City of London
in companie of the King with a Train of Knights and gallant
Gentlemen conducted them to the Sea-side, where they left the
young Knights to their future Fortunes, and returned back to
the English Court.

Now are St. George's Sons floating on the Seas, making
their first Adventures in the World, that after-Ages might ap-
plaud their Achievements, and enroll their Names in the Re-
cords of Honour. Fate prosper them successfully, and gentle
Fortune smile upon their Travels, so that braver Knights did
never cross the Seas, nor make their Adventures into strange
Countreys.



CHAP. III.

How Saint *George's* Sons after they were Knighted by the English King, travelled towards *Barbary*, and how they redeemed the Dukes Daughter of *Normandy* from Ravishment, that was assayled in a wood by three Tawny *Moors* : and alio of the Tragical tale of the Virgins strange miseries, with other accidents.



Any daies had not these three Magnanimous Knights endured the danger of the swelling *Waters*, but with a prosperous and successful Wind, they arrived upon the Territories of France : where being no sooner safely set on shore, but they bountifully rewarded their Barriners, & betook themselves fully to their intended Travels.

Now began their costly trapped Steeds to pricke like the scolding Winds, and with their Warlike Hombes to thunder on the beaten passages : now began true Honour to flourish in their Princely breasts, & the renown of their Fathers Achievements to encourage their desires. Although tender youth late but budding on their Cheeks, yet portly in inward triumph in their hearts : and although their childish armes as yet never tasted the painful Adventures of Knight-hood : yet bore they high and princely cogitations in as great esteem as when their Father slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, for preservation of their Mothers life.

Thus travelled they to the further part of the Kingdom of France (guided only by the direction of Fortune) without any Adventure worth the noting, till at last riding thorow a mighty Forrest standing on the Borders of Luthinia, they heard (as it were) the sad Cries of a distressed Woman : which in this

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this manner filled the Ayre with the Eccho of her moanes.

O Heavens (said she) be kind and pitifull unto a Maiden in distress, and send some happy Passengers that may deliver me from the Inhumane Monsters.

This woeful and unexpected People, caused the Knights to a light from their Horses, and to see the Cause of this Accident. So after they had tyed their Steeds to the Body of a Pine Tree, by the Reins of their Brides, they walked on foot in the thickest of the Forrest with their weapons drawn, ready to withstand any Assailment whatsoever: and as they drew nigh to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breath forth this pity-movving Lamentation, the second time.

Come, come, come Courteous Knight, or else I must forgo that Precious Jewel, which all the world can never again recover.

These words caused them to make the more speed, and to run the nearest way for the Maidens succour, where approaching her present, they found her tyed by the Locks of her own hair to the Trunk of an Orange Tree, and three Cruel and inhumane Negroes standing ready to dispoyle her of her pure and undefiled Chastity, and with their Knives to blast the blooming Bud of her dear and unspeckled Virginitie.

But when St. George's Sons beheld her lovely Countenance besmeared in Dust, that before seemed to be as beautiful as Roses in Silk, and her Chrystial Eyes (the perfect Patterns of Bathfulness) imbrued in floods of Tears, at one instant they ran upon the Negroes, and sheathed their angry weapons in their loathsome Bowels: the Leechers being slain, their Bloods sprinkled about the Forrest and their Bodies cast out as a Prey for Ravenous Beasts to feed on, they unbound the Maiden, and like Courteous Knights demanded the Cause of her Captivity, and by what means she came into that solitary Forrest: Most Noble Knights (quoth she,) and true Renowned men at Armes, to tell the cause of my passed misery, were a prick unto my Soul, for the Discourse thereof will burst my Heart with grief, but consider your Nobilities, the which I do perceive by your Princely behaviour, and your kind Courtesies extended towards me, being a Virgin in Distress, under the hands of these lustful Negroes to whom you have justly murdered, shall so much unbilden me, though unto me be a great Grief, to discourse the first Cause of my miserable Fortune.

My Father (quoth she) whilst Gentle Fortune smiled upon him, was a Duke, and sole Commander of the State of Normandy,

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Normandy, a Countrey now situated in the Kingdom of France, whose Lands and Revenues his Prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as Statelie a Train, both of Knigots and gallant Gentlemen, as any Prince in Urope: whereat the King of France greatly enuyed, and by Bloody Wars depoleed my Father from his Princelie Dignity, who for Safegard of his life, in company of me his only Heire and Daughter, betook us to these solitary Woods, where ever since we have secretly remaind in a poyre Cell or Hermitage, doe which by our industrious Paines hath been builded with Plants of Vines and Waken Boughs, and covered over head with cloads of Earth, and Tarps of Grass: seven years we have continued in great Extremities, sustaining our hunger with the fruits of Trees, & quenching of our Thirsts with the Dew of Heaven, falling Nightly upon fragrant flow-ers: & here instead of Princelie Attire, Imbroidered Garments, & damask Vestures, we have been constrained to cloath our selves with flowers, the which we have painfully woven up together.

Here in stead of Musick, that wont each morning to delight our Eares, we have the whistling Winds resounding in the Woods, our Clocks to tell the minutes of the wandring nights, are Snakes and Loads that sleep in roots of rotten Trees: our Canopies to cover us, are not wrought of Median Silk, the which Indian Virgins weave upon their Silver Combs, but the sable Clouds of Heaven, when as the chearful day hath closes her crystal windows up.

Thus in this manner continued we in this solitary Wilder-ness, making both Birds and Beasts our chief Companions, till the merciless Tanny Moores (whose hateful Beasts you have made to water the parched Earth with Streams of Blood) who as you see came into our Cell, or simple Cabbine, thinking to have found some store of Treasure. But casting their gazing Eyes upon my Beauty, they were presently enchanted with lust-ful Desires, only to crop the sweet bud of my Virginitie. Then with feroious and dismal Countenance, more black than the sable Garments of sad Melpomine, when she mournfull wittes of bloody Tragedies, and with yett more Cruel than was Neroes the Tyrannous Romane Emperour, when he beheld the Entrailles of his natural Mother laid open by his inhumane and merciless Commandment, or when he stood upon the highest top of a mighty Mountain, to see that famous and Imperial City of Rome set on fire by the remorseless Hands of his unrelenting Quarters, that added unhallowed flames to his unholy fu-ries.

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In this kind I say these merciless and wicked minded Negroes with Violent Hands took my aged Father, and most cruelly bound him to the blasted Body of a withered Oak, standing beside the Entry of his Cell: where neither the Reverend Honour of his Silver Haires, glistring like the frozen Rills upon the Northern Mountains, nor the strained Sighes of his Breast, wherein the Wedge of Misdoome was Inthronized, nor all my Teares, or Exclamations could any wit abate their Cruelties, but (grim Dogs of Barbary) they left my Father fast bound unto the Tree, and like Egyprians Vipers took me by the Trammels of my Golden Haire, dragging me like a silly Lamb unto this laughtering Place, intending to satissfie their Lusts, with the Flower of my Chastity.

Being used thus, I made my humble Supplication to the Highest Majesty, to be rebenged upon their Cruelties: I reported to them the Rewards of bloody Ravishments by the Example of Tereus sometime King of Thrace, and his furious wife, that in Revenge of her Sisters Ravishment, caused her Husband to eat the flesh of his own Son. Likewise (to proferbe my undeskild Honour) I told them that for the Rape of Lucrece the Roman Patron, Tarquinius and his whole name was forever banished out of Rome: with many other examples: thus like the Sightingal, recored I nothing but Rape and Murder.

Yet neither the fears of Heaven, nor the terrible threats of Hell, could mollifie their bloody minds: but they protested to persevere in that wickedness, and vowed that if all the leaves of the Trees that grew within the Wood were turned into Indian Pearls, and that place made as wealthy as the golden Streams of Pactolus, where Midas washt his golden Will away, yet should they not redeem my Chastity from the Chain of their insatiable & lustful desires.

This being said, they bound me with the trammels of mine own haire to this Orange Tree, and at the very instant they proffered to defile my unspotted body, you happily approach'd, and not only redeemed me from their tyrannous desire, but quitted me from the power of the wickedest creatures that ever Nature framed. For which (most Noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgins Prayers may prevail, humbly will I make my Supplications to the Deities that you may prove as valiant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that your flames may ring to every Wyndes ere, as far as bright Hyperion doth shew his golden face.

This Tragical tale was no sooner ended, but the three Knights (with

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Knights (with remorseful hearts sobbing with sighes) embraced the sorrowful Maiden betwixt their Armes, & earnestly requested her to conduct them unto the place where as she left her Father bound unto the withered Oak. To which she willingly consented, and thanked them highly for their kindness: but before they approached to the old mans presence, what for the grief of his banishment, and violent usage of his Daughter, he was forced to yield up his miserable life to the mercy of unavoydable death.

When St. Georges valiant Sone (in company of this sorrowful Maiden) came to the Tree, and (contrary to their expectations) found her Father cold & stiffe, beyond of sense and feeling, also his hands and face covered with green Moss, which they supposed to be done by the Robin R: d: breast, and other little Birds, who do use naturaily to cover the bare parts of any body th it they find dead in the field, they all fell into a new confused extremity of grief.

But especially his Daughter, having lost all joy and comfort in this World, made both Heaven and Earth resounded with her exceeding Lamentations, and mourned without comfort, like weeping Niobe, that was turned into a Rock of Stone, lamenting for the loss of her Children: thus when the three young Knights perceived the comfortless sorrow of the Virgin, and how she had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spend the remnant of her dayes in company of her Fathers dead body, they courteously assisted her to Bury him under a Cheseaut Tree, where they left her behind them bathing his senseless Grave with her teares, and returned back to their Hostes where they left them at the entry of the Forrest tyed to a lofty Vine, and so departed on their journey.

Where we will leave them for a time and speak of the seven Champions of Cyzikenboine, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of Ieru'salem. and what strange Adventures hapned to them in their Travel.



C H A P. IV.

Of the Adventures of the Golden Fountain in *Damasco*: how six of the Christian Champlons were taken Prisoners by a mighty Gyant, and how after they were delivered by *S. George*: and also how he redeemed fourteen Jewes out of Prison: with divers others strange accidents that hapned.



Et us now speak of the favourable clemency that smiling Fortune shewed to the Christian Champions in their Travels to I rusalem. For after they were departed from England, and had journeyed in their Pilgrims Steele through many strange Countreys, at last they arrived upon the Confinnes of *Damasco*, which is a Countrey not only beautified with sumptuous and costly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of mans device, but also furnished with all

the precious gifts that nature in her greatest liberality could bestow.

In this fruitful Dominion long time the Christian Champions rested their weary steps, and made their abode in the house of a rich and courteous Jew, a man that spent his wealth chiefly for the succour and comfort of Travellers, and wandring Pilgrims. his house was not curiously erected up of carved Timber-work, but framed with Quarries of blew stones, and supported by many stately Pillars of the purest Marble: the Gates and Entry of his house were continually kept open, in sign of his bountifull mind: over the Portal thereof did hang a brazen Table, whereon was most curiously engraven the Picture of *Ceres* the Goddess of Plenty, rest with Garlands of wheat, wreathers of Olives, bunches of Grapes, and with all manner of fruitful things: the Chamber where these Champions took their nightly reposes and Golden Slaps, was garnished with as many windowes of Crystal glass, as there were

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Dayes in the year, and the walls painted with as many Stories as were yeeres since the Worlds Creation : it was likewise built four square, after the manner of the P^{er}amides in Greece, at the East end thereof was most libly portrayed, bright Phœbus rising from Auroras Golden Bed, with a glittering countenance displaying the Element for her departure. At the west-side was likewise portrayed how Tætes tripped upon the Silver Sands when as Hip^{er}ions Carr dived to the watery Ocean, and takes his nights repose upon his Lovers Bosome : on the North-side was painted high Mountains of Snow, whose tops did seem to reach the Clouds, and mighty Woods over-hung with Silver=Willows, which is the nature of the Northern Climate.

Lastly, upon the West-side of the Chamber, sat the God of the Seas sitting upon a Dolphins back, a Troop of Mermaids following him, with their Golden trammels floating upon the Silver waves, there the Tryons seemed to dance about the Chrysal streams : with a number of other Silver scaled Fishes that made it seem delightful for pleasure.

Over the Roof of the Chamber was most perfectly portrayed the four Ages of the world, which seemed to over-hang the rest of the curious works.

First, the Golden Age was pendant over the East : the second being the Silver (a mettle somewhat baser) seemed to over-spread the freezing North. The third which was the W^{ir}zen Age, beautified the western parts : The fourth and last of all being of Iron, (the very basest of them all) seemed to be fixed toward the southern Climate.

Thus in this curious Chamber rested these weary Champions a long season, where their food was not delicious, but wholesome, and their services not curious, but comely : answerable to the brave minds of such Heroical Champions as they were : the courteous Jew their friendly Host, whom nature had honoured with seven comely Songs, daily kept them company, and not only shewed them the curiosities of his Habitation, but also described the pleasant situation of his countrey, how the Towns and Cities were adorned with all manner of delights, whereby they seemed like the imperial Places of Jo^{se}, where are heard most delightful Harmonies, and the pleasant fields and flourishing Meadows so beautified with Natures glad some ornaments, that they seemed for pleasure to exceed the Palace of the great Turk, or any other Potentate whatsoever in the world.

Some dayes were spent away in this manner to the exceeding great pleasure of the Ch^{ristian}ian Knights, and evermore when the dark night approach'd, and the wonted time of sleep summoned them to their silent and quiet rests, the Jewes Children, being seven as brave and comely Boyes as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the

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Seven Champions eares, with such sweet and delicate melodies, gently strained from their Iovoy Lutes, that not Arion (when all the art off sweet Musick consented with his Tune, Voice, and Hand, when he woon favour of the Dolphin, being forsaken of men) was comparable thereto: Whereby the Christian Champions were Incharmed with such delights that their sleep seemed to be as pleasant as was the sweet joyes of Blizum.

But upon a time, after the courteous Jew had intelligence how they were Christian Knights, and such admired Martial Champions, whom Fame had canonized to be the wonders of the wezld for Martial Discipline and Knightly Adventures: and finding a fit opportunity as he walked in their companies, upon an evening under an Arbour of Vine-branches, he revealed to them the secrets of his Soul, and the cause of his so sad and solitary dwelling.

So standing bare-headed in the middle of the Champions, with his white haire hanging down to his shoulders, in colour like the Silver Swan, and softer then the Down of Thistles, or Median Silk untwilled, he began with a sober countenance and gallant demeanour to speak as followeth.

I am sure (quoth he) you invisible Knights, that ye marvel at my solitary course of living and that you greatly muse wherefore I exempt my self from the company of worldlings, except my seven sons, whose sights be my chief comfort, and the only prodgers of my life. Therefore prepare your eares to entertain the strange discourse that ever tongue pronounced, or over wearied old man in the height of his extremity delivered.

I was in my former years (whilst Fortune smiled upon my happiness) the principal commander and chief owner of a certain Fountain of such wonderful and precious vertus, that it was valued to be worth the Kingdom of India: the water thereof was so strange in the operation, that in four and twenty hours it would convert any metall, as of Brass, Copper, Iron, Lead, or Tinn, into rich refined Gold: the stony flint it would turn into pure Silver, and any kind of earth into excellent metall. By the vertue whereof, I have made the leabres of Trees a flourishing Forrest of Riches, and the blades of grass valuable to the jewels that be found in the Country of America.

The vertue whereof was no longer limited through the world, but it caused many foreign Knights to try the Adventure, and by force of Arms to bereave me of the honour of this Fountain.

But at that time nature graced me with one and twenty Sons, where of seven be yet living, and the only comfort of my age. but the other fourteen (whom frowning Fortune hath bereaved me of) many a day by their valian prowess and matchless fortitudes defended the Fountain from many great and furious assayers: for there was no

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Knicht in all the World that was found so hardy or of such invincible courage, that if they but once attempted to encounter with any of my balliant SONS, they were either taken prisoners, or slain in the combat.

The same of their valours, and the riches of the Fountain rung through many strange Mirreys, and lastly, came to the eares of the furious Gyant, dwelling upon the borders of Arabia: who at the report thereof came armed with his steele coat, with a mighty Bar of Iron on his neck, like to furious Hercules that burst the Brazen Gates of Cerberus, and reze the mighty Mountain Atlas upon his Shoulders: he was the Conquerour of my SONS, and the first cause of my sudden downfall. But when I thus had intelligence of the overthrow of fourteen of my sons, and that he had made conquest of my wealthy Fountain, I with the rest of my Children, thinking as I hope of recovery to be past, betook our selves to this solitary course of life, where ever since in this Manison or Hermitage we have made our abode and residence, spending our wealth to the relief of traveling Knights, and wandring Pilgrims: hoping once again that smiling fortune would advance us to some better hap: and to be plain, right worthy Champions, since then my hope was never at the height of full perfection till this present time, wherein your excellent presences almost assure me that the hideous Monster shall be conquered, my Fountain restozed, and my SONS deaths (for dead sure they are) revenged.

The Champions with great admiration gave ear to the strange discourse of this reverend Jew, and intended in requital of his extraordinary kindness to undertake this Adventure. And the more to encourage the other, Saint George began in this manner to utter his mind, speaking both to the Jew their Host, and his balliant fellow Champions.

I have not without great wonder (most reverend and courteous old Man) heard the strange Discourse of thy admirable Fountain, and do not a little lament that one of so kind and liberala Disposition should be dispossessed of such exceeding riches, neither am I less sorry, that so inhumane a Monster and known enemy to all courtlesse and kindness should have the fruition of so exceeding great Treasure: for to the wicked, wealth is the cause of their moze wickedness.

But that which most grieveth me, is: that having had so many ballient Knights to thy SONS, they all were so unfortunate to fall into the hands of that Relentless Monster. But be comforted, kind Old man, for I hope by the Power of my Maker, we were directed hither to punish that hateful Gyant, revenge the injuries offered to thine age, satisfy, with his death, the death of thy Children, if they be dead, and restore to thy bounteous Possession that admirable rich Fountain again.

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And now to you my valiant Champions I speak, that with me through many dangers have adventured: let us Contragiously attempt this rare adventure, wherein such Honour to our names, such Happiness to our friends, such glory to God consists, in recovering Right to the Wronged, and punished rightfully the wrongers of the oppressed. And that there be no contention among us who shall begin this Adventure, for I know all of you thirst after Honour, there ore let Lots be made, and to whomsoever the chiefe Lot falleth, let him be foremost in assailing the Giant, and so good fortune be our Guide.

The exceeding top which the Old Jew conceived at the speeches of Saint George, had neuer hand bereft him of the use of sense, for above measure was he obeyed. But at length, recovering use of speech he thus thankfully brake forth.

How infinitely I find my self bound unto you, you Famous and undoubted Christian Champions, all my ablenc is not able to express: only thankfulness from the depth of a true heart shall to you be rendered.

The Champions without more words disrobing themselves from their Pilgrims attire, every once selected forth an Armour sitting to their Portly Bodies, then ready in the Jews house, and instead of their Cowardly Sabres, tipped with Silver, they wielded in their hands steeled blades, and their feet that had went to indure a painful Pilgrimage upon the bare ground, were now ready plect to mount the lofty Stair: but as I said, they purposed not generally to assail the Giant, but singly every one to try his own fortune, thereby to gain the greater Honour, and their deeds to merit the higher Fame: therefore the Lots being cast among themselves which should begin the Adventure, the Lot fell first to Saint Dennis the noble Champion of France, who greatly reioyced at his fortune, and so departed for that night to get things in readines: but the next morning no sooner had the Golden Sun displayed his Beauty in the East, but S. Dennis arose from his sluggish Bed and attyred himself in costly Armour, and mounted upon a steed of Iron gray, with a spangled Plume of Purple feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Stars of Gold, resembling the Azure firmament beautified with glistening Stars.

Where after he had taken leave of the other Champions and had demanded of the Jew where the Giant had his residence, he departed forward on his journey, and befoze the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaven, he approached to the Giants presence, who as then sat upon a Block of Steel directly befoze the golden Fountain, satisfying his hunger with raw flesh, and quenching his thirst with the iuice of ripe grapes.

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The first sight of his ugly and deformed proportion almost danted the valour of the French Champion, that he stood in a maze whether it was better to try the adventure or return with dishonour back to his fellow knights. But having a heart furnished with a true magnanimity, he chose rather to dye in the encounter, than to return with infamy: so committing his trust to the unconstant Queen of Chance, he spurred forth his horse, and assailed the Giant so furiously, that the strokes of his sword sounded like a weighty blow hammered upon an Anvil.

But so smally regarded the Giant the puissant force of this single Knight, that he would scarce rise from the place where he lay: but yet remembering a strange Dream, that a little before he had in his sleep, which revealed unto him, how that a Knight would come from the Northern Clymates of the Earth, which should alone end the Adventure of the Fountain, and vanquish him by fortitude. therefore not minding to be taken at an advantage, he suddenly started up and with a Grim and furious countenance he ran upon Saint Denys, and took him, Horse, Armour, Furniture and all, under his left arm, as lightly, as a strong man would take a sucking infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow Rock of Stone, bound about with bars of Iron, standing near unto the Fountain, in a Valley betwixt two mighty Mountains. In which Prison he closed the French Champion, amongst fourteen other Knights, that were all sons to the courteous Jew, as you heard before discoursed, and being proud of that attempt, he retired to the block of Steel, where we will leave him steeing glooping in his own conceit, and speak of the other Champions remaining in the Kings House, expecting the French Knights fortunate return: but when the sable Curtains of darkness were drawn before the Chrystal Windows of the Day, and Night had taken possession of the Elements, and no news was heard of the Champions success, they indged presently that either he was slain in the Adventure, or discomfited and taken prisoner.

Therefore they cast Lots again which of them the next morning should try his fortune, and revenge the French Knights Quarell, so the Lot fell to saint James, the Noble Champion of Spain, wher at his Princely heart more rejoiced than if he had been made King of the Western World.

So in like manner on the next morning by break of day he attired himself in rich and costly Armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a Spanish Gennet, in pace most swift and speedy, and in costly state like to Bucephalus the proud steed of Macedonian Alexander: his Caparison was incased like to the waves of the sea, his Breyneet was beautified with a spangled Plume of Sable feathers, and upon his breast he bore the Arms of Spain.

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Thus in this Gallant manner departed he from the Jews Habitation, leaving the other Champions at their divine contemplations for his happy success, but his fortune chanced contrary to his wishes, for at the Gyants first Encounter he was likewise boyn to the Rock of stone, to accompany saint Dennis.

This Gyant was the Strongest and hardiest Knight at Armes that ever set foot upon the Conquest of Palestine, his strength was so invincible, that at one time burst Encounter with and hundred Knights: But now return we again to the other Champion, whom when sight approached, and likewise missing the company of saint James they call Lots the third time, and it fell to the noble Champion of Italy, St. Anthony, who on the next morning attired himself in costly Habillments of warr and mounted upon a Barbarian Palfrey, as richly as did the Valiant Lacon, when he adventured into Isle of Colcos for the Golden fleece, and for Medeas love: his Helmet glittered like an Ile Mountain, Deckt with a Plum of Ginger coloured feathers, and beautified with many silver Pendants. But his shining gloze was soon blemished with a cloud of mischance, for although he was as vallant a Knight as ever Brandisht Weapon in the fields of Mars, yet he found a disability in his fortitude, to withstand the furious blowes of the Gyant, in such sort that he was forced to yield himself prisoner like the former Champions.

The next Lot that was cast, chanced to St. Andrew of Scotland, a Knight as highly honored for Martial Discipline as any of the rest: his steed was clad with a Caparison after the manner of the Egyptians, his Armour varnished with Green Oyles, like the colour of the summer fields, upon his breast he bore a Cross of Purple silk, and on his Burgonet a goodly Plum of feathers: but yet fortune so frowned upon his Enterprize, that he nothing prevailed, but committed his life to the mercy of the Gyant, who likewise imprisoned him with the other Knights.

The fifth Lot fell to St. Patrick of Ireland, as brave a Knight as ever Nature created, and as adventurous in his Achievements: If ever Hero upon his Phrygian steed pranced up and down the streets of Troy, & made that age admire his fortitude this Irish Knight might counterbail his valour.

For no sooner had the silver Moon forsook the Azure firmament, and had committed her charge to the Golden burnisht Sun: but St. Patrick approached the sight of the Gyant, mounted upon his Irish Hobby, clad in a Cosset of proof beautified with silver Payles: his Plum of feathers of the colour of Virgins Maye, his horse covered with a Ray of Orange Tawny silk, and his saddle bound about with Plates of steel, like to an Iron Chair.

The sight of this vallant Champion so daunted the courage of the Gyant, that he thought him to be the Knight that the Willon had re-
aged.

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healed, and by whom the Adventure should be accomplished: therefore with no Coward y fortitude he Assailed the Irish Knight, who with as Princely Valor indured the Encounter: but the unkind Destinies not intending to give him the honour of the Victory, compelled the Champion to yield to the Spaniards force, and like a Captive to accompany the other imprisoned Champions.

The next lot fell to St. David of Wales, who nothing discouraged at the discomfiture of the other Christian Knights, but at the Morning Sun uprise into the Azure Firmament glistered in his Silver Armour befoze the Fountain, with Golden Spiffin shining on his breast, where he indured along and dangerous combat with the Spaniard, making the skies resound with Echoes of their Groans but at last when the Spaniard perceived that Saint David began to grow almost breathless, in defending the huge and mighty blows of his Steele'd Batt, and chiefly through his long Encounter, the Spaniard renewed his strength, and so redoubled his Groans, that Saint David was constrained to like to the other Christian Champions to yield to the Spaniards mercy.

But now the invincible and Heroical Champion of England se. George, he that his fames true Knight, that May of Honour, and the Worlds wonder, remaining in the Jews Pavilion, and pondering in his mind the bad success of the other six Champions, and that it was his turn to try his Fortune the next morning in the Adventure: he fell into great contemplation; (quoth he) I that have fought for Christian Knights in fields of Purple Blood, and made my enemies to swim in streams of Crimson Gore, shall I not now confound this bloody and inhumane Monster, that hath discomfited six of the bravest Knights that ever nature framed. I slew the burning Dragon in Egypt: I conquered the terrible Giant that kept the enchanted Castle amongst the Amazonians: then fortune let me accomplish this dangerous Adventure, that all Christians & Christian Knights may applaud thy name.

In this manner spent he away the night, hoping for the happy success of the next dayes Enterprize, whereon he vowed by the honour of his Golden Garter, either to return a worthy Conqueror, or to die with Honour valiently.

And when the day began to beautifie the Eastern Elements with a fair Purple Colour, he repaired to the Jews Armoury, and clad himself in a black Coat, mounting himself upon a pitchie coloured steed. Adorned with a Blood-red Caparison, in sign of a bloody and Tragical Adventure: his Plume of feathers was like a flame of fire quencht in blood, as a token of speedy revenge: he armed himself not with a sturdy Lance, bound about with Plates of Brass, but took a Javelin made of steel, the one end sharpened like the point of a Needle, at the other end a Ball of Iron in fashion of a Mace or Club.

Being

Being thus armed according to his wished desires, he took leave of the Jew and his seven Sons, all attired in black and mournful Ornaments, praying for his happy and fortunate success: and so departed speedily to the Golden Fountain, where he found the Giant sleeping carelessly upon his Block of Steel, breathing no ensuing danger.

But when the valiant Champion Saint George was alighted from his Horse, and sufficiently beheld the deformed proportion of the Giant: how the Hair of his head stood staring upright like the Bristles of a Wild Boar, his eyes gazing open like two blazing Comets, his teeth long and sharp like to Spikes of Steel, the Fists of his Hands like the Talons of an Eagle, over which was drawn a pair of Iron Globes: and every other limb huge and strongly proportioned, like to the body of some mighty Oak, the worthy Champion awakened him in this order.

Artie said (said he) unreasonable deformed Monster, and either make delivery of the Captive Knights whom thou wrongfully detainest, or prepare thyself to abide the uttermost force of my warlike Arm and Death prepared Weapon.

At which words the furious Giant started up, as one suddenly amazed or affrighted from his sleep, and without making any reply at all, took his Iron Pace fast in both his hands, and with great terror let drive at the most worthy English Champion, who with exceeding cunning and nimbleness defended himself from the danger by speedily avoiding the blows violence, and withal returned on his Adversary a might thrust with the pointed or sharp end of his Javelin, which rebounded from the Giants body, as if it had been run against an Adamantine Pillar.

The which the invincible Knight Saint George perceiving turned his heavy round ball end of his Passie Javelin, and so mightily assailed the Giant, redoubled his heavy blows with such courageous fortitude, that at last he beat his brains out of his deformed head: whereon the Giant was constrained to yield up the Ghost, and to give such a hideous roar, as though the whole frame of the Earth had been shaken with the violence of some clap of thunder.

This being done Saint George cast his loathsome Carcass as a prey to the fowls and venomous Beasts to seize upon: and after very diligently searched up and down, till he found the Rock wherein all the Knight and Champions were imprisoned: the which with his steele Javelin he burst in sunder, and delivered them

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them presently from their servitudes, and after returned most triumphantly back to the Jews Babilon, in as great Majesty and Royalty as Vaspasian with his Romane Nobles and Wars returned into the Confinnes of flourishing Italy, from the admired and glorious Conquest of Iarusalem and Iudea.

But when the reverend old Jew saw the English Champion return with Victory, together with his other six fellow Champions, and likewise beheld his fourteen Sons safely delivered, his joy so mightily exceeded the bounds of reason, that he suddenly swooned, and lay for a time in a dead trance, with the great exceeding pleasure he conceived.

But having a little recovered his decayed senses, he gladly conducted them into their severall Lodgings. And there they were presently uncained, and their wounds washed in white Wine and new Milk, and after banqueted them in the best manner he could devise. At which Banquet there wanted not all the excellency of Musick that the Jews seven younger Sons could devise, extolling in their sweet sonnets the excellent fortitude of the English Champion, that had not only delivered their captives Brethren, but restored, by that ugly Giants deserved death, their aged Father to the possession of his golden Fountain.

Thus after Saint George with the other six Champions had sojourned there for the space of thirty dayes, having placed the Jew with his Sons in their former desired Dignities, that is, in the Government of the Golden Fountain; they cloathed themselves again in their Pilgrims attire, and so departed forward on their intended journey to visit the holy Sepulchre at Ierusalem.

Of whose noble adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.



C H A P. V.

Of the Champions return to *Jerusalem*, and after how they were almost famished in a Wood : and how S. George obtained them food by his Vallour in a Gyans House, with other things that hapned.

The Champions after this Battle of the Golden Fountain never rested travelling till they arrived at the holy Hill of Sion, and had visited the Sepulchre, the which they found most richly built of the purest Marble, garnished curiously by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jasper, and Pillars of Iseal. The Temple wherein it was erected, stood seven degrees of Stairs down within the Ground, the Gates whereof were of burnisht Gold, and the Doors of refined Silver, cut as it did seem, out of most excellent beautified Ababaster Rock.

But in it continually burned a sweet smelling Taper, alwaies maintained by twelve of the Noblest Virgins dwelling in Iudea attending still upon the Sepulchre, clad in silken Ornaments, in colour like to Lillies in the flourishing pride of Summer : the which costly attire, they continually wore as an evident sign of their pure and unspotted Virginitie : many dayes offered up these worth the Champions their Ceremonious Devotions, to that sacred Tomb, washing the Marble Pavement with their true and unfained Tears, and witnessing their true and hearty Zeale, with their continual Moles of discharge sighs.

But at last upon an Evening, when Titans Golden beams begin to desce in the Western Element, as those Princely minded Champions, in company of these twelve admired Maidens, kneeled before the Sepulchre, offering up their Evening Devotions, an unseen voyce (so to the amazement of them all) from a hollow Vault in the Temple uttered these words

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You Magnanimous Knights of Christendome, whose true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with reports of Fame, whose bare feet for the love of our sweet Saviour, have set more weary steps upon the parched Earth, than there be Stars within the Golden Canapy of Heaven, return, return into the bloody fields of War, and spend not the Honours of your time in this Ceremonious manner, for great things by you must be accomplished, such as in time to come shall fill large Chronicles, and cause Babes as yet unborn to speak of your honourable Archievements.

And you chaste Maidens that spend your time in the service of your God, even by the plightd promise you have made to true virginity, I charge you to furnish forth these warlike Champions with such approved Furniture as hath been offered to this royal Sepulchre, by those travelling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Christendome. This is the pleasure of High Fates, and this for the redress of all wronged Innocents in Earth, must be with all immediate dispatch forthwith accomplished.

This unexpected voyce was no sooner ended, but the Temple (in their concits) seemed strangle to resound, like the melody of celestial Angels, or the Holy Harmony of Cherubins, as a sign that the Gods were pleased at their proceeding: whereupon the twelve Virgins arose from their divine contemplations, and conducted the seven Champions to the further side of Mount Sion, and there bestowed frankly upon them, seven of the bravest Steeds that they ever beheld, with Partial Furniture an' wearable thereunto, bestitting Knights of such esteem: Thus the Christian Champions being proud of their good Fortunes, attyred themselves in rich and sumptuous Cozzlets, and after mounted upon their warlike Coursers, kindly bidding the Ladies adieu, betook them to the worldwide journey. This trabel began at that time of the year, when the Summers Queen began to spread her beauteous mantle among the green and fresh boughs of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all kind of small Birds flew round about, recreating themselves in the beauty of the day, and with their well-tuned notes making a sweet and heavenly melody: at which time I say, these mighty and well
streamed

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esteemed Knights, the seven Champions of Christendome, took the way from Ierusalem, which they thought to be most used: in which they had not many dayes travelled through the Deserts, and o'er many a Mountaintop, but they were marvellously feeble for lack of their accustomed and daily Victuals, and could not hide nor dissemble their great hunger, so that the ~~War~~ War which they sustained with hunger, was far greater than the Battels that they had fought against their enemies, as you heard discoursed in the first part of this History.

So upon a Summers Evening, when they had spent the day in great extremity, and night grew on, they hapned into a Thicket of mighty Trees, when as the silver moon with her bright beams glistered most clearly, yet to them it seemed to be as dark as pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which should sustain them, and their face did shew and declare the perplexities of their stomachs.

So they sat them down upon the green and fresh Herbs, very pensive of their extreme necessity, providing to take their rest that night: but all was in vain, for that their corporal necessities would not consent thereunto: but without sleeping they walked up and down for that night, till the next day in the morning that they turned to their accustomed travel and Journey, thinking to find some food for the cherishing of their stomachs, and had their eyes allways gazing about, to spy some Village or House, where they might satisfy their hunger and take their rest.

But in this helpless manner spent they away the next day, till the closing of the evening light, by which time they grew so faint, that they fell to ground with feebleness: Oh what a sorrow was it to Saint. George, not only for himself, but to see the rest of the Champions in such a miserable case, being not able to help themselves! and so parting a little from them, he lamented in this manner following.

Thou that hast given me many Victories: thou that hast made me Conquerour of Kings and Kingdoms: and thou whose invincible power I have tamed the black faced Fortes of dark Coitus, that maketh abroad the World in humane shapes: look down sweet Queen of Chance I say, from thy Imperial Seat: shew me some labour, and do not consent that I am in my company perishing for hunger and want of Victuals: make no delay to come, by our great necessity: let us not be meat for Birds hovering in the Ayre, nor our bodies cast as a prey for ravenous Beasts ranging in these Woods: but rather, if we must needs perish, let us

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die by the hands of the Strongest Warriors in the universal World, and not basely here lose our lives with cowardly hanging.

Those & such like Exhortations uttered this valiant Champion of England, till such time as the day appeared, and the sable curtains of coal black night were withdrawn. Then turned he to the rest of his Company, where he found them very weak and feeble: but he encouraged them in the best manner he could devise, to take their Horses and try the Chance of their utmost unhind fortune.

Although St. George as they travelled was ready to die by the way, and in great trouble of mind for want of food: yet rode he first to one, then to another, comforting them, and making them ride apace: which they might very well do, for that their Horses were not so unprovided as their Masters, by reason of the goodly grass that grow in those Woods, wherewith at pleasure they filled themselves every night.

But this time the Golden Sun had almost mounted to the top of Heaven, and the glorious prime of the day began to approach, when they came into a great field very plain, where in the midst of it was a little Mountain, cut of the which there appeared a great smook, which gave them to understand that there should be some Habitation in that place.

When the Princely mindes St. George said to the other Champions: take comfort with yourselves, and by little & little come forward with an easie pace: for I will ride before to see who shall be our Host this evening night. And of this, brave Knights and Champions, be assured: whether he be pleased or no, he shall give us lodging & entertainment like travelling Knights, and therewithal he set spurs to his Horse and swiftly scoured away, like to a ship with swelling sails upon the Marble coloured Ocean: his haste was so speedy, that in a short time he approached the Mountain, whereat the noise and rushing of his Horse in running, there arose from the ground a mighty and terrible Cry: of so great height, that he seemed to be a big grown Tree, and huge as like to a Rock of Stone: but when he cast his staring eyes upon the English Knight, which seemed to him like two Brazzen plates, or two Torches ever flaming, he laid his hand upon a mighty Club of Iron which lay by him, and came with great lightness to meet St. George, but when he approached his presence, he thinking him to be a Knight but of small valour and fortitude, he threw away his Iron Bat, and came towards the
Champion,

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Champion, intending with his fists to buffet and beat out his brains, but the courage of the English champion so increased, that he forgot the extremity of hunger, and like a courageous knight raised himself in his stirrups, otherwise he could not reach his head, and gave him such a blow upon the fore-head with his keen edged faucon, that he cut his head half in sunder, and his brains in great abundance ran down his deformed body: so that amazed he fell to the ground and presently died. His fall seemed to make the ground to shake, as though a stone tower had been overturned, for as he lay upon the earth he seemed to be a great stake blown up by the hosts with a tempestuous whirlwind.

At that instant the rest of the Champions came to that place with as much joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowful.

And so when St. Dennis told the other knights of the greatness of the Giant, & the deformity of his body, they advanced his battle beyond imagination, and deemed St. George the fortunate Champion that ever nature framed holding that Adventure in as high honour, as the Grecians held Iasons Prize, when he returned from Colchos with Medea's Golden Fleece: and with as great danger accomplished as the twelve fearful labours of Hercules: but after some few speeches passed, St. George desired the rest of the Champions to go and see what store of weapons the Giant had prepared for him.

Whereupon they concluded, and so generally entered the Giants House, which was in the manner of a great Barn cut out of hard Stone, & wrought out of a Rock: therein they found a very large Copper Cauldron standing upon a Treber of Steele, the feet and supporters thereof were as big as great Iron Pillars, under the same burned such a huge flaming fire, that it sparkled like the fiery Furnace in burning Acharon.

Within the Cauldron were boiling the flesh of two fat Bullocks, prepared only for the Giant's dinner: the sight of this ensuing Banquet gave them such comfort, that every one fell to work, hoping for their Travail to eat part of the meat: one turned the Wheel in the Cauldron: another increased the fire, and others pulled out the Coales so that there was not any idle in hope of the benefit to come.

The hunger they had, and their desire to eat, caused them to fall to their meat before it was half ready, as though that it had been over sodden: the two knights of Wales and Ireland, not intending

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tending to dine without Bread and Drink, searched in a secret hollow Cave, where as they found two great Loaves of Bread, as big in compass as the circle of a well, and two great flagons full of as good Wine as ever they tasted, the which with great joy & pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the great and exceeding contentment of the other Champions.

In stead of knives to cut their Victuals, St. George used his Curtle-Axe which he had lately been staked with the hateful Gyants detested Blood, and imbrued with his loathsome braines.

Thus, and after this manner qual fied they the pinching Paines and Torments of hunger, whereof they took as joyful a repast as if they had banqueted in the richest Kings Pallace in the World.

So being joyful for their good and happy fortunes, St. George requested the Champions to take Horse, and mounted himself upon his Balfrey, and so they travelled from thence thro' a narrow path, which seemed to be used by the Giant, & so with great delight they travelled all the rest of that day, till night closed in the Beauty of the Heavens: at which time they had got to the top of a high Mountain, from whence a little before night they did discover marvellous and great Playnes, the which were inhabited with fair Cities and Townes: at which sight these Christian Champions received great contentment and joy, and so without any staying, they made hast onward on their journey till such time as they came to a low Valley lying betwixt two running Rivers: where in the midst of the way they found an Image of fine Christs, the Picture and lively form of a beautiful Virgin, which seemed to be wrought by the hands of some most excellent Workman, all to be spotted with blood.

And it appeared by the wounds that were cunningly formed in the same Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had suffered Torments, as well with terrible Cutting of Irons, as Cruel Whippings: the Ladies Legs and Armes did seem as though they had been Partized, and wrong with Co ds, and about the Neck, as though she had been forcibly strangled with a Napkin or Towell. The Christs Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black Coathes, under an Arbour of purple Holes: by the Curtains sat a forme Image, sat a goodly aged Man in a Chair of Cyprus Wood, his Attire was after the manner of the Arcadian Shepheards, not curious but comely, yet of a black and sable colour, as a sure sign of some deadly discontent, his haire hung

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hung down below his shoulders, like untwisted Silk, in whiteness like Down of Whistles, his Beard over grown, dangling down as it were frozen Fiskles upon a Hawthorn Tree, his face wrinkled and over worn with age, and his eyes almost blinded with weeping by griefs and sorrows of his heart.

Which strange and woful spectacle, when the Christian Champions earnestly beheld, they could not by any manner of means refrain from the shedding some few sorrowful tears, in seeing before them the Picture of a woman of such excellent Beauty, which had been oppressed with cruelty. But the pitiful English Knight had the greatest compassion, when he beheld the counterfeite of this tormented Creature, who taking trace with his sorrowfull heart, he courteously desired the old Father, sitting by this woful spectacle, to tell the cause of his sorrow and the discourse of that Ladies pained fortunes, for whose sake he seemed to spend his dayes in that solitary Order: to whom the old man with a number of sighs thus kindly replied.

Woe Knights, for so you seem by your courtesies and behaviours, to tell the Story of my bitter woes, and the causes of my endless sorrows, will constrain a spring of tears to trickle from the Conduits of my aged eyes, and make the mansion of my heart ride in twain, in rememb'ring of my undeserved Vileries: as many drops of blood hath fallen from my heart, as there be Silver Hairs upon my head, and as many sighes have I drained from my Breast, as there be minutes in a year, for thrice seven hundred times the Winters flocks hath nipt the Mountain tops since first I made those rueful lamentations: during all which time I have sat before this Chrystal Image, hourly praying that some courteous Knight would be so kind as to aide me in my vowed revenge, and now Fortune I see hath smiled upon me, in sending you hither to work a just Revenge for the inhumane Murder of my daughter, whose perfect Image lieth here carbed in fine Chrystal, as the continual object of my grief: and because you shall understand the true Discourse of her timeless Tragedy, I have written it down in a Paper-book with mine own Blood, the which my sorrowfull tongue is not able to reveal, and thereupon he pulled from his bosome a golden covered book with Silver Claspes, and requested st. George to read it to the rest of the Knights, to which he willingly condescended, so sitting down amongst the other Champions upon the green grass, he opened the bloody written Book, and read over the Contents, which contained these sorrowfull words following.



CHAP. VI.

What hapned to the Champions, after they had found an Image of fine Chrystal, in the form of a murdered Maiden : where Saint George had a golden Book given him, wherein was written in Blood, the true Tragedies of two Sisters : and likewise how the Champions intended a speedy revenge upon the Knight of the Black Castle, for the deaths of the two Ladies.



At former times whilst Fortune smiled upon me, I was a wealthy Shepheard, dwelling in this unhappy Countrey, not only held in great estimation for my Wealth, but also for two fair Daughters which nature had made most excellent in Beauty : in whom I took such exceeding joy & delight, that I accounted them my chiefest happiness : but yet in the end, that which I thought should most content me, was the occasion of these my endless sorrows.

My two Daughters (as I say before) were endued with wonderful Beauty, and accompanied with no less honesty : the Fame of whose Vertues was much blazed into many Parts of the World : by reason wherof there repaired to my Shepherds Cottage, divers strange and worthy Knights, with great desire to marry with my Daughters. But above them all, there was one named Leoger, a Knight of a black Castle (wherein he now remaineth) being in distance from this place two hundred Leagues, in an Island encompassed with the Sea.

This Leoger I say, was so entangled with the Beauty of my Daughters, that he desired me to give him one of them in Marriage : when I little mistrusting the Treason and cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great honour that might rebound there-
of,

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of, for that he was worthy Knight, as I thought, and of much fortitude: I quickly fulfilled his desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after Hymens holy rites were solemnized in great Pomp and State, he was conducted in company of her new wedded Lord to the black Castle, more like a Prince in State, than a shepherds Daughter of such low degree.

But still I retained in my company the youngest, being of far more Beauty than her elder Sister: of which this Envyous and unnatural Knight was informed, and her surpassing Beauty so excelled, that in a small time he forgot his new Married wife and Sweet Companion, and wholly gave himself over to my other Daughters love, without consideration that he had married her sister: So this inordinate and lustful love kindled and increased in him every day more and more, and he was so troubled with this new desire, that he daily devised with himself by what means he might obtain her, and keep her in despite of all the world: in the end he used this Policy and Deceit to get her home into his Castle: When the time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his wife should be delivered, he came in great Pomp, with a stately Train of Followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his wife was delivered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested me with very fair and loving words, that I would let my Daughter go unto her sister, to give her that contentment which she desired, for that she did love her more dearly than her own Hou: Thus his easy and subtil persuasions so much prevailed, that I would not frame an excuse to the contrary, but must needs consent to his demand: so straight way when he had in his power that which his Soul so much desired, he presently departed, giving me to understand that he would carry her to his wife, for whose sighs she had so much desired, and at whose coming she would receive so great joy and contentment: her sudden departure bred such sorrows in my heart (being the only stay and comfort of my declining Age) that the Fountains of my Eyes rained down a shower of salt teares upon my aged breast, so dear is the love of a Father unto his Child: But to be short, when this lustful minded Castiffe with his pompous Train came in sight of his Castle, he commanded his Followers to ride forwards, that with my Daughter he might secretly confer of serious matters, and so staid lingering behind, till he saw his company almost out of sight, and they two alone together, then he found opportunity to accomplish his lustful desire, and so rode into a little Grove, which was hard at hand, close by a Rivers side, where without any more tarrying he carried her into the thickest part thereof, where he thought it most convenient to perform so wicked a deed.

When he beheld the Branches of the thick Tree to with-hold the Light of Heaven from them, and that it seemed a place as it were over-spread with the sable mantle of Night, he alighted from his Horse,

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and killed my welbelovèd Daught'r that she would likewise alight: she in whose heart raign'd no kind of suspicion, presently all hied, and sat her down by the Rivers side, and washed her fair white hands in the Streams, and refresh'd her Mouth with the Chrysall Waters.

Then thus dissembling Craytour could no longer refrain, but with a Countenance like the lustie King Phraice when he intended the ravishment of Progne, or like Tarquinus of Rome when he deflower'd Lucrecia, he let her understand by some outward shewes, and dark sentences the kindled fire of love that burn'd in his heart, and in the end he did wholly declare his devilish pretence and determined purpose.

So my unmarried Daught'r being troubled in mind with his lustful Aspliments, began in this manner to reprehend him: Will you (said she) defile my sisters Bed, and stain the Honour of your House with Lust? Will you bereave me of that precious Jewel, the which I hold more dear than my life, and blot my true Virginity with your false desires? Brought you me from the comfortable sight of my Father to be a joy unto my Sister, and will you scourish in the spyle of my true Chastity? Look, look, immoderate Knight, (I will not call thee Brother) look I say how the Skies blush at thy attempts, & see how chaste Diana sits upon the winged Firmament, & threatens vengeance for her Virgins sake: wash from thy heart these lustful thoughts with Show'ers of repentant tears, & look not in this sort to smother thy marriage Bed, the which thou ought'st to violate for all the Kingdoms in the World.

Then this accursed Knight, seeing the chaste and vertues Mayden to stand so boldly in the defence of her Virginity, with his rigorous hand he took fast hold by her neck, and with a wrathful countenance he deliver'd these words: do not think Ambrozio Damsel to preserve thy Honour from the purpose of my desires, for I swear by the Chrysall Tower of Iupiter, either to accomplish my intent, or put thee to the cruellest death that ever was devised for any Damsel or Maid: at which words the most sorrowful & distressed Virgin, with a Show'ers of Pearled Tears trickled down her seemly blushing Cheeks, replied in this order. Think not, false Craytour (quoth she) that fear of Death shall cause me to yield to thy filthy desires: no, no, I will account that stroke ten times more happy, and welcome to my soul than the joyes of wedlock: then might I walk in the Elizian fields amongst those Dames that died true Virgins, and not live to behold the bud of my Maidens glory withered with the nipping frosts of thy unnatural desires.

Those words being well understood by the lustful Knight, who with a countenance more furious than the savage Lyons in the desarts of Lybia, took her by the slender waist, and rigorously dasht her

Body

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boddy against the ground, and there withal spake these words: Understand said he, and be well perswaded, thou unrelenting Damsel, that either living or dead, I will perform my will and intended purpose; for in my heart there burns a fire that all the water in the Seas can never quench, nor all the drizzling clouds of rain, if they should drop eternal showers: but it is the water of thy sweet virginity that must quench my furious burning love: and thereupon in a moment he cut a great part of the Train of her Gown, and bound it very fast to the hair of her head, which glistered like to golden tresses, and dragg'd her up and down the Grove, till the grass turned to a purple colour with the blood that issued from her body: by which cruelty he thought to enforce her to his pleasure, but he respected not his wicked cruelty, and the more he procured to torment her the more earnestly he defended her honour.

When this cruel and inhumane Monster saw that neither his flattering speeches, nor his cruel threats were of sufficiency to prevail, he began to forget all faith and loyalty he owed unto the honour of Knighthood, and the respect he should bear unto Women-kind, and blasphemed against Heaven, tearing her cloaths all to pieces, he stripped her stark naked, and with the Rains of the Bible of his Horse, he cruelly whipped and scourged her white and tender Back, that it was full of blew spots, and horrible circles of black and satled blood, with such extremum cruelty that it was a very grievous and sorrowful sight to behold. And yet this did profit him nothing at all, for she continued in her former resolution.

He seeing that she still persevered in the defence of her Honour he straight wates like to a bloody Monster heaped cruelty upon cruelty and so took and bound her well proportioned legs, Chysalline Braces, straightly unto a Withered Tree, saying, Oh cruel, and more cruel than any Woman in the World hath ever been: Why dost thou suffer thy self to be tormented, and not give consent to procure thy ease? Dost thou think it better to endure this torment, than to live a most loving, sweet, and contented life? and therewith his anger so increased, that he staring on her face with his accursed eyes, fixed in such sort that he could not withdraw them back.

The which being perceived by this distressed Virgin, as one far more desirous of death than of life, with a furious Joyce she said: Oh thou Traytor, thou wicked Monster, thou utter enemy to all humanity, thou shameless Creature, more cruel than the Lyons in the Desarts of Ercania: thou stain of Knighthood, and the bloodiest wretch that ever nature framed in the World, wherein dost thou contemplate thus thy self? thou fleshly Butcher, thou unmerciful Tyger, thou Lecherous Hogg, and dishonourer of thy Progeny, make an end (I say) of these my Torments, for now it is too late to repent thee, goye my unspeckled breast with thy bloody weapon,
and.

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and send my soul into the bosome of Diana, whom I beheld sitting in her Celestial Pallace, accompied with numberless Troops of Mesial Virgins, ready to entertain my bleeding Ghost into her pleasant Mansion.

This merciless Knight seeing the steadfastness that she had in the defence of her Honour, with a cruel and infernal heart took a steepe scarfe which the Damsel had girded at her waste, and with a banial anger doubled it about her Neck and pinched it so strait, that her soul departed from her Terrestrial body.

O you Valiant Knights that by your Prowes come to the reading of this dismal Tragedy, and come to the hearing of these bloody lines contained in this golden Book : consider the great constancy and chastity of this unfortunate Maiden, and let the grief thereof move you to take vengeance of this cruelty shewed without any desert.

So When this infernal minded Knight saw that she was dead, he took his Horse and rode after his fellows, and in a short time he overtook them, and looked with so furious and ireful a countenance, that there was none durst be so hardy to ask him where my daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore me great affection for the kindness and courtesie I offered to him at his Ladies and my Daughters apartments, who having a suspicion by the great alteration that appeared in his Master, and being very desirous to know what was become of the Damsel, for that he came alone without bringing the Damsel with him, neither could he have any sight of her : he then presently withdrew himself back, and followed the footings of the Horse, and ceased not until he came to the place where this cruelty was wrought : whereas he found the Maiden dead, at the view whereof he remained almost beside himself, in such sort that he had well neer fallen to the Ground : the sorrowful Squire remained thus a good while before he could speak, but at last when he came again to him self, he began with a dolorous complaint to cry out against Fortune, because she had suffered so great cruelty to be committed upon this Damsel.

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And making this sorrowful Lamentation, he unloosed her from the Tree, and laid her naked body upon part of her Apparel, the which he found lying by, all besmeared in blood, and afterwards complained in this pittiful sort

O cruel Knight (quoth he) what infernal heart remained in thy breast, or what hellish fury did bear thee company, that thy hands have committed this inhumane sacrifice ! Was it not possible that this her surmounting Beauty might have moved thee to pity, when it is of power to move the bloody Canibal to remorse, and constrain even Savage Monsters to relent ? so with these, and other like sorrowful words the woful Squire spake unto the dead Corps, he cut down branches from the Tree, and gathered grass from the ground for to cover the Body, and left it lying so, that it seemed to be a mountain of green Grass, or a Thicket of springing Trees, and then determined with himself in the best manner that he could, to dissimble the knowledge of the bloody fact : so he took his Horse and rode the next way towards the Castle, in which he read so fast that he overttook the Knight and his company at the entering of the Gates, whereas the lustful Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any person, entred into his Closet, by reason whereof this kind and courteous Squire had time to declare all things he had seen to the new married Lady, and the dolourous end of the constant Damsel her Sister. This sudden and unlooked for sorrow mixed with anger and wrath, was such in the Lady, that she caused the squire not to depart from the Castle, until such time as more occasion served, and to keep all things in secret that he had seen, she her self remained very sorrowful, making marvellous and great lamentation to her self all in secret, as if she would not be perceived, yet with a soft voyce she said.

Oh Fortunate Lady, born in a sorrowful hour, when some blazing and unlucky Comet reigned : Oh unhappy Destinies that made me wife unto so cruel a Knight, whose foul misdeeds have made the very Elements to blush : but yet I know that Fortune will not be so far unkind, but that he will procure a strange revenge upon his purple stained soul : Oh ye immortal powers, revenge me on this wicked Homicide if not, I swear that I will with mine own hands put in practice such an Enterprize, and so strengthen my unpolluted heart with wilful murder, that all the Fates above, and all the bright Celestial Planets shall sit and look from their immortal Pallaces, and tremble at the terrour of my hate.

This being said, she took in her hand a dagger of the Knights, and in her Arms her young Son, being but of the age of forty dayes, saying : Now do I wish so much evil unto the world, that I will not leave a Son of so wicked a Father alive : for I will wash my hands in their accursed Bloods, were they in number as many as King.

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King Priams Children: and so in this treful order entred he the Chamber where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him tumbling upon his Bed from one side to the other, without taking any rest, but in his fury rending and tearing the silken Opnaments, where with a sorrowful, weeping and terrible voyce he called him Traytor, and like a fierce Wyggers, with the Dagger that he brought in her hand, before his face he cut the throat of the innocent Babe, and threw it to him on the Bed, and therewithal said: Take there (thou cruel Traytor) the fruit that thy wicked seed created in my Womb, and then he threw the Dagger at him also, in hope to have killed him, but Fortune would not that it should take effect, for it struck against the Cestern of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her hands, which when the Lady saw that it nothing prevailed, she returned upon her self her outrageous fury: so taking the bloody Dagger, she thrust it to her heart in such sort, that it parted it in two pieces, and so he fell down dead betwixt his armes that was the occasion of all this bloody cruelty.

The great sorrow hereat that this false and unhappy Knight received, was so strange, that he knew not what counsel to take: but thinking upon a fearefull vengeance that might exceed the cruel act he straight-ways devised that the body of the Lady should be secretly buried, which being done by himself, in the saddest time of the night, in a solitary Garden under his Castle wall, he heard a hollow voyce hoarsely from the deep Hauls of the Earth, this manner of Speeches following.

For the Bloody fact which thou so lately hast committed thy life draws near to a shameful end: and thy Castle, with all the Treasure therein shall be destroyed, or fall into the hands of him whose Daughters thou hast so cruelly Murthered.

Upon this he determined to use a secret Policy: which was, to set Watch and Ward in every passage near unto his Castle and to arrest all such Travellers, as by adventure landed upon that Island, not suffering them to pass until such time as they had promised by Oath to aid and assist him, even unto death, against all his Enemies.

In the meantime, the aforesaid Squire which had seen and heard all the Tragical dealings that have been here declared, in the best wise he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very sorrowful and heavy News: judge here then Gentle Knights and ye beholders of this

woeful

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woeful Tragedy, what sorrow I unfortunate Wretch sustained, nor what anguish I receiv'd : for at the hearing thereof, I fell into a senseless swoon, and being come again to my self I all to besmeared my milk-white haires in dust, that before were as clear as cryed Silber, and with my tears, being the true signs of sorrow, I bathed the bosome of my Mother Earth, and my sighs passed with such abundance from my tormented heart, that they staid the passage of my speech, and my tongue could not reveal the grief that my woeful thoughts conceived.

In this dumb silence and sorrow of mine I remained three dayes, and three nights, numbing my silent passions with the minutes of the day, and my nightly griefs with the stars when frosty bearded winter hath clas the Elements with sparkling Diamonds : but at last, when my amazed griefs were somewhat abated, my eyes (almost blind with weeping) requiring some sleep, thereby to mitigate the sorrows of my heart, I made my repair into a certain Beddow adjoining near unto my Cottage, where amongst the green springing Daisies, I purposed to take some rest, and to lock up the Closets of my fearful eyes, with golden slumbers, thinking it to be the greatest content my sobbing heart required : But before I could settle my senses to a quiet sleep, I was constrained to breath this woeful Lamentation from my oppressed Soul.

O unhappy chance (quoth I,) oh cruel and most spiteful Fortune! Why diddest thou not make me lose this bitter and sorrowful life in my Childhood? O why didst thou not permit and suffer me to be strangled in my Mothers Womb, or to have perished in my Cradle, or at my Nurses pap? then had my heart never felt this sorrow, my ears heard the Murther of my Children, nor mine eyes had never wept so many helpless tears.

O you Mountains, you untamed Beasts (oh you deep Seas, and you infernal Powers of revengeful Hell! come I say and willingly assist me in this mortal Tragedy, that these my aged hands, which never yet practised any bawny crime, may now be stained in this accursed blood that hath bereaved me of the joy and fear of deigned days, my Daughters (I mean) whose bleeding Ghosts will never be appeased, nor never sleep in quiet upon the joyful Banks of the Elyzian Fields, but wander up and down the World, filling each corner of the Earth with fearful and doleful clamours of Murder and rebeng, nor eber shall the furies of my angry soul be pacified, until mine Eyes behold a

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Stream of purple gore run trickling from the defensible breast of that accursed Ravisher, and that the blood may issue from his guilty heart like a fountain with a number of springs, where the Pavements of his Castle may be sprinkled with the same, and the Walls of his Turrets coloured with a crimson dye, like to the Streets of Troy, when as her channels ran with blood: at the end of this sorrowful Lamentation, what for grief, and what for want of natural rest, my eyes closed together, and my senses fell into a heavy sleep.

But as I lay slumbering in the green Meadows, I dreamed that there was a great and fierce Wild-man, which stood before me with a sharp Fauchion in his hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat methought I was so frightened, that I gave (in my troublesome dream) many terrible Shakes, calling for succour to the empty Wyre. Then methought there appeared before my face a company of courteous Knights, which said unto me, fear not, old man, for we become from the sons of thy Daughter to aid and succour thee, but yet for all this the wild-man banished not away, but stuck with his fauchion upon my breast, whereat it seemed to open, and then the wild Centaure put his hand into the gaping wound, and pulled out my bleeding heart: where, at the same instant, me thought that one of the Knights like a life laid hold upon my heart, and they strove together with much contention, who should pull it from the others hands, but in the end, each of them remained with a piece in his hand, and my heart parted in two.

Then the piece which remained in the Wild-mans keeping, turned into a hard stone, and the piece which remained in the power of the Knight, converted into red blood, and so they banished away.

Then straight after this, there appeared before mine eyes the Image of my murdered Daughter, in the selfsame manner and form as you behold her portrayed, who with a naked body all besmeared in blood, reported unto me the true Discourse of her unhappy fortunes, and told me what place, and where her body lay in the woods, dishonoured for want of Burial: Also desiring me not of my self to attempt the revengement, for it was impossible, but to intomb her Corps by her Mother, and cause the picture of her body to be most libely portrayed and wrought of fine Chrystal, in the same Banner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it near unto a common passage, where Adventurous Knights do usually travel. And assuring me that thither would

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would come certain Christian Champions that should revenge this injury and subuade further.

With ch words being finished, she thought she vanished away with a greibous and heaby groan, leauing behind her certain drops of blood sprinkled upon the Gra's: Whereat with great perplexity and sorow, I awaked out of my dream, bearing it in my greibous mind, not telling it, on not so much as to the best Ryt, but with alierpeditiō performed her bleeding Soules request.

Where, eber since, most courteous and noble Knights, I haue here lamented her untimely death, and my unhappy fortune, spending the time writing her doleful Tragedy in blood-red lines, the which I see with great grief you haue red in this Book of Gold.

Therefore most curious Knights, if eber Honour encouraged you to fight in noble Aduentures, I now most earnestly intreat you with your Magnanimous fortitudes to assist me to take Reuengement, for that great cruelty that hath been used against my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this sorowful History, Saint George with the other Champions, shed many tears, wherewith there did encrease in them a farther desire of reuengement, and being moued with great compassion, they protested by their promises made to the Honour of Knight-hood, to persevere speedily on their vowed reuenge and determined purpose: so sealing up a promise to their pighted Daughters, protesting that sooner should the liues of all the famous Romans be raised from death, from the time of Romulus to Caesar, and all the rest unto this time, than to be persuaded to return from their promises, and neuer to trauel back into Christendome till they had performed their vows, and thus burning with desire to see the end of this sorowful Aduenture, Saint George clipped up the bloody written book, and gaue it again to the Shepherd, and so they proceeded forwards toward the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle had his residence, guided only by the direction of the old man whose aged Limbs seemed so lunny in trauelling, that it prognosticated a lucky event in which journey we will leaue the Champions for a time, with the wonderfull provision that the Knight of y^e Black Castle made in his defence, & success whereof will be y^e strangest that euer was reported, & return & speak of S^t Geo. 3 sons in the pursuit of their father: where we left them (as you heard before) trauelling from the confines of Barbary, where they redeemed the Normane Lady from the raving moys.



C H A P. VII.

A wondrous and strange Adventure that hapned to St. George his Sons, in the pursuit of their Father, by finding certain drops of Blood, with Virgins Haire scattered in the Fields, and how they were certified of the injurious dealing of the Knight of the Black Castle against the Queen of *Armenia*,



Any and dangerous were the adventures of the three young valiant Princes in the pursuit of their Father St. George, and many were the Countries, Islands, and Princes Courts, that they searched to obtain a wished sight of his partial countenance, but all to small purpose, for fortune neither cast them happily upon that Coast where he with his famous Champions had their residence, nor luckily sounded in their ears the places of their Arrivall.

In which pursuit I omit and pass over many Noble Adventures that these three Princes attended, as well upon the Raging Ocean, as upon the firm Land, and only Discourse upon an Accident that hapned to them in an Island bordered upon the Confines of *Armenia*, near unto the Island where the Knight of the Black Castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter, upon which Coast after they were arriv'd, they travell'd in a broad and straight path, until such time as they came to a very fair and delectable Forrest, whereas sundry craping Birds had gathered themselves together, to refresh and shroud themselves from the parching heat of the Golden Sun, filling the ayre with the pleasures of their Mith tuned notes.

In this Forrest they travell'd almost two hours, and then they went up to the top of a small Mountain which was at hand, from
the

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the which they discovered very fair and well Coloured Colons, princely Pallaces, very sumptuous to behold: likewise they discovered from the Hill a fair Fountain wrought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed four Sprouts running with water, which fell into a great Cestern, and coming to it, they washed their Hands, refreshed their Faces, and so departed.

After they looked round about them on ebery side, and toward their right hand they espied amongst a company of green Trees, a small Tent of black Cloath, towards which these young Princes directed their courtes, with an easie Pace, but when they had entred the Tent, and saw no body therein, they remained silent a while, harkning if they could hear any stirring, but they could neither see nor hear any thing, but only they found the print of certain little feet upon the Sand, which saue them more earnestly to desire to know whose foot-steps they were, so that they seemed to be some Ladies or Damaisles: so finding the Trace, they followed them, and the more the knights followed, the more the Ladies feared the haste, so long they pursued after the Trace, that at the end they approached a little Mountain, whereas they found scattered about certain locks of yellow Hair, which seemed likethreads of Gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with drops of blood, whereby they well understood, that in great anger they were pulled from some Ladies Head: likewise they saw in others places how the Earth was spotted with drops of Cruel blood: then with a more desire than they had before, they went up to the top of that little Mountain, and having lost the foot-steps, they recovered it again by gathering up the haire, where they had not travelled far upon the Mountain, but towards the Waters side they heard a grievous complaint, which seemed to be the voice of a Woman in great distresse, and the words which the Knight did understand, were these: O Lord, now shalt thou no more rejoyce, nor have any longer dominion over me, for death I see is ready to cut my thred of life, and smite these my sorrowful Lamentations: how often have I askt revenge, ment at the hands of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath been the cause of my Banishment, but yet she wil not my Request: how oft have I made my sad complaints to Hell, yet have the Fatal Furies stoppt their ears against a woful Cry.

And with this she held her peace, giving a sorrowful sigh: which being done, the three Christian Knights turned there

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eyes to the place from whence they heard this complaint, and discovered among certain green trees, a Lady who was endued with Angula Beauty, being so excellent, that it almost deprived them of their Hearts, and captivated their Senses in the snare of love. which liberty as yet they never lost: She had her Haire about her ears, which hung defusedly down her comely Shoulders, through the violence she used against her self, and leaning her Cheek upon her Delicate white Hand that was all bespotted with Blood, which was constrained by the scratching of her Nipples upon her Rosie coloured face: by her stood another Duncel which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for she was clad in Virgin coloured Silk as white as the Lillies of the fields, and as pleasant to behold, as the glistering Moon in a clear Winter freezing Night: notwithstanding all this delectable sight, the three Duncely Knights would not discover themselves, but stood closely behind three Pine Trees which grew near unto the Mountain, to hear the Event of this Accident: whereas they stood cloaked in silence, they heard her thus to confer with her Beautiful Daughter:

O my Rosana (quoth she) the unhappy figure of him, that without pittie hath wounded my heart, and left me comfortless with the greatest cruelty that ebery Knight or Gentleman left Lady: how hath it been possible that I have had the force to bring up thee the child of such a Father which hath bereaved me of my Liberty? O you Sovereign Powers, grant that I may establish in my mind the remembrance of the Love of thy Honourable Father: Oh Girl, born to a further grief, here do I desire the Guiders of thy Fortunes, that thy Shining Beauty may have such force and power, whereby the shining beams thereof may take revenge of the dishonour of thy Mother: give ear dear Child, I say, unto thy dying Mother, that what art born in the dishonour of thy Generation, by the loss of my Virginity, here do I charge thee upon my Blessing even at my hour of death, and swear thee by the hand of Nature, never to suffer thy Beauty to be enjoyed by any one, until thy dishonourd Fathers Head be offered up in Sacrifice unto my Grave, thereby somewhat to appease the fury of my discontented Soul, and recover part of my former Honour.

These and such like words spake the afflicted Queen, to the wonderful amaze of the three young Knights, which as yet in error not to discover themselves, but still to mark the Event, for they conjectured that her woful complaints were the evidenciation of some strange Accident: Thus as they stood obscure

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ly behind the Trees, they saw the young and Beautiful Damzell
gibe unto her dying Mother, Paper, Pen and Ink, the which
she pulled from her fair Bosome, with which the grieved Queen
subscribed certain sorrowful Lines unto him that was the
Cause of her Banishment: and making an end of her writing,
they heard her (with a dying breath) speak unto her Daughter
these sorrowful words following:

Come Daughter (quoth she) behold thy Mother at her latest
gasp, and imprint my dying Request in thy Heart, as in a
Table of Waxe, that it never may be forgotten: time will not
gibe longer respite, that with words I might shew unto thee my
deep affections, so: I feel my Death approaching, and the fatal
Sifters ready to cut my Thred of Life asunder between the
edges of their Shears, insomuch that I most miserable Crea-
ture do feel my Soul trembling in my flesh, and my Heart quiv-
ering at this my last and fatal Hour, but one thing (my sweet
and tender Child) do I desire of thee before I die: which is,
that thou wouldest procure that this Letter may be given to that
cruel Knight thy disloyal Father, giving him to understand of
this my troublesome death, the occasion whereof was his unrea-
sonable cruelty: and making an end of saying this, the misera-
ble Queen fell down, not having any more strength to sit up,
but let the letter fall out of her hand, the which her sorrowful
Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Mothers
Bosom, she repented this sorrowful manner:

O my sweet Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it adds
a torment more grievous unto my Soul than the punishment
which Danaus Daughters feel in Hell: I had rather be torn in
pieces by the fury of some merciless Monster, or to have my heart
parted in twain by the hands of him that is my greatest enemy,
than to remain without your company. Sweet Mother, let
these my youthful Peers, and this screen budding Beauty encour-
age you still to revive, and not to leave me comfortless, like an
Orphan in the Woods: but if the gloomy Fates do triumph in
your death, and abide your breathing Trunk of life, and that
your Soul must needs go wander in the Elizian Shades, with
Trus's Shadow, and with Dido's Ghost, here do I protest by the
great and tender love I bear you, and by the due Obedience that
I owe unto your Age, either to deliver this your Letter into
the hands of my unkind Father, or with these my rustic Fingers
to rend my Heart in sunder: and before I will forget my Word,
the silver Streamed Tygris shall forsake her course, the Sea bed

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And, and the glittering Queen of Night her usual Changes: neither shall any forgetfulness be an occasion to withdraw my mind from performing your dying Requests: When this weak Queen (whose power and strength was wholly decayed, and her hour of death grew near at hand,) with a feeble voice she said, You Sacred and Immortal Gods, and all you bright Celestial Powers of Happiness, into your Divine Bosomes now do I commend my dying Soul, asking no other revenge-ment against the Cause of my death, but that he may dye like me for want of love.

After this the dying Queen never speak word more, for at that instant the cruel Destinies gave end unto her life: but when Rosana perceiveth her to be dead, and she left to the World devoid of comfort, she began to tear the golden trammels off her Head, and most furiously to beat her white and Ivory Breast, filling the empty Ayre with clamours of her moans, making the Skies like an Echo to resound her Lamentations, and at last taking her Mothers Letter into her hands, washing it with floods of tears, and putting it next unto her naked Breast, she said: Here lie thou, neere adjoining to my bleeding heart, neerer removed untill I have performed my dying Mothers Testament. Oh works, and the last work of those her dying hands, here do I swear by the honour of true Virgins, not to part it from my grieved bosome untill such time as love hath rent the disloyal heart of my unkind Father, and in speaking this she kissed it a thousand times, breathing forth millions of sighs, and so with a bushing countenance, as radiant as Aurora's glittering Beams, arose and said to her self: What is this Rosana, dost thou think to recall thy Mothers life with ceremonious complaints, and not perform that which by her was commanded thee? Arise, arise, I say, gather unto thy self strength and courage, and wander up and down the World, till thou hast found thy disloyal Father, as thy true heart hath promised to do.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George's Sons like men whose hearts were almost overcome with griefe, came from the Pine Trees, and discovered themselves to the Daniel, and courteously requested her to discourse the Story of all her passed miseries, and as they were true Christian Knights, they promised her (if it lay in their powers) to release her from all, and to give end unto her miseries. Rosana when she beheld these courteous and well damnable Knights, which in her conceit carried relenting minds, and considering how kindly they

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they desired to be partners in her griefs, she stood not upon curious terms, nor upon vain exceptions, but most willing y^e condescended to their requests: so when they had prepared the eares to entertain her sad and sorrowful Discourse, with a sober countenance, she began in this manner:

Lately, I was (quoth she, whilst Fortune smiled on me) the only Child and Daughter of this liveless Queen that you behold here lying dead, & she before my Birth whilst Fortune granted her prosperity, was the Maiden Queen of a Countrey called Armenia, adjoining near unto this unhappy Iland: Whom in her young years when her Beauty began to flourish, and her high renown to mount upon the wings of Fame, she was so intrapped with the golden bait of blind Cupid, and so intangled with the love of a disloyal Knight called the Knight of the Black Castle, who after he had secured in the spoyle of her Virginity, and had left his fruitful Seed springing in her wombe, grew weary of her love, and most discourteously left her as a shame unto her Countrey, and a bane unto her kindred, & after gave himself to such lustful and lascivious manner of life, that he unlawfully married a Shepherds Daughter in a forraign Land, and likewise ravished her own Sister, and after committed her to most inhumane slaughter in a Desert Wood: this being done, he fortified himself in his Black Castle, & only comforted with a cunning Necromancer, whose skill in Magicke is now grown so excellent, that all the Knights in the world can never conquer the Castle, where ever since he hath remained in despite of the whole Earth.

But now speak I of the Tragical story of my unhappy Mother. When as I, her unfortunate Babe began first to struggle in her wombe, wherein I with I had been strangled: she heard news of her Knights ill demeanour, & how he had given himself to the spoyle of Virginity, & had for ever left her love, never intending to return againe the grief whereof so troubled her mind, that she could nor in any wise dissemble it, and so upon a time being amongst her Ladies, calling to remembrance her spotted Virginity, and: he Seed of dishonour planted in her wombe, she fell into a wonderful and strange Trance, as though she had been oppressed with sudden death, which when her Ladies and Damseles beheld, they presently determined to embrace her rich Ornaments, and to carry her unto her Bed, but she made signs with her hands that they should depart and leave her alone. whose commandment was straightway obeyed, not without great sorrow of them all, for their loves were dear unto her. This afflicted Queen, when she saw that she was alone, began to exclaim against her Fortune, reviling the Fates with bitter Exclamations:

O unconstant Queen of Chance (said she) thou that hast wrapped such strange Webs in my Kingdom, thou that gavest my Honour to that Tyrants lust, which without all remorse hath left me com-
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fortless,

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fozlesse, it is thou that didst constrain me to set my life to sale, and to sell my Honour as it were with the Cryer, compelling me to do that which hath spotted my Princely Estate, and stained my bright Honour with black infamy: woe is me for Virginitie (that which my Parents gave me charge to have respect unto, but I have carelesly kept it, and small regarded it: I w^t I therefore chastise my body, for thus forgetting of my self, & be so revenged for thy little regard that I have made of my Honour, that it shall be an example to all noble Ladies and Princes of high Estate in the whole world.

Oh miserable Queen, oh fond and unhappy Lady! thy speeches be too foolish, for although thy desperate hand should pull out thy discoloured heart from thy bleeding breast, yet can it not make satisfaction for thy dishonour.

Oh you Clouds! why do you not cast some fiery thunder-Bolt down upon my head? or why doth not the Earth gape and swallow my infamous body? Oh false and deceiving Lord, I would thy loving & amorous words had never been spoken! nor thy quick-sighted Eyes neber gazed upon my Beauty, then had I flourisht still with glory and renewen, and lived a happy Virgin of chaste Diana's Train.

With these and ether like Lamentions this grieved Queen passed away the time from day to day, till at last she felt her womb to grow big with Child: at the which she received double pain, for that it was impossible to cover or hide it, and seeing her self in this case, like a woman hated and abhorred, she determined to discover her self, publicly unto her Subjects, and deliver her body unto them to be sacrificed unto their Gods: and with this determination, one day she caused certain of her Nobles to be sent for, who straight-way came, according to her commandement, but when she perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of Honour were come thither before her, she covered her self with a rich Robe, and sat upon her Bed in her private Chamber, being so pale and lean, that all they that saw her had great compassion upon her sorrow: being all set round about her Bed, and keeping silence, she revealed to them the cause of her griefe in this manner:

My Lords (quoth she) I shame to entitle my self your Queen and Sovereign, in that I have defamed the Honour of my Country, and little regarded the welfare of our Common-wealth: my glistering Crown, we thinks, is shad'd with a cloud of black disgrace, and my Princely Ittyze converted into unchaste Habilliments: in which I have both lost the liberty of my heart, and withall my wonted joy, and now am constrained to indure perpetual pain, and an ever pining death: for I have lost my Honour, and reaped nothing but shame and infamy.

To conclude, I have forgone the liberty of a Queen, and sold my self.

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Tell to a slavish An, only mine own is the fault, and my own shall be the punishment. Therefore without making any excuse: I here surrender up my body into your Powers, that you may (as an ever Queen) sacrifice me unto our Gods: for now my Lord you shall understand, that I am dishonoured by the Knight of the Black Castle, he hath planted a Vine within my fruitful Garden, and also sown a Seed within my accursed Womb, that hath made Armenia infamous: he it is that hath committed hourly evils in the world, he it is that delights in Virgins spoiles, and he it is that hath bereaved me of my Honour, but with my consent I must needs confesse, and lest me for a testimony of this my evil deed, big with Child, by which my Virgins glory is converted to a monstrous scandal: and with this she made an end of her lamentable Speech: And being grievously oppressed with the pain of her burthenous Womb, she sat her down upon her rich Bed, and attended their wills.

But when those Earls, Lords, and honourable Personages that were present, had understood all that the Queen had said unto them, like men greatly amazed, they changed their colours from red to white, and from white to red, in sign of anger, looking one upon another, without speaking any word, but printing in their hearts the fault down by their Queen, to the great disgrace to their Country, they without any further consideration, deprived her from all Princely Dignity, both of Crown and Regiment, and pronounced her perpetual Banishment from Armenia, like Subjects not to be Governed by such a defamed Prince, that hath grafted the fruit of such a wicked Tree within her womb.

So at the time appointed, like a woman forlorn and hated of all Companies, she stozed her self with sufficient Treasure and betook her self to her appointed Banishment. After whose departure, the Armenians elected themselves another Prince, and left their lustful Queen wandring in unknown Islands, big with Child, devoid of succour and relieve, where instead of her Princely Bed covered with Canopies of silk, she took her nightly repose upon the green Grass, shadowed with the able Curtains of the skies, and the stars that were provided against her liberty, were Nymphes and Fayries dancing in the night by Proserpines commandement. Thus in great grief continued she many daies, contenting her self with her appointed Banishment: making her lamentations to whispering Winds, which seemed in her concert to re-answer her complaints: at length the glistering Moon had ten times borrowed light of golden Phoebus, and the Night clear Candle was now almost extinguished, by which time approached the hour of her laboursome Travail, where without help of woman, she was Delivered of me her unhappy Daughter, where ever since I have been nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many times when I came to years of discretion,

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my woful Mother would Discourse unto me this Lamentable story of both our miseries, the which I have most truly declared unto you.

Like wise she told me, that many times in my Infancy, when she wanted Milk in her Breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lyons and some times a Be-Bear, and gently give me suck, and contrary to the nature of wild Beasts, they would many times sport with me, whereby she conjectured that the immortal Powers had preserved me for some strange fortune: Likewise at my Birth, nature had pictured upon my Breast, directly betwixt my two Nips, the lively form of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautifie my bosome with a vermillion colour: and this was the cause that my Mother named me Rosana, answerable to my natures mark.

After this we lived many a year in great distresse, penury, and want, intreating Time to redresse our woes, more often then we had lived hours: the abundance of our tears might suffice to make watry sea, and our sighs countervail the Stars. But at last, the farall sisters listning to my Mothers moans, & to my great sorrows, deprived her of her life, where now I am left a comfortless Orphant to the world, attending the time until I find some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black Castle, where my disloyal Father hath his residence, that I may there perform my mothers dying will.

These words being finished, Rosana stood silent, for that her extream grief hindered the passage of her tongue, and her eyes rained such a shower of pearled tears upon the lifeless body of her Mother, that it constrained Saint George's sons to expresse the like sorrow: where after they had let fall a few salt tears down from their sad eyes, and had taken truce for a time with grief, they took Rosana by the hand (which before that time never touched the hand of any man) and protested never to depart from her company till they had safely conducted her to the Black Castle.

Thus after this when the Christian Knights had pittifully bewailed the misery and untimely death of her Mother, they took their Diggers and digged a deep Grave under a Bay Tree, and buried her body therein, that hungry Ravens might not seize upon it, nor furious Bears tear it in pieces, nor ravenous Harpies devour it, and after with the point of their Diggers, they engraved this Epitaph in the rinde of the Bay Tree, which words were these that follow,

The E P I T A P H *over the Grave*
of the unfortunate Queen of
A R M E N I A.

Here lies the Body of a helpless Queen,
Whose great good-will to her small joy did bring :
Her willing mind requited was with teen :
Though she deserv'd for love a Regal King.
And as her Corps inclosed here doth lie,
Her luckless Fate, and Fame should never die.

So when they had made this Epitaph and covered her grave with
gran Turbes, they departed forward on their journey towards the
Black Castle, where we will leave them in their Travels, and re-
turn to the disloyal Leoger, and how he fortified his Castle by Ma-
gick Art, according to the learned skill of a cunning Negromancer,
and of the adventure that hapned to Saint George with the other
these Christian Champions in the same Castle, therefore grant you
immortal powers of invention, that my pen may be dipt in the wa-
ter of that Learned Fountain, where the nine Muses do inhabite,
that by the help of that sweet liquoz my muse may have a delight-
ful bairn, so that mixing the speech of Mercury, with the probes of
Mars, I may Discourse the strangest Accident that ever hapned to
wandering Knights.

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C H A P. VIII.

Of the preperation that the Knight of the Black Castle made by Magick Art, to withstand his Enemies, and how the seven Champions entred the same Castle, where they were enchanted into a deep sleep : so long as seven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the water of an Enchanted Fountain.



The Wicked Leoger, as you have read of before, being the Knight of the Black Castle, and one that for wealth and Treasure surpassed most of the Potentates, when he grew detested and abhorred in every company, as well by noble Kings as gallant Ladies, for the spoile and murder of those three Virgin Dames, whose pittifull stories you heard in the two former Chapters, and fearing sudden vengeance to fall upon his head, he fortified himself strongly in his Castle, and with his Treasure hired many furious Gyants to defend it : wherein if they failed, and should chance to be overcome, he consorted with a wicked Negromancer, that he with Charms and spells should work wonders in his Castle, which magical accomplishments we will pass over till a more convenient time, because I purpose to explain the History in good order to the Reader.

First, speak we of Saint George with the other Christian Knights that came in revenge of the Shepherd and his unfortunate Daughter, who with good success arrived upon the shoar of the Island, where this Wicked Leoger and the Magition had fortified their Black Castle, in which Countrey the Champions like the invincible souldiers of Mars, fearing no danger, nor the frowns of unconstant Fortune, betook themselves to the readiest way towards the Castle, in which journey they were almost rebuffed with the pleasure of the Island, for entering into a narrow and straight lane, garnished on both sides with Trees of divers sorts, they heard how the Summer birds recoped their pleasant melodies, and made their
sweet

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Sweet and accustomed songs without fear of any man to molest them.
 In which row of pleasant Trees that delighted them on both sides,
 there wanted not the green Laurel, so much esteemed of learned
 Scholars: nor the sweet Myrtle Tree, loved by Ladies: nor the high
 Cypress, so much regarded of Lovers: nor the stately Pine, which
 for his flourishing height is called the Prince of Trees: whereby
 they judged it to be rather an habitation for Gods and Goddesses,
 than a terrestrial Countrey, for that the Golden Sun with his gill-
 ering Beams did pass through those green and pleasant Trees with-
 out any hindrance of Black Clouds: for the skies were clear as
 tryed Silver: likewise the Western Wind did softly shake the shiv-
 ering leaves, whereby it made as sweet a harmony as if they had been
 Celestiall Cherubins: a thousand little streemed brooks ran upon
 the enamled ground, making sundry fine works by their crooked run-
 nings, and joining one water with another, with a very gentle mee-
 ting, making such silver musick, that the Champions with the plea-
 sure thereof were almost ravished, and finally regarded whether
 their Horses went right or no, and travelling in this sort, they rode
 forward till they came into a marvelous great and wide shew-dowe,
 being of such exceeding rareness, that I am not able with pen to
 paint out the excellency thereof: whereas were feeding both wild and
 tame Harts, adorned with great and cragg'd Horns: likewise the
 furious wild Boar, the fierce Lyon, and the simple Lambs, were all
 together, feeding with so great friendship, as on the contrary, by na-
 ture, they were enemies.

whereat the Noble Champions were almost overcome in the r-
 own conceits, and amazed in their imaginations, to see so strange
 love, clean contrary unto nature, and that there was no difference
 betwixt the love of wild Beasts and tame, in this manner they tra-
 velled along, till upon a sudden they arrived before the Buildings of
 the Black Castle: and raising their eyes toward the same, they be-
 held near unto the principal Gate, right over the Castle, twelve mar-
 ble Pinnacles, of such an exceeding height, that Pyramides of Egypt
 were very low in comparison of them: in such sort that whosoever
 would look upon them, was scant able with his sight to comprehend
 the height thereof, and they were all painted most gorgeously with
 several colours.

Down below under the Castle there was an Arch with a gate,
 which seemed to be of Diamonds, and all was compassed about with
 a great Moat or Ditch, being of so great a depth, that they thought
 it to reach to the midst of the Earth, and it was almost wondrous
 paces broad, and every gate had his Draw-Bridge, a made of red
 Boords, which seemed as though they had been bathed all in Blood.

After this the Champions rode to the other side of the goodly
 Castle, wondering at the curious and sumptuous workmanship, where
 they

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they espyed a Pillar of beautiful Jasper Stone, all wrought full of
pretious Stones of strange works, the which Pillar was of great
ballue, and was garnished with chains of Gold, that were made fast
unto it by Magick Art at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly
silver Trumpet, with certain letters carved about the same, the
which contained these words following.

If any dare attempt this place to see,
By sounding this, the gate shall opened be;
A Trumpet here enchain'd by Magick Art,
To daunt with fear the proudest Champions heart:
Look thou for blows that entrest in this Gate,
Return in time; repentance comes too late.

The which when Saint George beheld, and had understood the
meaning of those mystical Letters, without any more tarrying, he
set the silver Trumpet to his mouth, and sounded such a vehement
blast, that it seemed to Echo in the foundation of the Castle: where-
at the Principal gate presently opened, and the Draw-bridge was
let down, without the help of any visible hand, which made the
Champions to wonder, and did stand amazed at the strange accident,
but yet intending not to return, like Cowards daunted with a puff
of wind, they alighted from their Warlike Steeds, and delivered
them into the old Shepherds hands, to be led upon the fragrant
and green Grass, till they had performed the Adventure of the Ca-
stle, the which they vowed either to accomplish, or never to return:
so locking down their Brabers, and drawing forth their keen-edged
Faucons, they entered the Gates, and being safe within, the Cham-
pions looked round about them to see if they could espy any body,
but they saw nothing but a pair of winding Stairs, whereat they
descended, but they had not gone many steps, therein was so great
a darkness, that scarce they could see any light, so that it rather se-
emed the similitude of Hell, than any other worldly place, yet groping
by the walls, they kept their going down those narrow and turning
stairs, which were very dark, and at such length, that they thought
they descended into the middle of the Earth.

They spend a great time in descending those Stairs, but in the
end they came into a very fair and large Court all compassed with
Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a palace provided to keep untam-
ed Lyons, wherein casting their eyes up to the top of the Castle,
they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Megromancer up-
on a large Gallery supported with huge Pillars of Brass: likewise
there were attending upon them seven Spawns clothed in mighty
Iron

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From Coats, holding in their hands Bats of Steel: to whom the bold and venturesome Champion of England spake with an undaunted courage and loud voyce in this manner, saying.

Come down thou wicked Knight, thou spore of Virginitie, thou that art intironed with these monstrous Gyants, these the wonderfull workes of nature, whose daring looks seem to scale the Clones, much like unto the pride of Nimrod, when he offered to build up Babels confused Tower.

Come down I say, from thy Brazen Gallery, and take to thee thy Armour, thou that hast a heart to commit a Virgins Rape, for whose rebengs we come, now likewise have a courage in thy defence: for we hold nober to depart out of thy Castle, till we have confounded thee, or by thy force be discomfited.

At which word he held his peace, expecting an answer, whereat the wicked Knight when he heard these Heroical Speeches of Saint George, began to fret and fume like to the Starved Tyger, famished with hunger, or the cruel Tyger mauling in humane blood, with a great desire to satisfie his thirst: or like the wrath of dogged Cerberus when as he feasted with Alcides flesh; even so ragged Leoger the Knight of the black Castle, threatening forth fury from his sparkling eyes: and in this vile manner he remonstrated the Noble Champion of England.

Good Knight (said he) or Deafant, whatsoever thou art, I pass not the smallest hair of my head, for thy upbraiding me with thy unruly tongue, I will return thy speeches on thy self, for the prements of my Castle shall be sprinkled with thy accursed blood, and the bones of those thy unhappy followers shall be buried in the sinks of my Channels. If thou hast brought the Army of Caesar, that made all Lands to tremble where he came, yet were they but as a blast of wind unto my force, Hast thou not my Gyants which stand like Oaks upon our Brazen Gallery! they at my commandement shall take you from the places where you stand: and they powder the Walls of this my Castle, in such sort, that they shall make you flee into the Ayre, more than ten fathoms high. And for that thou hast upbraided me with the disgrace done unto a Virgin, I tell thee, if I had the Mother here, of whom thou tookest first the Ayre of life, my hand should split her womb, that thou mightest see the Bed of the conception, as Nero did in Rome: or if thy wife and children were here present before thy face, I would abridge their lives, that thy accursed eyes might be witnesses of their bloody Deaths: so much wrath and hatred hath in my heart, that all the blood in thy body cannot wash it thence.

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At which wordes the Gyants which he had byed to defend him from his ffees, came unto him very strongly armed with sturdy weapons in their hands, & requested him to be quiet, and to abate his so incensed anger, and they would fetch unto his presence all those braving knights that were the occasion of his disquietness and anger: and so without tarrying for an answer, they departed down into the Court, and left the knight of the Castle with the Dagician standing still upon the Gallery to behold the following Encounters,

But when the Gyants approached the Champions presence, and saw them so well proportioned and furnished, and knights of so gallant natures, they flourished about their knotty Clubs, and purposed not to spend the time words but in blows.

Then one of the fiercest and cruellest Gyants of them all (which was called Brandamond) seeing Saint George to be the forwardest in the Enterprize, and judged him to be the knight that had so treated his Lord, he began with a stern countenance to speak unto him in this manner: Art thou that bold knight (said the Giant) that with thy wittles wordes hast so angered the mighty Leoger the Lord of this Castle? If thou be, I advise thee by submission to seek to appease his furious wrath before rebengment be taken upon thy person.

Also I do charge thee (that if thou wilt remain with thy life) that thou dost leave thy Armour, and yield thy self, with all these followers, with their hands bound behind them, and go and ask forgiveness at his feet: To which Saint George with a smiling countenance answered: Giant (said he) thy counsel I do not like, nor thy advice will I receive, but rather do we hope to send thee and all thy followers, without tongues, to the infernal King of Aery Phlegeton, and so that you shall not have any more time to speak such folly and foolishness, either return your waiges from whence you came, and repent of this which you have said, or else prepare your selves to mortal Battel.

The Gyants when they heard the Champions resolutions, and how lightly they regarded their proffers, without any longer tarrying they straightway fell upon Saint George and his Company, intending with their knotty Bats of Steel to beat them as small as flesh unto the dust, but the Queen of chance so smiled upon the Christian Champions, that the Gyants smally prebaited, forbehold them was fought a long and terrible Battel, in such danger that the victory hung wavering on both sides not knowing to whom it would fall: the Bats and ffauctions
made

made such a noise upon one anothers Armour, that they sounded like to the blows of t he Cyclops working upon their Anvile: & at every blow they gave, fire flew from their Steele Cozzers, like sparkles from the flaming Furnaces in Hell, the skies resounded back the Echoes of their Roars, and the ground shook as though it had been oppressed with an Earth-quake: the pavement of the Court was over-spred with an intermingling of blood and sweat, and the Walls of the Castle were mightily battered with the Gyants Clubs: by the time that glistering Sol, the dayes bright candle, began to decline from the top of Heaven, the Gyants (wearied in fight) began to faint, whereat the Christian Knights with more courage, began to encrease in strength, and with such vigour assailed the Gyants, that before the golden Sun had dived to the Western World, and the Gyants were quite discomforted and slain: some lay with their heads dismembred from their bodies, waltzing in purple gore. some had their brains sprinkled against the Walls, some lay in Channells with their intrals trailing down in streams of Blood: and some joyntless, with Bodies cut in pieces: so that there was not one left a'ble to witstand the Christian Champion.

Whereat Saint George with thoother six Knights fell upon their Knees, and thanked the immortal Rector of all good chance for their Victory.

But when the Knight of the Black Castle which stood upon the Gallery during all the time of the Encounter, and saw how all the Gyants were slain by the prowess of thoe strange Knights, he raged in great wrath, wishing that the Ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delivered into the hands of his Enemies, and presently would have cast himself headlong from the top of the Gallery, thereby to have dashed out his brains against the Pavement, had not the Megomancer, who likewise beheld the event of the Encounter, intercepted him in his intended shift, promising to perform by Art what the Gyants could not do by force.

So the Megomancer fell to his Magick Spels and Charms, by which the Christian Champions were mightily troubled and molested, and brought in danger of their lives, by a fearful and strange manner, as shall be hereafter shewn.

For as they stood after their long Encounters, unbuckling their Armors to take the fresh ayre, and wash their bloody wounds receivd in their last conflict: the Magician caused by his Art a Spirit in the likeness of a Lady of a marvellous and fair beauty.

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to look throught an Iron grate, who seemed to lean her faire face upon her white handberg pensively, and distilled from her Christall eyes great abundance of tears. When the Champions saw this beautiful Creature, they remained in great admiration, thinking with themselves, that by some hard misfortune she was Impisoned in those Iron Gates: at which this Lady did seem to open her faire and Christalline eyes, looking earnestly upon Saint George, and giving a grieuous and sorrowful sigh, she withdrew her self from the Gate; which sudden departure caused the Christian Knights to have a great desire to know who it should be, suspecting that by the force of some enchantment, they should be overthron: but casting up their eyes again to see if they could see her, they could not, but they saw in the very same place, a woman of a great and princely stature, who was all armed in Silber Plates, with a Sword girded at her waste, sheathed in a golden scabbard, and had hanging at her neck an Ivory Bow and a guilt Bow: this Lady was of so great beauty, that she seemed almost to exceed the other, but in the same sort as the other did, upon a sudden she vanished away, leaving the Champions no less troubled in their thought than before they were.

The Christian Knights had not long time bewailed the absence of the two Ladies, but that without seeing any body they were stricken with such furious blows upon their backs, that they were constrained to stoop with one knee upon the ground, yet with a trice they rose again, and looking about them to see who they were that struck them, they perswaded themselves to be the likeness of certain Knights which in great haste seemed to run in at a door that was at one of the corners of the Court, and with the great anger that the Champions received, seeing themselves so hardly entreated, they followed with their accustomed lightness after the Knights, in at the same door: wherein they had not entered three steps, but that they fell down into a deep Cave which was covered over in such subtle sort, that who ever did tread on it straightway fell into the Cave, except he was a vertized thereof before. Within the Cave it was as dark as the silent night, and no light at all appeared: but when the Champions saw themselves treacherously betrayed in the Trap, they greatly feare some further mischief would follow, to their utter overthrow, so, with their swords drawn, every sword ready charged to make their defence, against whatsoever should after happen: but by reason of the great darkness that they could not see any thing

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thing, neither discover wherein they were fallen, they determined to settle themselves against somthing, either Wall, Pillar, or Wall, and groping about the Cave, they searched in every place for some other Way that might bring them forth out of the darksome Den, which they compared to the Pit of Hell.

And as they went groping and feeling up and down, they founde that they did tread upon no other things but dead mens bones. which caused them to stand still, and not long after, they espied a secret window, at the which entered a little cleareness, and gave some light into the Den, where they were, by which they espied a Bed most richly furnished with Curtains of Silk, and golden Pendants, which stood in a secret room of the Cave, being hung with rich Tapestry of a sable colour: which bed when the Champions beheld, and being somewhat weary of their long fight with the Gyrants in the Court of the Castle, they required some rest, and desired to sleep upon the Bed: but not all at once instant, for they feared some danger to be at hand, and therefore Saint George as one most willing to be their watchman, kept sentinal in so dangerous a place, caused the other Champions to take their repose upon the Bed, and he would be as wakeful as the Cock against all dangerous accidents, so the six Christian Knights repaired to the Bed, where in they were no sooner laid but presently they fell into a heavy and enchanted sleep, in such sort that they could not be awaked by any manner of violence, not all the wondrous Drums in Europe if they were soane in their ears, nor the rattling thunder-claps of Heaven were sufficient to recal them from their sleeps: for indeed the Bed was enchanted by the Necromancers Charms, in such manner that whosoever but safe upon the sides, or but touch the furniture of the Bed, were presently cast into as heavy a sleep, as if they had drunk the juice of Mistle or the seed of Poppy: where we will leave them for a time like men cast into a Trance, and speak of the terrible adventure that hapned to Saint George in the Cave, who little suspected of their enchantments, stood like a careful guard, keeping the furious Wolf from the spoyle of the silly Sheep: but upon a sudden his heart began to throb, and his hair to stand upright upon his head, yet having a heart frantick with invincible courage, he purposed not to awake the other Knights, but of himself to withstand whatsoever hapned: so being in this wincely cogitation, there appeared to him, as he thought, the shape of a Magician, with a visage lean, pale, and full of wrinkles, with locks of black hair hanging down to his shoulders

Shoulders, like to wreaths of envenomed Snakes, and his body seemed to have nothing upon it but skin and bones, who pake unto Saint George in this despightful manner: In an evil hour (said the Magician) comest thou hith, and so shall thy lodging be, and thy entertainment worse: for now thou art in a place where as thou shalt look for no other thing but to be meat unto some furious Beast, and thy surmounting strength shall not be able to make any defence.

The English Champion whose heart was oppressed with extreme wrath, answered, O false and accursed Charmer (said he) whom ill chance confound for thy condemned Arts, and for whom the fiends have digged an everlasting Tomb in Hell, what fury hath incensed thee, that with thy false and devilish Charms thou dost practise so much evil against travelling and Adventurous Knights? I hope to obtain my liberty in despite of all thy mischief, and with the strength of this arm to break all thy bones in sunder.

All that thou wilt and wilt do I suffer at thy hands, replied the Pyromancer: only for revengement that I will take of thee for the slaying of my Masters Grante, which as yet lie murdered in the Court, and that very quickly: and therewithal he went invisibly out of the Cave. So not long after at his back he heard a sudden noise, and beheld as it were a window opening by little and little where as there appeared a clear light by the which Saint George plainly perceived that the Walls of the Cave were dashed with blood, and likewise saw that the bones whereon they did tread at their first entry into the Den were of humane Bodies, which appeared not to be very long since their flesh was torn off with bars and cruel Teeth. But this consideration could not long endure with him, for that he heard a great rushing, and seeing what it should be, he saw coming forth of another Den a mighty Serpent with wings, as great in body as an Elephant, he had only two feet: which appeared out of that monstrous body but of a span length, and each foot had three claws of three spans in length, she came with her mouth open, of so monstrous and huge abjects, and so deformed, that a whole armed Knight, Horse and all, might enter in thereat: she had upon her jaws two Tusks, which seemed to be as sharp as needles, and all her body was covered with sharp Scales of divers colours, and with great fury she came with her wings all abroad Saint George although he had a valiant and undaunted mind, yet could he not chuse but be troubled at the sight of so monstrous a Beast.

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But considering with himself, that it was then time and great need to have courage, and to be expert and ballant for to make his defence, he took his good cutting Sword in his hand, and shrouded himself under his hard and strong shield, and sarried the coming of that ugly Monster.

But when the furious beast saw that there was a way wherein she might employ her sharp teeth, she struck with her infernall wings and with her piercing Claws she griped, and laid fast hold upon Saint Georges hard shield, pretending to have swallowed whole this courageous Warriour, and fastning her sharp Tusks upon his Helmet, which she found so hard, that she let go her hold, and furiously pulled at his Target to th such a strength that she drew it from his Arm: With that the English Knight at her head a most mighty and strong blow with his Sword, but in no wise it could hurt her: by reason of the hard scales where with it was covered, and though he gave her no wound, yet for all that she felt the blow in such sort, that it made her to recover the ground, and to fall up in her long and hideous Tail: then this ballant Knight made great hast to rebouche his force to strike her another blow but all was in vain for that upon a sudden she stretched her self so high, that he could not reach her head: but yet kind fortune so favoured his hand, that he struck her upon the belly, wherewith she had no defence with scales, nor any other thing but feathers, whereon it shed such abundance of black blood, that it sprinkled all the Down about.

This terrible and furious Serpent, when she felt her self so sore wounded, struck at Saint George such a terrible blow with her Tail, that if he had not seen it coming it had been sufficient to have parted his body in pieces, the Knight to clear himself from the blow, fell flat upon the ground, for he had no time to make any other defence: But that terrible blow was no sooner passed over him, but straightwayes he recovered his feet, at such time as the furious Serpent came towards him. Here Saint George having a great confidence in his strength, performed such a ballant exploit, that all former Adventures that have been ever done by any Knight, may be put in oblivion, and this kept in perpetual memory: for that he threw his Sword out of his hand and ran upon the Serpent, and caught her betwixt his Arm, and did so squeeze her, that the furious beast could not help her self with her sharp Claws, but only with her wings she beat gain on every side. This ballant Champion and noble Warriour would never let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his

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his arms continuing this perillous and dangerous fight, till all his bright Armour was imbrued with her bestial blood, by which occasion she lost a great part of her strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long endured this great and dangerous Encounter, and the infernal Serpent remained fast unto the noble and valiant knight of the English Knight, till such time as he plainly perceived that the Monster began to wax faint, and to lose her strength. Like- wise it could not be otherwise, but Saint George waxed somewhat weary, considering the former fight he had so lately with the Giant. Notwithstanding, when he felt the great weakness of the Serpent, he did animate himself with courage, and having opportunity by reason of the quantity of blood that issued from his wounds, he took his trusty sword and thrust it into her heart with such violence, that he clove it in two pieces: so this infernal Monster fell down dead to the ground, and carried the Christian Champion with her, for that they were fast crosed together, but by reason that the Serpent lacked strength, he quickly carried himself out of her Claws and recovered his sword. But when he saw certainly he was clear from the Monster, and that she had yielded up her defected breath into the vulture ayre, he knaled down and gave thanks to the happy Queen of Chance for his deliverance. The wound was so great that the Serpent threw out to infect the Knight, that if his Armour had not been of a precious vertue, he had been impoisoned to death.

After the victory was obtained and the Monster dead, he grew very weary and unquiet, and was constrained to sit and cool himself by a Well which was full of water, standing by in a corner of the Cave, from whence the monstrous Serpent first appeared and came forth. And when he found himself refreshed, he repaired to the Enchanted Bed whereupon the other six Champions lay sleeping, and dreamed of no such strange accident, that had happened to him: whom he purposed to to the reveal the true discourse of all the dangers that had befallen him in that accident.

But not sooner approached he unto that enchanted Bed, and had set himself down upon the one end thereof and thinking to begin his discourse, but he presently fell into a heavy and dead slumber.

There will we leave them sleeping and dreaming upon the Enchanted bed, not to be wakened by any means, and return to the Page's manner, that was killed at the time of the Serpents Encounter with Leoger, in burping of the dead Giants, but now he knew by his Art, that the Serpent was slain, and likewise

Saint

Saint George oppressed with a charmed sleep in company of the other Champions upon the Enchanted Bed, from whence he purposed that they never more should awake, but spend the rest of their fortunes in eternal sleep.

Whereupon by his devilish Arts he caused Lamps to burn continually before the entry of the Cave, the prosperity whereof were so strange, that so long as the Lamps continued burning, the Champions should never be waker, & the fires should never be quenched but by the water of an enchanted fountain, the which he likewise by magick Art had erected in the middle of the Court guarded most strongly with fearful Sprights: and the water should never be obtained but by a Virgin which at her Birth should have the form of a Rose lively pictured upon her Breast.

These things being performed by the secrets of the Magician, and skill, added such a pleasure to Leogers heart, that he thought himself Elevated higher than the Towers of his dwelling for he accounted no joy so pleasing unto his Soul, as to see his mortal Enemies captivated in his power, and that the Magician had done more by his Art, than all the Knights in Asia could perform by prowess. He will not now only leave the Champions in their sleep, dreaming of no Disturbance, but also the Magician with Leoger in the Black Castle, spending their time securely, careles of all ensuing danger, and speak now of the old Shepherd whom the Champions at their first entering in at the Gates of the Castle, left to look unto their warlike Pastures, as they fed upon the green grass: which old man, when he could hear no news of the Champions return, he greatly mistrusted their confusion, and that by some treachery they were intercepted in their vowed revengement, therefore he protested secretly with his own soul, if that for his sake many brave Champions had lost their lives, never to depart out of those fields, but to spend his dayes in such sorrow as did that hapless King of Babylon, that forsaken parching Summers, and as many freezing Winter was constrained to feed upon the flowers of the fields, and to drink the dew of Heaven till the hairs of his head grew as stiff as Eagles feathers, and the Nails of his fingers like unto Birds claws the like extremity he vowed to endure until he either re-obtained a wished sight of these invincible Knights (the flowers of Chivalry) or else were constrained by course of nature to yield up his loathed life to the fury of these fatal Sisters: In this deep distress will my weary Muse likewise leave this old Shepherd

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mourning for the long absence of the English Champions, and
the other Christian Knights, and turn unto Saint Georges
valiant Sons, whom we last travelling from the Queen of
Armenia's Grave with her unhappy Daughter Rosana, to take
redemption of her dishonour being the knight of this Black
Castle, of whose villanies you have heard so much before.



CHAP.





C H A P. • IX.

How Saint *George's* three Sons after their departure from the *Queen of Armanie's* Sepulchre, in company of her Daughter *Rosana*, met with a Wild-man, with whom there hapned a strange Adventure: and after how they entred the Black Castle, whereas they quenched the Lamps, and awaked the seven Champions of Christendome, after they had slept seven dayes upon an Enchanted Bed, with other things that chanced in the same Castle.



The budding Flow'ers of Chivalry the valiant Sons of Saint *George* to perform their knightly promises, and to accomplish what they had protested to *Rosana*, at the *Queen her* Mothers Gate, which was to bring her safely unto the Black Castle, where her unkind Father had his residence. First, they provided her a *Halskey* or *Jennet*, bred upon the Borders of *Spain*, which was furnished with

black *Caparisons*, in sign of her heavy and discontented mind, and his fore-head beautified with a spangled plume of feathers.

Wherewith in her company travelled they day & night from the Confines of *Armenia*, with successful fortune, till they happily arrived upon the Island of the Black Castle, where they were constrained to rest themselves many nights under the shadowes of green leaved Trees, where the melody of silver tuned Birds brought to them sweet sleeps: and instead of delicate fare, they were forced to satiate their hungers with sweet Oranges, and ripe *Pomegranets*, that grew here plentifully in that Island.

But at last, upon a morning, when the skies appeared in their

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light very clear and pleasant, and at such time as when the Sun began to spread his glittering Beams upon the lofty Mountains and stately Ceders, they set forward on their journey, hoping before the closing in of the dayes bright countenance, to arrive at the black Castle, being their long wished for Haven and desired Port. But entering into an unknown way and narrow path not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderful Adventure.

For as they travelled in those untrodden passages, spending the time in pleasant conference without mistrusting of anything that should happen to them in that pleasant Island: upon a sudden (not knowing the occasion) their Horses started and rose up with their fore feet, and turned backward into the App in such sort, that they had almost unsaddled their Masters: whereat the valiant Knights upon a sudden looked round about them to see who or what it was that caused so much fear, but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should be the occasion of such terror, they grew wonderfully troubled in mind. When one began to encourage the rest, saying: Believe me Brethren, I muse what should be the cause of this alteration in our Horses, hath some Spirit aliased by us: or remaineth some Devil among these bushes? Whatsoever it be, let us by the power and favour of all good luck attempt to know, and with our warlike weapons revenge the frightening of our Horses, for our minds are not daunted by the promise of men, nor are we afraid of the fury of Devils.

These words being spoken with great Courage and Dexterity, caused Rosana to smile with a cheerful countenance, and to embolden her heart against all ensuing accidents: so presently they came unto a River which was both clear and deep, the which they judged to run quite thro' the middle of the Island: and to travelling along by the River side where within a little while their Horses began again to startle, & to be wonderfully afraid: whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilant eyes, to see if they could perceive what it should be that made their Horses so timorous, they espied a terrible Monster in the shape & form of a Man, or a wild-man, which did cross overthwart the Island, of a wonderful great and strange making, who was as big and broad as any Giant: for he was almost four square: his face was three foot in length, and had but one eye, and that was in his forehead, which glittered like a blazing Comet or a fiery Planet, his body was covered all over with long and shaggy hair, and in his

by call

Seven Champions of Christendome.

breast there was as though it had been glasse, out of the which there shined a great and shining light to proceed.

This Monster directed his way towards certain Rocks of Stone which stood in the Island, and by reason of the stragling and great noise that the Horses made, he cast his head aside, and espied the three Knights travelling in company of the Lady: upon whom he had no sooner cast his blazing eye, but with a devilish fury he ran towards them, and in stead of a Club, he bare in his hand a great and knotty Maple Tree

These valiant Knights never dismayd at the sight of this deformed Creature, but against his coming, they cheered up their Horses, and pricked their side with their golden Spurs, giving a great shout, as in sign of encouragement, and withall drawing forth their sharp cutting Swords, they stood attending the fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotty Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light leaps cleared themselves from his violent blows, so that his Club fell down to the ground with a terrible fall: as though with the violence it would have overthrowne a Castle.

With that the three Knights presently alighte from their Horses thinking thereby more nimble to defend themselves, and with more courage to assault the Monster. Many were the blows, on both sides, and dangerous the encounter, without sign of victory inclining to either party.

During the Battell, Rosana (though the grief and fear that she received (wounded upon her Daisie, and had slain beside his back, if she had not first closed her hands about the pommel of the Saddle: and being come a little unto her self, she made humble Supplication unto Lady Chance, soliciting her that she might rather be buried in the Monsters bowels, thereby to satisfy his wrath, than to see such Noble Knights lose the least drop of blood, or to have the smallest haire upon their head diminished: such was the love and true zeal she bore unto those three Knights.

But Saint Georges Sons so manfully behaved themselves in the Encounter, bearing the violence of their Fathers sword, that they made very deep wounds in the Monsters flesh, and such terrible gashes in his Body, that all the green Grass was covered with his black blood, & the Ground all to be smeared and strewd with his mangled flesh.

When the devilish Monster felt himself wounded, and saw how his blood stood upon the the Earth like congealed gore, he
fled

fled from them more swifter than a whirle-wind, ozlike to an Arrow forced from a Musket, & ran in great haste to the Rocks that stood thereby, where presently he threw himself into a Cave, pulling down after him a Rock of Stone, which did close up the Entry, the which was done with so great lightness, that the Knights had no time to strike him, but after a while wondering with themselves to see such a strange and sudden thing, they assayed by strength to remove the Stone, and cleare the mouth of the Cave, which they did, not without great difficulty.

Yet for all that they could not find which way they might enter in the cave, but like unto Lions fraught with anger, fretting and chafing, they went searching round about the Rock to see if they could eise any entry, and at last they found a great cleft of the on side of the Rock, and looking in ther eat, theye the Monster, lying upon the floor licking of his blazing wounds with his purple tongue.

And seeing him, one of the Knights said, O thou Traytor and Destroyer of the High-ways! O thou infernal Devil and Enemy unto the World: thou that art the devourer of humane flesh, and drinker of mans blood, think not that this thy strong and fast closing up of thy self in this Rock of Stone shall availe thee, so that thy devilish body shall escape unslaughtered out of our hands: No, no, our bloody weapons shall be sheathed in thy detested bowels, and rive thy damned heart asunder; and therewithall they thrust their weapons through the Cleft of the Rock, and pierced his throat in such sort that the Monster presently dyed, the which being done, they returned in triumph like Conquerors to Rosana, where they found her halfe dead lying upon her Walsrey.

But when she saw them return in safety, with a joyfull and loved boyce she said, O sweet Queen of Chance, how hath it pleased thy Divine Majesty, to furnish these Knights with more strength and prowess than any other in all the World, else could they not have cholen but have been overcome by this remorselesse Monster, which seemed to be of force to destroy Kingdomes: therewithall she alighted in good state from her Walsrey, and late her down under the shadow of a Vine Tree, where the three Knights likewise late down, and laid their weary heads upon her soft Lay to sleep, upon whose forehead she fanned a coole breathing Ayre, and wiped their sweating brows with her Handkercher, using all means she could to procure them contentment.

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Long had they not reposed themselves upon Rosana's Lap, refreshing their weary Bodies with a Golden Slumber, but they awaked and mounted upon their Horses, and the next morning by break of day they approached the sight of the Black Castle: before whose Walls they found seven spotted Horses, feeding within a green Pasture, and by them an ancient man, bearing in his face the true picture of sorrow, and carving in the Wrinkles of his face the true subject of all his pain and grief: this man was the old Shepheard which the seven Champions of Christendome (before their enchanted sleep in the Castle) left without the Gates to over-see their Horses, as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But Saint Georges Sons (after they had a while beheld the manner of Shepheards silent Lamentations) demanded the cause of his grief, and wherefore he remained so near the danger of the Castle: to whose demands, the courteous old man answer in this manner.

Wise Knights (said he) for you seem to be no less by your Bravely demeanours, within this Castle remaineth a bloody Tyrant and a wicked Homicide, called Leoger, whose Jealousy and Lust hath not only ravished but murdered two of my Daughters, with whom I was honoured in my young years, in whose revenge there came with me seven Christian Knights of seven several Countreys, that entered this accursed Castle about seven daies since, appointing me to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant care of their Horses, till I heard either news of the Tyrants confusion, or their overthrowes: but never since by any means could I learn whether good or bad were befallen them.

These words strook such a terror to their hearts, that for a time they stood speechless, imagining that those seven Knights were the seven Champions of Christendome, in whose pursuits they have travelled so many Countreys. But at last, when Saint Georges Sons had recovered their former speeches, one of them (though not intending to reveal what they imagined) said to the old Shepheard: that likewise they came to be revenged upon that accursed Knight, for the spyle of a beautiful and worthy Virgin Queen, done by the same lust inflamed Tyrant.

Then the Lady and the three Knights alighted from their Horses and likewise committed them to the keeping of the old Shepheard: who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous proceedings. So the three Knights buckled

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led close their Armour, laced on their Helmets, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in company of Rosana they went to the Castle Gate, the which glistered against the Sun like burnisht Gold: whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, whereunto they beat so vehemently against the Gate that it seemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous Storm of Thunder in the Element.

Then presently there appeared (looking out of a Marble pillar'd window) the Magician, newly risen from his Bed, in a wrought Shirt with black Silk, and covered with a night-Gown of Damask Welvet: and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the Gate, he thus discourteously greeting them.

You Knights of strange Countreys, said he, for so doth it appear by your strange demeanours, if you desire to have the Gates opened, and your Bones buried in the Walls of our Castle, turn back unto the Jasper Pillar, behind you, and sound the Silver Trumpet that hangs upon it, so shall your entry be easie, but your coming forth miraculous. And thereupon the Magician left the Window.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper pillar, and with a vehement breath sounded the enchanted Trumpet, as Saint George did before, whereat the Gates flew open in like manner: where into (without disturbance) they entred: and coming into the same Court were the Champions hadslought with the Gyants, they espied the Enchanted Lamps, which hung burning before the entry of the Cave where the Champions lay upon the Enchanted Bed. Under the Lamps hung a Silver Tablet in an Iron Chain, in it was written these words following.

These fatall Lamps with their Enchanted Lights,
In deaths sad sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with sloth confounded,
Whose Fame but late in every place resounded.
Except the flaming Lamps extinguish'd be.
Their golden thoughts shall sleep eternally.

A Fountain fram'd by Furies rais'd from Hell,
About whose Spring doth fear and terrour dwell:

seven Champions of Christendome.

No earthly water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art commander is,
No wight alive this water may procure,
But she that is a Virgin chaste and pure,
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,
Upon her Breast to print a purple Rose.

These Wishes being perused by the three Knights, and finding
themselves as it were conuicted in the manner of a mystical Oracle,
they could not imagine what they should signifie: but Rosana
being singular well concoited, and of a quick understanding, pre-
sently knew that by her the Adventures should be finished, and
therefore she encouraged them to a forwardnesse, and to seek out
the enchanted Fountain, that by the water thereof the Lamps
might be quenched, and the seven Champions delivered out of
Captivity.

This importunate desire of Rosana, caused the three young
Knights not to lose any time, but to search in every corner of the
Castle, till they had found the place wherein the Fountain
was: for as they went towards the North side of the Court,
they espied another little Dow standing in the Wall, and when
they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong
Iron, with a Portall of Steel, and in the key-hole thereof there
was a brazen key, with the which they did open it, whereat
presently (unto their wonderfull amazements) they heard a
very sad and sorrowfull Moyle breath forth these words follow-
ing:

Let no man be so foolish hardy, as to enter here, for it is
a place of terror and confusion.

Yet for all this they entred in thereat, & would not be daunted
with any ceremonious fear, but like Knights of an Heroicall
estimation they went forward: wherein they were no sooner
entred, but they saw that it was wonderfull dark, & it seemed un-
to them that it should be a very large Hall, and there they heard
very fearful humplings, as though there had been a Legion of
Hell-hounds, so that Plutoes Dog had been Vice gerent of that
Place. Yet for all this these valiant Knights did not lose any
of their accustomed Courage. nor would they leave their
companies

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companies for any danger at all: but they entered farther, and took off their Gauntlets from their left hands, whereon they wore Marvellous great and fine Diamonds, which were set in Rings, that gave so much light, that they might plainly see all things that were in the Hall, the which was very great and wide, and upon the Walls were painted the Figures of many furious Fiends, Devils, with other strange Visions framed by Magick Art, only to terrifie the Beholders. But looking very circumspectly about them on every side, they espied the Enchanted Fountain standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their Shields braced on their left Arms, and their good Swords charged in their right hands, ready to withstand any dangerous Accident whatsoever should happen.

But coming to the Fountain, and offering to fill their Helms with water, there appeared before them a strange and terrible Ghyphon, which seemed to be all of flaming fire, who struck all the three Knights one after another in such sort, that they were forced to recoil back a great way: yet notwithstanding with great discretion they kept themselves upright, & with a wonderful lightness, accompanied with no less anger they thrust their Shields at their Backs, and taking their Swords in both their hands, they began most fiercely to assaile the Ghyphon with mostall and strong blows. When presently there appeared before them a whole Legion of Devils with Flesh-hooks in their hands, spitting forth Flames of Fire, and breathing from their nostrils smocking Sulphur and Brimstone. In this terrible sort tormented they these three valiant Knights, whose years although they were but young, yet with great wrath and redoubled force adventured they themselves amongst this Hellish Crew, striking such terrible blows, that in spite of them they came unto the Fountain, and proffered to take of the water: but all in vain, for they were not onely put from it by this devilish Company, but the water it self glided from their hands.

As in what great travail & perplexity these Knights remained amongst this wicked and dabblish Generation, for to defend themselves, that they might attain to the finishing of this Adventure, according to their knightly promise.

But during the time of all these dangerous Encounters, Rosana stood like one bereft of sense, through the terror of the same: but at last remembering her self of the superscription written in the Silver Tablet, the which the Knights perused by the enchanted

enchanted Lamps: the Signification of which was that the quenching of the Lights should be accomplished by a pure Virgin that had the libely form of a Rose naturally pictured upon her Breast, all the which Rosana knew most certainly to be comprehended in her self, therefore whilst they continued in their dangerous fight, she took up a Helmet that was pulled from one of the Knights Heads by the furious force of the Gyphon, and ran unto the Fountain, and filled it with water, wherewith she quenched the Enchanted Lamps, with as much ease as though one had dipped a wren Torch in a mighty River of water.

This was now done and finished, to Rosana's chiefest contentment, but then the Skies began to wax dark, and immediately to be overspread with a black and thick Cloud, and it came with great Thunderings and Lightnings, & such a terrible noise as though Earth would have sunk: and the longer it endured, the more was the fury thereof, in such sort that the Gyphon with all that belated Generation of Spirits banished away, and the Knights forsook their Encounters, and fell upon their knees: and with great humillity they desired in their hearts to be delivered from the fury of that exceeding and terrible Tempest.

By this sudden alteration of the Heavens, the Knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions redeemed from their Enchanted Sleeps, the Castle yielded to the pleasure of the three Knights, and his own life to the fury of their Swords, except he provide it by sudden flight, so presently he departed the Castle and secretly fled out of the Land unsuspected by any one: of whose after fortunes, miseries and death, you shall hear more hereafter in the course of the History following.

The Magomancer by his Art likewise knew that the Castle was yielded unto his Enemies Power, and that his Charms & Magick Spels nothing prevailed: therefore he caused two Aerie Spirits in the likeness of two Dragons to carry him swiftly through the Air in an Ebony Chariot.

Here too likewise will leave him in his wicked and Debillish Attempts, and Damned enterprises, which shall be Discoursed hereafter more at large: because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the seven renowned Champions of Christendome, that by the quenching of the Lamps, were awakened from their Enchantments, wheroin they had lain in obscurity for the space of seven daies. For when they were risen from their sleep, and had roused up their dormant spirits, like men now

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recovered from a Trance, being assured of that dishonourable Enterprize, they long time gazed on each others face, being not able to expresse their minds, but by blushing looks being the silent speakers of their extreame sorrow. Yet at last, Saint George began to expresse the extremity of his grief in this manner:

What is become of you brave Europeans Champions (said he) where is now your wonted Valours, of late so much renowned throughout the World? what is become of your surmounted Strengths, that hath vanquished enchanted Helmers, and quailed the power of mighty multitudes? what is become of your terrible blows, that have suboned Mountains, bowed in sunder Diamond Armours, and brought whole Kingdomes under your subjections? Now I see that all is forgot and noting worth, for that we have buried all our Honours, Dignities, and Names, in slathfull slumbers, upon a silken Bed.

And thereupon he fell upon his knees, and said, thou that art the Guide of all our Fortunes, unto thee I intreate and call, and beseech thee to helpe us, and do not permit us to have our Names taken away for this dishonour and let us merit Dignity by our Victories, and that our bright Names may ride upon the glorious wings of Fame, whereby the Babes as yet unborn may speak of us; and in time to come fill whole Nations with our princely Achievements.

These and such like Speeches pronounced this discontented Champion, till such time as the Elements cleared, and that golden faced Phoebus glistered with plendant light into the Cave through a secret hole, which seemed in their conceits to dance about the Hayle of Heaven, and to resjoyce at their happy deliveries.

In this joyful manner returned they up into the Court of the Castle, with their Armour buckled fast unto their Bodies, which had not been unbaced in seven dayes before, where they met with the three Knights coming to salute them, and to give them the courtesies of Knight-hood.

But when Saint George saw his Sons, to whom he had not seen in two years before, he was so ravished with joy, that he swooned in their Bosomes, being not able to give them his Blessing, so great was the pleasure he took in their sights.

Here I leave the joyful greeting betwixt the Father and his Sons to those that know the secret love of Parents to their children, and what dear affection long absence breedeth.

Seven Champions of Christendome

For when they had sufficiently opened the integrity of their souls to each other, and had at large explained how many dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their departure from England, where as they began their first intended pilgrimage to Iarusalem as you heard in the beginning of this Book they determined to search the Castle, and to find out Leoger with his Associate the wicked Enchanter, that they might receive due punishment for their committed offences, but they like wise foresaw they were fled from the hunters traps, and had left the empty Castle to the spoyle of the Christian Champions: but when Rosalinda to her self dismissed from her purpose, and that she could not perform her Mothers will against her dishonour father, she protested by her Mothers Name, never to close up her careful eyes with quiet slumbers: nor never rest her weary Limbs in Bed of Down, but to travele up and down the circled Earth, till she enjoyed a sight of her dishonour father, whom as yet her eyes did never see. Therefore she conjured the Champions by the love and honour that Knights ought for to bear on our distressed Ladies, to grant her liberty to depart, and not to biner her from her intended Travele.

The Knights considered with themselves that she was a Lady of a divine Inspiration, born on some strange Fortune, and one by the Heavens appointment which had redeemed them from a wonderfull misery.

Therefore they condescended to her desires, and not only gave her leave to depart, but furnished her with all things belonging to a Lady of so brave a mind.

First, they found within the Castle an Armour fit for a woman, the which the Enchanter had caused to be made by magicke Art, of such a singular nature that no weapon could pierce it, and so light in wearing, that it weighed no heavier than a Tiggers skin. It was contrived after the Amazonian fashion, plated before with silver plates, like the Scales of a Dolphin, and ribbed together with golden Pavls: so that when she had it upon her back, she seemed like to Diana, hunting in the Forrests of transformed Acon.

Likewise they found standing in the Stable at the Castle side of the Castle, a lusty limbed Steed, big of stature, and of a very good hair, for the half parts forwards was of the colour of a Wolfe, and the other half was all black, saving that here and there it was spotted with little white spots: his feet were cloven, so that he needed not at any time to be shod: his neck was somewhat long

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long, having a little head, with great ears hanging down like a bound: his pace was with great majesty, and he so doubled his neck, that his mouth touched his breast: there came out of his mouth two great tusks like unto an Elephant, and he did exceed all Horses in the World in lightness, and did run with an exceeding good grace. This likewise bestowed they upon the Lady, the which did more content her mind, than any thing that ever her eye had seen before that time. Also the ten Christian Knights gave her at her departure ten Diamond Rings, continually to wear upon her fingers, in perpetual remembrance of their courtship.

This done without any longer tarryance, but only thanking them for their great kindness, she went unto her in distress, she leapt into the saddle without the help of stirrups, or any other thing, and so rode speedily away from their sights, as a shower of rain driven by a violent tempest.

After her departure, the Champions remembered the old Shepherd, whom they had almost forgotten, through the joy that they took in their happy meetings, he as yet remained without the Castle gates, carefully keeping their Horses, whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the honour due unto his Age, but bestowed frankly upon him the State and government of the Castle, with Store of Jewels, Pearls, and Treasure, only to be maintained and kept for relief of poor Travellers.

This being performed with their general consents, they spent the remnant of the day in banquetting and other pleasant conference of their passed Adventures: and when the Knight with her sable Clouds had overspread the dayes delightful countenance, they betook them to their rests: the seven Champions in a Chamber that had as many windows as there were dayes in the year, the old Shepherd by himself in a rich furnished Bayle, and Saint Georges three Sons in the greatest Hall in the Castle.



C H A P. X.

How after the Christian Knights were gone to Bed in the Black Castle: Saint *George* was awaked from his sleep in the dead time of the night, after a most fearful manner, and likewise how he found a Knight lying upon a Tomb that stood over a flaming fire, with other things of note that hapned upon the same.



Most sweet were the sleeps that these princely minded Champions took in the Castle all the first part of the night without molestation either by disquiet Dreams or disturbing motions of their minds, till such time as the glittering Queen of Night had run half her weary journey, and had spent the better part of the night: so betwixt twelve and one being the chiefest time of fear and ter-

ror in the night, such a strange alteration did work in Saint Georges thought, that he could not enjoy the benefit of sweet sleep, but was forced to lie broad waking. like one disquieted by some sudden fear, but as he lay with wakeful eyes thinking upon his passed fortunes, and numbing the minutes of the night with his cogitations, he heard as it were a cry of night Ravens which flew beating their fatal wings against the windows of his Lodging, by which he imagined that some direful accident was near at hand: yet being not frighted with this fearful noise, nor daunted with the croaking of these Ravens, he lay still silently, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the several beds in the same Chamber: but at last being between sleeping and waking he heard as it were the voyce of a sorrowful Knight that constrained these bitter passions in his to morrowed day, and they contained these words following.

O then

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O thou invincible Knight of England, thou that art not frightened with this sorrowful dwelling, wherein thou canst see nothing but torments, rise up I say, from thy sluggish bed, and with thy undaunted courage and strong arm, break the charm of my Enchantment.

And therewithal he seemed to give a most terrible groan, and so ceased. This unexpected noise caused saint George (without the knowledge of any of the other Champions) to arise from his bed, and to buck'e on his Armour, and to search about the Castle to see if he might find the place that harboured the Knight that made such sorrowful lamentation.

So going up and down by corners in the Castle, all the latter part of the night, without finding the adventure of this strange voyce, or disturbance by any other means but that he was hindered from his natural and quiet slaps, by the break of day, when the dark night began to withdrow her sable curtains, and to give Aurora liberty to explain her purple brightness, he entered into a four square Parlo, hung round about with black cloath, and other mournful habiliments, where on the one side of the same he saw a Tomb all covered likewise with black, and upon it there lay a man with a pale colour, who at certain times, gave most marvellous and grievous sighs, caused by burning flames that proceeded from under the Tomb, being such that it seemed that his body therewith should be converted into Coals: the flames thereof was so striking, that it made saint George somewhat to retyr himself from the place where he did see that most horrible and fearful Spectacle.

He which lay upon the Tomb, casting his eyes aside, espied saint George, and knowing him to be a humane creature, with an afflicted voyce he said, who art thou Oir Knight that art come into this place of sorrow where nothing is heard but clamours of fear and terror.

Pray, tell me said saint George, who thou art, that with so much grief dost demand of me, that which I stand in doubt to reveal to thee.

I am the King of Babylon (answered he) which without all consideration, with my cruel hand did pierce thowow the white & delicate breast of my beloved Daughter, to be to me, & two unto my soul thy repose, for she at once did pay her offence by death, but I a most miserable wretch with many torments do live living.

W. Ben

When this worthy Champion Saint George was about to answer him, he saw come forth from under the Tomb a Damsel who had her hair of a yellow and wan colour, hanging about her shoulders, and by her face she seemed that she should be very strangely afflicted with to-morrows, and with a sorrowful voyce she said.

Unfortunate Knight, what dost thou seek in this infernal lodging, where cannot be given thee any other pleasure but mortal toynement, & there is but one thing that can clear thee from & this cannot be told thee by any other but by me: yet I will not express it except thou wilt grant me one thing which I will ask of thee.

The English Champion that with a sad countenance stood beholding of the sorrowful Damsel, and being greatly amazed at the sight which he had seen, answered & said: the powers which were Governors of my liberty, will do their pleasures, but touching the grant of thy request I never denied any lawful thing to either Lady or Gentlewoman, but withal my power & strength I was made to fulfil the same, therefore demand what thy pleasure is, for I am ready to do any thing that may work thy remedy.

And with that the Damsel threw her self into the Sepulchre, and with a grievous voyce she said: now most courteous Knight perform thy promise, strike but three strokes upon this fatal Tomb, and thou shalt deliver us from a world of miseries, and likewise make an end of our continual torments.

Then the invincible Knight replied in this order, whether you be humane creatures said he, placed in this Sepulchre by Enchantment, or furies raised from fiery Acheron, to work my confusion or no, I know not, and there is no little truth in this infernal Castle, that I stand in doubt whether I may believe thy words or not: but yet discourse unto me the truth of all your past fortunes, and by what means you were brought into this place and as I am a true Knight and one that fights in the quarrel of Christendom, I vow to accomplish whatsoever lieth in my power.

When the Damsel began with a grievous and sorrowful Lamentation to declare as strange a Tragedy as ever was told. And lying in the fatal Sepulchre under of Saint George, that stood leaning his back against the Wall to hear her discourse & lamentable story, with a hollow voyce like a murdered Lady, whose bleeding Soul as yet did feel the terrible stroke of her death, she repeated this pittiful tale following.

The Second Part of the



C H A P. XI.

Of a Tragical Discourse pronounced by a Lady in a Tomb, and how her Enchantment was finished by Saint George, with other strange accidents hapned to the other six Champions of Christendome.



In famous Babylon sometimes reigned a King, although a heathen, yet adorned with noble and Vertuous customes, and had on'y one daughter that was very fair whose name was Angelica, humble, wise, and chaste: who was beloved of a mighty Duke and a man wonderful cunning in the black Art. this Magician had a sage & grave countenance, and one that for wisdom better deserved the government than any other in the Kingdome, and was very well esteemed throughout Babylon, almost equally with the King: for the which there ingendred in the Kings heart a secret rancour and hatred towards him. This Magician cast his love upon the young Princess Angelica, and it was obtained by desiring that she should repay him with the same affection, so that both their hearts being wounded with love the one to the other, they intended sundry great passions.

When love which continually seeketh occasions, did on a time set before this Magician, a waiting maid of Angelica's named Fidelity, the which thing seemed to be wrought by the immortal power of the Goddess Venus: Wh in what fear the Magician was to discover unto her all his heart and to betray the secrets of his love-sick soul, but in the end, by the great industry and diligence of the waiting maid (whose name was answerable unto her mind) there was ordered ben that these two lovers should meet together.

This fair Angelica for that she could not at her ease enjoy her true

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trne lover, she did determine to leaue her own natural country & father, and with this intention being one night with her love, she cast her arms about his neck and said.

Oh my sweet and welbeloued friend, seeing that my destinies have been so kind to me, as to haue my heart lurked in thy breast, let no man find in thee ingratitude, for that I cannot liue, except continually I enjoy thy sight: and do not misse (my Lord) at these my words, for the entire love that I bear to you, constraineth me to make it manifest. And this beltebe of a certainty, that if thy self be absent from me, it will be an occasion that my heart will lack his vital recreation, and my soul forsake her earthly habitation. You know, my Lord, how that the King my father doth beaue you no good will, but doth hate you from his soul, which will be an occasion that we cannot enjoy our hearts contentments: for the which I haue determined (if you think well thereof) to leaue both my father and my native Countrey, and to go and liue with you in a strange Land. And if you deny me this, you shall very quickly see your loving Lady without life: but I know you will not deny me for thereon consisteth the benefit of my welfare, and my chiefest prosperity. And therewithal shedding a few tears from her Christal eyes, she held her peace.

The Magician (as one half ravisht with her earnest desires) answered and said.

O my love and sweet Mistresse, wherefore haue you any doubt that I will not fulfil and accomplish your desire in all things: therefore out of hand put all things in a rediness that your pleasures is to haue done: for that more benefit or contentment can I receiue, than to enjoy your sight continually, in such sort that neither of us may depart from the others company, till the fatal destinies giue end to our liues? Or if it so fall out that fortune frown upon us, that we be espied and taken in our enterprizes, & suffer death together, what more gloire can there happen vnto me, than to die with thee, and to end my life betwixt thy arms: therefore do not trouble your self dear Lady and Mistresse, but giue me leaue: to depart your presence, that I may provide all things in readiness for our repaires: and so with this conclusion they took leaue one of the other, and departed away with as great secrecie as might possible be diuised.

After this, within a few dayes, the Magician by his Enchantment caused a Chariot to be made, that was drawn by two flying Dragons, into the which without being espied of any one, they put themselves, together with their trustie waiting-maid,

The second part of the

and in great secrecie they departed out of the Kings Pallace, and took their journey towards the Countrey of Armenia: in the which Countrey in a short time they arrived, and came without any misfortune unto a place whereas deep Rivers did continually strike upon a rock upon the which stood an old and auncient Building, wherein they intended to inhabite, as a most convenient place for their dwelling, where as they might without all fear of being found, live peaceably, enjoying each others loves.

Not far from that place there was a small village, from whence they might have necessary provision for the maintaining of their Lives. Great joy and pleasure these two lovers received when they found themselves in such a place, whereas they might take their fill of each others loves.

The Magician delighted in no other thing but to go a hunting with certain Countrey dwellers that inhabited in the next Village, leading his sweet Angelica accompanied with her trusty Fidelia in that strong house, so in this order they lived together four years, spending their daies in great pleasure, but in the end time (who never rested in one degree) did take from them their rest, and repayed them with sorrow and extreame misery. For when the King her Father found her missing, the sorrow and grief was so much that he received, that he kept his chamber a long time, and would not be comforted of any body.

Four years he passed away in great heaviness, filling the Court with Echoes of his beloved Daughter, and making the Skies to resound his Lamentations: sorrow was his food, salt Tears his drink, and grief his chief companion.

But at last, upon a time as he sat in his Chaire, lamenting her absence with great heaviness, and being over-charged with grief, he chanced to fall into a troublesome Dream, for after quiet sleep had closed up the closets of his eyes, he dreamed that he saw his Daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea side, offering to cast her body into the Waves before she would return at Babylon, and that he beheld her Lober with an Army of Satyres and wild men ready furnished with Habillments of War to pull him from his Throne, and to depribe him of his Kingdome.

Out of this Vision he presently started from his Chaire, as though it had been one frighted with a Legion of Spirits, and caused fear of the chief Wares of his Land to be sent for, to whom he committed the Government of his Countrey: certifying them that he intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at Memphis, thereby to qualifie the fury of his Daughters Ghost, whom he dreamed to be

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he devoted in the Seas, and that except he sought by true Submission to appease the angry Fates, whom he had offended, he should be Devoled from his Kingdom.

None could with stand him from his determination, though it was to the prejudice of the whole Land: therefore within twenty dayes he furnished himself with all necessaries, as well of Armour and Martiall Furniture, as of Gold and Treasure, and so departed from Babylon privately and alone, not suffering any other (though many desired it humbly and very earnestly) to bear him company.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after any Ceremonious Order, but like a blood Hound searching Countrey after Countrey, Nation by Nation, and Kingdoms by Kingdom, that after a barbarous manner he might be revenged upon his Daughter for her disobedience. And as he travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wilderness but he furiously entred, and diligently searched for his Angelica.

At last, by strange Fortune he hapned into Armenia, near unto the place whereas his Daughter had her residence, whereafter he had intelligence by the Commons of the Countrey, that she remained in an old ruinated Building on the top of a Rock near at hand, without any more delay he travelled unto that place, at such a time as the Magician her Husband was gone about his accustomed Hunting, where coming to the Gate, and finding it locked, he knockt thereat so furiously that he made the noise resound all the House over with the redoubling Echo.

When Angelica heard one knock, she came unto the Gate, and with all speed did open it, where when she thought to embrace him, thinking it to be her Lover, she saw that it was her Father, and with a sudden alteration she gave a great shriek, and ran with all the speed she could back into the House.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lion followed her, saying: It is not little a wyle that Angelica to run away, so that thou shalt die by this revengfull hand, paying me with thy death the dishonour that my Crown hath received by thy flight.

So he followed her till he came to the Chamber where he waiting Paid Fidelia was, who likewise presently knew the King: upon whose wretched countenance appeared the Image of pale Death, and fearing the harm that might happen unto her Lady, she put her self over her Ladies body, and gave most terrible, loud, and lamentable shrikes.

The King, as one kindled in wrath, and forgetting the natural

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tural love of a Father towards his Child, he laid hands upon his Sword, and said: It do h not profit thee Angelica to flie from thy death, for thy desert is such, that thou canst not escape from it: for here mine own Arm shall be the killer of mine own flesh, and I unnaturally hate that, which Nature it self commanbeth me especially to love.

Then Angelica with a countenance more red then Scarlet, answered and said: Ah my Lord and Father, will you be now as cruel unto me, as you had wont to be kind and pittifull? Appease your wrath, and withdraw your unmercifull Sword, and hearken into this which I say in discharging my self of that you charge me withall. You shall understand my Lord and Father, that I was overcome and constrained by love: for to love, forgetting all fatherly love and duty towards your Majesty: yet for all that, having power to accomplish the same, it was not to your dishonour, in that I live honourably with my Husband: then the King (with a visage fraught with terrible ire) more liker a Dragon in the Woods of Hircania, than a man by nature, answered and said,

Then viperous Whore, degenerate from Natures kind, thou wicked Traytor to thy Generation: what reason hath thou to make this false excuse, when as thou hast committed a crime that deserves more punishment than humane nature can inflict? And in saying these words, he lift up his Sword, intending to strike her into the heart, and to bath his weapon in his own Daughters blood: whereat Fidelia being present, gave a terrible shrike, and threw her self upon the body of unhappy Angelica. offering her tender Breast to the fury of his sharp cutting Sword, only to set at liberty her dear Lady and Mistress.

But when the furious King saw her in this sort make her defence, he pulled her off by the haire of the Head, offering to trample her delicate Body under his Feet, thereby to make a way that he might execute his determined purpose without resistance of any.

Fidelia, when she saw the King determined to kill his Daughter, like unto a Lionesse, she lung about his Neck, and said: Thou monstrous Murderer, more cruel than the mad Dogges in Egypt, why dost thou determine to slaughter the most chaste & most lovely Lady in the world even she within whose lap untam'd Lions will come and sleep?

Thou art thy self (I say) the occasion of all this ill, and thine only is the fault, for that thy self wert so malicious and so full of mischief,

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mischiese, that she durst not let the understand of her love.

These words and tears of Fidelia did little profit to mollifie the Kings heart, who rather like a wild Boar in the wilderness being compassed about with a company of Dogs, most cruelly shok his Limbs, and threw Fidelia from him, in such sort, that he had almost dasht her Brains against the Chamber Wall, and with double wrath he did proceed to execute his fury. Yet for all this, Fidelia with terrible shrikes sought to hinder him, till such time as with his cruel hand he thrust his Swords into her Ladies Breast, so that it appeared forth at her back, whereby her Soul was forced to leave her terrestrial habitation, and flie into the wide Ayre, after those which dyed for true loves sake.

Thus this unhappy Angelica, when she was most at quiet, and content with her mean kind of life, then Fortune turned her unconstant Whore, and cast her from a glorious delight to a sudden death.

The trellis King, when he beheld his Daughters blood spinkly about the Chamber, and that by his own hands it was committed, he repented himself of the deed, and cursed the hour wherein the first motion of such a crime entred into his mind, wishing the hand that did it ever after might be lame, and the heart that did contrive it, to be plagued with more extremities than was miserable Oedipus, or to be terrified with her ghostly spirit, as was the Macedonian Alexander with Clitus Maddow, whom he causidly murdered.

In this manner the unfortunate King repented his Daughters bloody Tragedy, with this determination, not to stay till the Magician returned from his Hunting Exercise, but to exclude himself from the company of all men, and to spend the remnant of his loathsome life among untamed Beasts in some wild wilderness. Upon this resolution he departed the Chamber, and withal said, farewell thou libellous Body of my Angelica, and may thy blood which I have spilt, crave vengeance of the fates against my guilty Soul, for my earthly Body shall endure a miserable punishment. Likewise at his departure he writ up on the Chamber Walls these verses following with his Daughters blood:

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Now unto Hills, to Dales, to Rocks, to Caves I go,
To spend my dayes in shame, in sorrow, grief, and woe.

Fidelia (after the departure of the King) used such violent fury against her self, both by rending the golden trammels of her hairs, anotearing her Rosie-coloured face with her furious frowles, that she rather seemed an infernal fury, subject to Wrath, than any Earthly Creature furnished with clemency: she late over the Angelica's Wound, wiping her bleeding brow with a Damask Scarf, which she pulled from her Waist, and bathing her dead Body in luke-warm Tears, which forcible ran down from her eyes like an over-flowing Fountain.

In this wooll manner spent the sorrowfull Fidelia that unhappy day, till bright Phoebus went into the Western parts: at which time the Magician returned from his accustomed Hunting, and finding the Door open, he entred into Angelica's Chamber, where when he found her Body weltring in congealed blood, and beheld how Fidelia late weeping over her bleeding wounds, he cursed himself, so that he accounted his negligence the occasion of her death, in that he had not left her in more safety. But when Fidelia had certified him, how that by the hands of her own father she was slaughtered, he began like a franticke tyrant to rage against black destiny, and to fill the Ayre with terrible exclamations.

O cruell Murderer (said he) crept from the womb of some untamed Tyger: I will be so revenged upon thee, O unnatural King, that all Ages shall wonder at thy misery.

And likewise thou unhappy Virgin shalt endure like punishment, in that thy accursed tongue hath bviured thy fatal Dard into my Ears, the one for committing the Crime, and the other for reporting it. For I will call such deserved vengeance upon your Heads, & place your Bodies in such continual torments, that you shall lament my Ladies death, leaving albe the fame of her with your Lamentations.

And in saying these words, he drew a Book out of his Bosom, and in reading certain Charms, and Enchantments, that were therein contained, he made a great and very black Cloud appear in the Skies, which was brought by terrible and hasty winds, in the which he took them up both, and brought them into the enchanted Castle, where ever since they have remained in this

Tombe

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Tomb cruelly tormented with unquenchable fire; and must for ever continue in the same extremity, except some courteous Knight will purchase to give but three blows upon the Tomb, and break the Enchantment.

Thus have you heard, you magnanimous Knight, the true Discourse of my unhappy fortunes. And he Magic which for the true love she bore unto her Lady was committed to this torment is my self, and this pale Body lying upon the Tomb, is the unhappy Babylonian King which unnaturally murdered his own Daughter: and the Magician which committed all these villanies, is that accursed witch, which by his Charms and Devilish Enchantments hath so strongly withstood your Encounters.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George drew out his sharp-cutting Sword and gave three blows upon the enchanted Tomb, whereat presently appeared the Babylonian King standing beside him, attired in rich Rokes, with an Imperial Diadem upon his Head: and the Lady standing by him, with a countenance more beautiful than the Damask Rose.

When Saint George beheld them, he was not able to speak for joy, nor to utter his mind, so exceeding was the pleasure that he took in their sights. So without any long circumstance he took them betwixt both his hands, and led them into the Chamber, whereas he found the other Knights newly risen from their Beds. To whom he relates the true Discourse of the passed Adventure, and by what means he redeemed the King and the Lady from their Enchantments, which to them was as great joy as before it wasto Saint George.

So, after they had for some six dayes refreshed themselves in the Castle, they generally intended to accompany the Babylonian King into his Countrey, and to place him again in his Regiment.

In which Travell we will leade the Christian Knights to the Conduict of fortune, and return againe to Rosana, who (as you heard before) departed from the Castle in the pursuit of her disloyal Father: of whose strange Accidents shall be spoken in this following Chapter.



C H A P. XII.

How the Knight of the Black Castle after conquest of the same by the Christian Champions, wandered up and down the World in great terrour of conscience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his own Daughter, in whose presence he desperately slew himself, with other accidents that after happened.



You do well remember when that Christian Champions had slain the seven Giants in the Enchanted Castle and had made conquest thereof, disloyall Leoger, being Lord of the same, secretly fled: not for anger of the losse, but for the preservation of his life. So in grief and terrour of conscience he wandered like a fugitive up and down the World; sometimes remembering of his passed prosperity, other times thinking upon the Rapes he had committed, how disloyally in former time he had left the Queen of Armenia big with Child, bearing in her Womb the stain of her Honour, and the confusion of her reputation. Sometime his guilty mind imagined that the bleeding Ghosts of the two Sisters (to whom he both ravished and murdered) followed him up and down, haunting his ghost with fearfull exclamations, and filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of revengement.

Such fear and terrour raged in his soul, that he thought all places where he travelled, were filled with multitudes of Knights, and that the Streights of Countreys pursued him to heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wronged Ladies.

Whereby he cursed the hour of his birth, and blamed the cause of his creation, wishing the Fates to consume his Body with a flash

flath of fire, or that the Earth would gape and swallow him
In this manner he travelled up and down, filling all places
with Echoes of his sorrows and grief, which brought him into
such a perplexite, that many times he would have slain himself,
and have rid his wretched soul from a world of miseries.

But it hapned that one mornning very early, by the first light of
Titans golden Torch, he entred into a narrow and straight
path which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forrest,
wherein with much sorrow he travelled till such time as glis-
ring Phœbus had passed the half part of his journey.

And being weary with the long way and the great waight of
his Armour, he was forced to take some rest and ease under cer-
tain fresh and green Myrtle Trees, whose large leanes did sha-
dow a very faire and clear Fountain, whose stream made a bub-
bling murmure on the pibbles.

Being set, he began anew to have in remembrance his former
committed cruelty, and complaining of Fortune, he thus pub-
lished his great grief: and although he was weary of complain-
ing, yet seeing himself without all remedy, he resolved like unto
the Swan to sing a while before his death: and so thinking to
give some ease unto his tormented heart, he warbled forth these
Verses following.

Mournfull *Melpomene* approach with speed,
And shew thy sacred face with tears besprent:
Let all thy Sisters hearts with sorrow bleed,
To hear my plaints and rufull discontent.
And with your moans sweet Muses all assist.
My mournfull Song that doth on wo consist.

That so I may at large paint out my pain,
Within these desert Groves and Wildernesse:
And after I have ended to complain,
They may record my woes and deep distresse:
Except these Myrtle Trees relentlesse be,
They will with sobs assist the sighes of me.

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Time wears out life, it is reported so,
And so it may, I will it not deny :
Yet have I tryd so long, and this do know,
Time gives no end to this my misery :
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fates agree,
To plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Silvan Nympts that in these Woods do shrowd,
To you my mournfull sorrowes I declare :
You Savage Satyres, let your ears be bow'd,
To hear my wo your nimble selves prepare :
Trees, Herbs, and Flower's, in Rurall Fields that grow,
While thus I mourn, do you some silence show.

Sweet *Philomel*, cease thou thy Song a while,
And will thy mates their Melodies to leave :
And all at once attend my mournful stile,
Which will of mirth your sugred notes bereave :
If you desire the burthen of my Song,
I sigh and sob, cause Ladies I did wrong.

You furious Beasts that feed on Mountaines high,
And restlesse run with rage your prey to find,
Draw neare to him whose brutish cruelty,
Hath crompt the bud of Virgins chaste and kinde :
This onely thing yet rests to comfort me,
Repentance comes a while before I die.

Since all agree for to encrease my care,
What hope have I for to enjoy delight ?
Sith fates and fortune do themselves prepare,
To work against my soul their full despight,

I know

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I know no means to yield my heart relief,
'Tis only death which can dissolve my grief.

I muse, and may, my sorrows being such,
That my poor heart can longer life sustain,
Six dayly I do find my grief so much,
As every day I feell a dying pain.
But yet alas, I live afflicted still,
And have no hope to heal me of my ill.

Whenas I think upon my pleasures past,
Now tur'd to pain, it makes me rue my state -
And since my joy with woe is over-cast,
O death give end to my unhappy fate,
For only death will lasting life provide,
Where living thus, I sundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that here my mournful Song,
And tasted have the grief that I sustain,
All lustful Ravishers that have done wrong,
With tear-fil'd eyes assist me to complain,
All that have being do my being hate,
Crying hast, hast, this wretches dying state.

This sorrowful Song being done, he laid himself all along up-
on the green grass, closing up the closets of his eyes in hope to re-
pose himself in a quiet sleep, and to abandon all discontented
thoughts; in which silent contemplation we will leave him for
a while, and return to Rosana the Queens Daughter of Armenia,
that bold Amazonian Lady, whom you remember likewise depar-
ted from Black Castle (clad with Enchanted Armour) in the
pursuit of her disloyal Father, whom he never in her life beheld.
This courteous Lady (to perform her Fathers will) travelled
up and down strange Countries with many a weary step, yet ne-
ver could she meet with her unkind Father, unto whom she was
commanded to give her Fathers Letter, neither could she hear in
any

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any place where so ever she came, where she might go to seek him. In the which travel she met with many strange Adventures, which with great honour to her name she finished, yet still she wandered over Hills and Dales, Mountains and Valleys, and through many solitary Woods, till at last she happened by fortune into the Wilderness whereas this discontented Knight lay sleeping upon the green grass, near to which place she likewise repaired her self under the branches of a Chestnut Tree, desiring to take some rest after her long travel.

But upon a sudden being betwixt waking and sleeping, she heard towards her left hand a very dolorous groan, as if it were of some sorrowful Knight, which was so terrible hearing, and so bitter that it made her to give an attentive ear unto the sound, and to see if she could hear and understand what it should be.

So with making the least noise that she could possibly, she arose up and went toward the place, whereas she might see who it was, and there she beheld a Knight very well armed, lying upon the green grass, under a certain fair and green Myrtle Tree, his Armour was all rusted, and full of bars of black steel, which showed to be a very sad, sorrowful, and heavy enamelling, agreeable to the inward sadness of his heart.

He was so new that of a big stature of body, and well proportioned, and there seemed by his disposition to be in his heart great grief: where after she had a while stood in secret, beholding his sorrowful countenance, in a woful manner he tumbled his restless body upon the green grass, and with a sad and heavy look he breathed forth his lamentation.

O heavy and perverse fortune (said he) why dost thou consent that I so vile and cruel a wretch do breathe so long upon the earth, upon whose wicked head the Golden Sun disdains to shine, and the glittering Cements deny their cheerful lights.

O that some ravenous Harpy would waister from his Den, and make his loathsome bowels my fatal Tomb, or that my eyes were sightless, like the miserable King of Thebes, that I never might again behold this Earth, wherein I have long lived and committed so many cruelties.

I am confounded with the curse of sad mischance for wronging that Golden Queen of Armenia, in the spoyle of whose Majesty I made a triumphant conquest.

O Leoger, Leoger, what fury did induce thee to commit so great a sin in leaving her strayed with the lust, and dishonoured by thy disloyalty? O cruel and without faith, thou wast nursed with

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with some unkindly milk of Ergers, and boyn into the world for thine own torment. Where was thine understanding when thou forgottest that gracious Princeesse, who not only yielded to thee her liberty, love, and honour, but therewith a Kingdome and a golden Diadem: and therefore woe unto me Travos, and more woes fall upon my soul, than there be hairs upon my head, and may the sorrows of old Priam be my latest punishment.

What doth it profit me to fill the ayre with Lamentations, when that the crime is already past, without all remedy or hope of comfort: this being said, he gave a grieuous and terrible sigh, and so held his peace.

Rosana, by thoe heaby and sorrowful Lamentations, together with his reasons which she heard, knew him to be her disloyal Father, whom she had so long travailed after to find out: but when she remembered how that his unfaithfulness and unkindness was the death of her Mother, her heart endured such extreame pain and sorrow, that she was constrained (without any feeling) to fall down to the ground.

But yet her couragious heart could not remain long in that passion, but straightwayes she rose up again upon her feet, with a desire to perform her Fathers will, but yet not intending to discover her name, nor to reveale unto him that she was his Daughter. So with this thought and determination, she went unto the place where Leoger was, who when he heard the noyse of her coming, straightwayes started up on his feet.

Then Rosana did salute him with a voyce somewhat heaty, and Leoger did return his salutations with no less shew of grace.

Then the Amazonian Lady took forth the letter from her naked breast, where so long time she had kept it, and as she delibered it into his hands, she said:

Is it possible that thou art that forgetful and disloyal Knight, which left the unfortunate Queen of Armenia (with so great pain & sorrow) big with child among those unmerciful Tyrants her country men, which banished her out of her country in rebenge of the committed crime, where ever since she hath been a companion with wild beasts that in their natures have lamented her banishment.

Leoger, when he heard her say these words, began to behold her: although his eyes were as to be blinded & weary of weeping, yet he most earnestly gazed in her face & answered her in this manner.

I will not deny to the gentle Amazonian (said he) that which the very clouds do blush at, and the low earth doth man's foot.

Then

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Then shalt understand that I am the same Knight whom thou hast demanded after, tell me therefore what is thy will.

My will is, said she, then most ungrateful Knight, that thou read her this Letter, the last work of the white hand of the unhappy Armenian Queen.

At which wordes the Knight was so troubled in thought, and grieved in mind, that it was almost the occasion to dissolve his soule from his body, and therewithal putting forth his hand some, what trembling, he took the Letter, & set himself down there sorrowful upon the green grasse, without any power to the contrary his grief so abounded the boundes of reason.

As soone had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the hand of his wronged Lady the Armenian Queen and with great attention both of heart and mind he read the sorrowful lines, which contained these wordes following.

The Queen of Armenia her Letter,

TO thee thou disloyal Knight of the Black Castle, the unfortunate Queen of Armenia can neither send nor wish salutations: for having no health my self, I cannot send it unto him whose cruel mind hath quite forgotten my true love: I cannot but lament continually, and complain unto my fates incessantly, considering that my fortune is converted from a Crowned Queen to a miserable and banished Cripple, where as Savage Beasts are my chief companions, & the monstrous birds my best sollicitors. Oh Leoger, Leoger, why dost thou leave me comfortless without all cause, as did Aeneas his unfortunate Diogenes? what second love hath bereaved me of thy light, and made thee forget her that ever shall remember thee? O Leoger, remember the day when first I saw thy face, which day be fatal evermore, and counted for a dismal day in time to come, both heavy black, & full of foul mischances, for it was unhappy unto me, for in giving thee joy, I bereaved my self of all, and lost the possession of my Liberty and Honour, although thou hast not esteemed nor took care of my sorrowful fortunes, yet thou shouldst not have mockt my perfect love, and disdained the fervent affection that I have borne thee, in that I have yielded to thee that precious Jewel, the which hath been desired to marry a noble King. O love, cruel and spiteful love, that so quickly dost make me blind, and deprived me of the knowledge that belonged to my royal highness. Oh uncourteous Knight, being blinded with thy love, the Queen of Armenia layned her honour which she ought to have kept, and preferred it from the biting canker of disloyal love: Hadst thou pretended to mock me, thou shouldst not have suffered me to have lost so much as I did give for thy sake.

Tell me, why dost thou not suffer me to execute my will, that I might have opened my white Breast with a piercing

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piercing Sword, and sent my soul to shady Banks of sweet
Elizium? then had it been better for me to have dyed, than to
live still and bay y die.

Remember thy self Leoger, and behold the harme that will
come hereof: have thou a care to y pawn which thou hast sealed
in my Tomb, and let it be an occasion that thou hast (af er all
thy violent wrongs) return to see me sleeping on my Tombe,
that my child may not remain fatherlesse in the power of
wilde Beasts, whose hearts be fraughted with nothing but
cruelty. Do not consent that the perfect love which I bear
thee should be counted vain, but rather performe the promise
which thou hast made to me.

O unkind Leoger, O cruell and hard heart! Is falsehood the
firm love that so unfeignedly thou didest professe to me?
What is he that hath been more unmarriall than thou hast
been? There is no furious beast nor lurking Lyon in the
Desarts of Lybia, whose mercilesse pawes are all besmeared
in blood, that is so cruelly hearted as thy self, else wouldst
thou not leave me comfortlesse, spending my dayes in solita-
ry Woods, whereas Tigers mourne at my distresses, and
the chirping Birds in their kinds, grieve at my lamentations:
the unreasonable torments & sorrowes of my soul are so many,
that if my pen were made of Urian Steel, and my Inke
the purple Ocean, yet could I not write the number of my
woes.

But now I determine to adbertise thee of my desired death,
so in writing this my last Testament, the Fates are cutting
asunder my thred of life, and I can give thee knowledge of no
more: but yet I desire thee by the true love which I bear thee,
that thou wilt read with sorrow these few lines, and now
I desire of the bestines that thou mayest die the like death that
so, that I now do And so I end,

By her whsch did yeeld unto thee her Life,
Love, Honour, Fame, and Liberty.

When this sad and headle Knight had made an end
of reading this dolorous Letter, he could not re-
strain his eyes from distilling salt tears, so great was the
grief that his heart sustaynea: Rosana did likewise beare
him

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him company to solemnize his heaviness, with as many tears trickling from the conduits of his eyes.

The great sorrow and lamentation was such and so much in both their hearts, that for a great space the one could not speak unto the other: but afterwards their griefs being somewhat extenuated, Leoger began to say:

O Messenger, from her, with the remembrance of whose wrong my heart is wounded, being undescribedly of me evilly rewarded: tell me (even by the nature of true love) if thou dost know where she is: Show unto me her abiding place, that I may go thither and give a discharge of this my great fault by yielding unto death.

O cruel and without love (answered Rosana) what discharge canst thou give unto her that already (through thy cruelty) is dead and buried, onely by the occasion of such a forsworn knight?

This penitent and grieved knight, when he understood the certainty of her death, with a sudden and hasty fury he struck himself on the breast with his fist, and lifting his eyes unto the Clouds, in manner of exclamation against the Fates, giving deep and sorrowfull sighes, he threw himself to the ground: tumbling and wallowing from the one side unto the other, without taking any ease, or having any power, or strength to declare the inward grief which at that time he felt, but with lamentations which did torment his heart, he called continually on the Armenian Queen, and in that devilish fury wherein he was, drew out his dagger, and lifting up the skirt of his shirt of Mail, he thrust it into his body, and giving himself this unhappy death (with calling upon his wronged Lady,) he finished his life, and fell to the ground.

This sad and heaving Lady when she beheld him so desperately to gore his partial Breast, and to fall lifelesse to the Earth, she greatly repented her self that she had not discovered her name, and revealed to him how that she was his unfortunate Daughter, whose face before that time he had never beheld and as a Lyon (though all to late) who seeing before her eyes a young Lionesse still in treatise of the Hunter, even so she ran unto her murdered Father, and with great speed pulled off his Helmet from his

his wounded head, and embraced his Armour, the which was in colour according to his passion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made by Magick Art. Also he took away his Shield which had on it a Russet Flag, and in the midst thereof was portrayed the God of Love with two Faces, the one was very fair and bound with a cloath about his eyes, and the other was made marvellous fierce and furious.

This being done, with a fair linnen cloath she wiped off the Blood from his wounded Body. And when she was certain that it was he after whom she had travelled so many weary steps, and that he was without life, with a furious madness she tore her Attire from her Head, and all to rent her Golden Hair, tearing it in pieces, and then returned again and wiped his bleeding Body, making such sorrowful lamentation, that whosoever had seen her, would have been moved to compassion. Then she took his Head betwixt her Hands striving to lift it up, and to lay it upon her Lap, but seeing for all this, that there was nothing in him, she signed her face into his pale and dead Cheeks, and with sorrowful words she said

Dear Father, open thine eyes and behold me, open thine sweet Father, and look upon me thy sorrowful Daughter: If Fortune be so favourable, let me receive some contentment whilst Life remaineth: Oh strengthen thyself to look upon me, wherein such delight may come to me, that we may either accompany other. Oh my Lord and only Father, seeing that in former times my unfortunate Mothers tears were not sufficient to reclaim thee, make me satisfaction for the great Trabel which I have taken in seeking thee out. Come now in death and joy in the sight of thy unhappy Daughter. and Die not without seeing her: open thine Eyes that she may gratifie thee in Dying with thee.

This being said, Rosana began again to wipe his Body, for that it was again all to be bathed in Blood, and with her white hands she felt his Eyes and mouth, and all his Face, and Head, till such time as she touched his Breast, and put her hand on the mortal wound, where she held it still and looked upon him whether he moved or no. But when she

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telt him without sence or feeling he began anew to com-
plain, and crying out with most terrible exclamation, he
said.

O my haplesse Father, how many troubles and great
travels hath the Daughter passed in seeking thee, water-
ing the Earth with her Tears, and alloapes in vain call-
ing for thee? Oh how many times in naming thy name hath
she been answered with an Echo, which was unto her great
dolour and grief? And now that Fortune hath brought her
where thou art, to rejoyce her self in thy presence, the
same Fortune hath converted her wishes into grief and
dolour. Oh cruel and unconstant Queen of Chance, hath
Rosana deserved this, to be most afflicted when she ex-
pected some joy? Oh Leeger, if ever thou wilt open thine eyes,
now open them, or let the glasses of my eyes be closed eter-
nally.

Herewith she perceived his dim eyes to open, and his senses
now a little gathered together: and when he saw himself in
her Arms, and understood by her weeps, that she was his
Daughter, whom he had by the unfortunate Queen of Ar-
menia, he suddenly strobe against weakness, and at last re-
covering some strength, he cast his yielding Arms about the
milk-white Neck of the fair Rosana, and they joynd their
Faces the one with the other, distilling betwixt them many
salt and bitter tears, in such sort that it would have moved
the very wild Beasts unto compassion: and then with a feeble
and weak voyce the wounded Knight said.

Oh my Daughter, unfortunate by my disloyalty, let me re-
create and comfort my self, in enjoying this thy mouth,
the time that I shall remain alive, and before my illg Soul
doth depart the camp of my dying Body: I do confess
that I have been pitifulls unto thy Father, and unkind to
thee, in making thee to trabel with great sorrow in seeking
me, and now thou hast found me, I must leave thee alone
in this sorrowfull place with my dead Body pale and wan, yet
before my death sweet Girl give me so many gentle kisses:
this only delight I crave for the little time I have to tarry,
and afterwards I desire thee to intomb my Body in thy Pa-
thers Grave, though it be far in distance from this unlucky
Country.

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Oh my dear Lord (answered she) do you request me to give you Body a Sepulchre? I think it more requisite, to letkome to give it unto us both: for I know my life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates despise me & your living company. And with'ut strength to proceed any further in speeches, she kissed his face with many sobbings and sighs, and having with'in her self a terrible conflict, she turned for the answer of her dying Father, who with pain and great anguish of death, said:

Oh my Child, how happy should I be, that thus embracing one in anothers Arms, we might depart together? then should I be joyful in thy company, and account my self happy in my death: but alas, I must leave thee unto the World. Daughter farewell, good Fortune preserve thee, and for ever may she take thee into her favour. And when he had said these words, inclining his neck upon the face of Rosana he dyed.

When this sorrowful Lady saw that the Soul had got the victory and departed from the Body. she kissed his pale lips, and giving deep and dolorous sighs, she began a marvellous and most heavy Lamentation, calling her self unhappy and unfortunate, and laid her self upon the dead Body, ending her distresses, so that it was lamentable to hear.

Oh my dear Father, said she, what small benefit have I received for all my travail and pain, the which I have suffered in seeking thee, and now in the finding of thee, the more is my grief, for that I came to see thee die? Oh most unhappy that I am, where was my mind when I saw that fatal Dagger pierce thy tender Breast: whereon was my thoughts? wherefore did I stand still, and did not with courage make resistance against that terrible and fatal blow?

If my strength would not have served me, yet at the least I should then have been thy company. You furious Beasts that are hid in your dens and deep Caves, where are you now? why do you not come and take pity upon my grief in taking away my life? doing so, you show your selves pittiful, for that I do abhor this dolorous life. Yet all this while she did not forget the promise that she made him, which was to give his Body Burial in her Mothers Tomb. Which was the occasion that she did somewhat cease her Lamentation, and taking unto her self more courage than her

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forlorn grief would consent unto, she put the dead Body
under a broad branched Vine-apple Tree, and covered it with
leaves and green grasse, and withal hung his Armour upon
the boughs, in hope that the sight thereof would cause some ad-
venturous Knight to approach her presence, that in kindness
would assist her to intomb him. This done, here we will
leave Rosana weeping over her Fathers Body, and speak of the
Pegromancer after his flight from the Black Castle.



C H A P.





CHAP. XIII.

How the Magician found *Leogers* Armour hanging upon a Pine-Tree, kept by *Rosana* the Queens Daughter of *Armenia*, betwixt whom hapned a terrible Battell: also of the desperate death of the Lady: and after, how the Magician framed by Magick Art an Enchanted Sepulchre, wherein he inclosed himself from the sight of all humane creatures.



I Am sure you do well remember, when the Christian Knights had conquered the Black Castle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the furious Pegromancer to preserve his life, fled from the same, carried by his Art through the ayre in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two firing Dragons: In which charmed Chariot: he crossed over many Parts and Plains of the Easterne Climates.

At last, being weary of his journey, he put himself in the thickest of a Forrest, wherein travelling with his whirling Dragons, he never rested till he came unto a ghyt and broad River, the which seemed to be an arme of the Darke-coloured Ocean: there he alighted from his Chariot: &
to.

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to refresh himself, and took water with his hands and druck thereof, and washed his face: and as he found himself all alone, there came into his mind many thoughts of his former life, and how he was banquished by the Christian Knights, for which with great anger he gave terrible curses, and began to curse not only the hour of his Birth, but the whole World, and all the Generation of Mankinde.

Likewise he remembered the great sorrow and travell that he ever since had endured, and what toyle travellling Knights do endure: In these variable cogitations spent he the time away till golden Phoebus began to withdraw himself into his accustomed Lodging, to hide his light in the Occidentall parts, and therewith draw on the dark and tedious night, which was the occasion that his pain did the more encrease: all that night he passed away with such sorrowfull Lamentations for his late disgraces, that all the Woods and Mountains did reound his wofull exclamations, till that Sol with his glistering beams began again to recover the Earth.

The which being seen by the Magician, with a trice he arose up, and intending to prosecute his journey: but listening up his eyes towardes the Elements, he discovered hanging upon a high and mighty Pineapple Tree the Armour of Leoger.

This Armour was hung there by Rosina, in the remembrance of his death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And although it had almost lost the wonted colour, and began to rust through the abundance of rain that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed a great balne and of a wonderfull richnesse: so without any further circumspection or regard, he took down the Knights Armour, and armed himself therewith, & when he had lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, he heard a voice that said; Be not so hardy thou knight as to undo this Trophie, except thou prepare thy self to win it by the sword.

The Magician at this unexpected noise, cast his Head on the one side, and espied Rosina newly awaked from a heavy sleep, most richly Armed with a strong enchanted Armour, after the manner of the Amazonians, but for all that he did not let to make an end of arming himself, and having laced on his Bascinet, he went towardes the Damour with his sword

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stood ready drawn in his hand, inviting her to a mortal battle.

Rosana, who saw his determination, did provide to defend herself, and offend her enemy.

My Muse, that I had but learned eloquence to set out and declare the noble Encounters of these two gallant Warriors: Rosana though she was but a feminine by nature, yet was she as bold in heroicall Adventures as any Knight in the world, except the intincible Christian Champions.

But now return we to our History. The valiant Amazonian when her enemy came unto her, she struck him so terrible a blow upon the visour of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof she made sparkles of fire to issue out with great abundance & forced him to bow his head unto his breast.

The Magician did return unto her his salutation, & struck her such a blow upon her Helmet, that with the great noise thereof it made a sound in all the Mountains. And so began betwixt them a marvellous and fearful Battle. Fortune not willing to use her most extremity, inclined the scale to neither party, nor as yet gave the conquest to any, all the time of the conflict, the furious Magician and the valiant Amazonian thought on no other thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an overthrow, striking each at other such terrible blows, & with so great fury, that many times it made either of them senseless, and both seeing the great force one of another, were marvellously incensed with anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her Shield at her back, that with more force she might strike and hurt her enemy, & there, withal gave him so strong a blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite astonished to the earth without any feeling.

But when the Magician came again to himself, he returned Rosana such a terrible blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloven her Head in pieces, but with great discretion she cleared her Head in such sort that it was stricken in vain, and with great lightness she replied, and struck the Magician so furiously that she made him once again to fall to the ground all astonished, and there appeared at the visour of his Helmet, great abundance of Blood that issued out of his mouth: but presently he revived and got up in a trice, with so great an-

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anger, that the smook which came from his mouth seemed like a mist before his Helmet, so that almost it could not be seen.

Then this furious Devil (blaspheming against his hard hap) having his Sharp Sword very self to his hand, ran towards his Enemy, who (without any fear of his Fury) went forth to receive him: and when they met together, they discharged their blows at once: but it so toned that the Amazonians blow did first fasten, with so great strength that for all the Helmet of the Magician, which was wrought of the strongest Steel, it was not sufficient to make defence, but with the rigorous force wherewith it was charged, it bended in such sort that it brake into pieces: and the Magician's head was so grievously wounded, that Streams of Blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced for want of strength to yield to the mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condescended to his requests, upon this condition, that he would be a means to convey her Father dead Body to an Island near adjoining to the Borders of Armenia, and there to intomb it in her Fathers Grave, as she promised when that his ayre of life fluted from his Body.

The Magician for safeguard of his life, presently agreed to perform her desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she demanded.

Then presently by his Art he prepared his Iron Charriot with his flying Dragons in a readiness, wherein he laid the murdered Body of Leoger upon a Willow of Asple for, and likewise placed them eibes therein, wherein they were no longer entred, with necessaries belonging to their Travels, but they fled thow the Air more swifter than a West wind, as a Ship sailing on the Seas in a stormy tempest.

The wonders that he performed by the way, be so many and miraculous, that I want an Orators Eloquence to describe them, as a Poets skill to express them.

But to be short, when Rolana was desirous to eat, and that her hunger increased by his Charms he would procure Birds (of their own accords) to fall out of the skies, and yield themselves unto their pleasers, with all things necessary to suffice their wants.

Thus

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Thus Rosana with her fathers dead Body, carryed through the agreeable Magick Art, over Hills and Dales, Mountains & Valleys, Woods and Forrests, Towns & Cities, and through many both wonderful and strange places and Countreys.

And at last, they Arrived neer unto the Confinnes of Armenia, being the place of their long desired rest. But when they approached neer unto the Queen of Armenia's Grave, they descended from their Enchanted Charlot, & bore Leogers Body to his burying place, the which they found (since Rosanas departure) over-grown with Moss and withered Brambles: yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre and laid his Body (yet freshly blissing) upon his Ladies consumed Carcasse: which being done, the Magician covered again the grave with Earth, and laid thereon green Turbes, which made it seem as though it never had been opened.

All the time that the Magician was performing the Ceremonious Funerall, Rosana watered the Earth with her tears, never withdrawing her eyes from looking upon the Grave: and when it was finished, she fell into a sorrowfull lamentation following.

O cruel Destinies (said she) With your rigours have bereaved me of both my Parents, and left me to the world, a comfortlesse Orphan, receive the sacrifice to my chastity, in payment of your vengeance, and let my blood here shed upon this Grave, shew the singleness of my heart. And with the like solemnity may all their hearts be broken in peeces, that seek the downfall and dishonour of Ladies.

As she was uttering these and the like sorrows, she took forth a naked Sword which she had ready for the same effect, and putting the Point to ground, cast her breast upon the point. The which she did with such furious violence and exceeding haste, that the Magician although he was there present, could not succour her, nor prevent her from committing on her self so bloody a fact.

This sudden mischance so amazed him, and so grieved his Soul, that his heart (for a time) would not consent that his tongue should speak one word to expresse his passion. But at last (having taken truce with sorrow, and recovering his former speech) he took up the dead body of Rosana, bathed all in blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents Grave:

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and over the same hung up an Epitaph that did declare the occasion of all their deaths.

This being done, to expresse the sorrows of his heart for the desperate death of such a Paganimous Lady, and the rather to exempt himself from the company of all humane creatures, he erected over the Grave by Magick Art a very stately Tomb, which was in this order framed: First, there were fixed four Pillars, every one of a very fine Marble: upon which was placed a Sepulchre of Christall: within the Sepulchre there seemed to be two fair Ladies; the one having her breast pierced thorow with a sword, and the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and so lean of Body that she seemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre there lay a Knight all along, with his face looking up to the Heavens, and armed with a Collet of fine Steel, of a russet enamelling: under the Sepulchre there was spread abroad a great Carpet of Gold, and upon it two Pillars of the same, and upon them lay an old Shepheard and his Shepheard lying at his feet: his eyes were shut, and out of them were distilled many pearled tears: at either Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely feature, the one of them seemed to be murdered, and the other ravished.

And near unto the Sepulchre there lay a terrible great Beast, headed like a Lion, his breast and body like a Wolf, and his tail like a Scorpion: which seemed to spit continually flames of fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron, with four Gates for to enter in thereto: the Gates were after the manner and colour of fine Diamonds: and directly over the top of the chiefest Gate stood a Marble Pillar, whereon hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents whereof were as follow:

So long shall breathe upon this brittle Earth
The Framer of this stately Monument,
Till that three Children of a Wondrous Birth
Out of the Northern Climate shall be sent:
They shall obscure his name, as fates agree,
And by his fall the Fiends shall tamed be.

This.

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This Torment was no sooner framed by the assistance of Pluto's Legions, and maintained by their devilish powers, but the Sorcerer inclosed himself in the Walls, where he comforted chiefly with Furies and walking Spirits, that continually fed upon his blood, and left their damnable scales sticking upon his left side, as a sure token and witness that he had given both his soul and body to their Governments after the date of his mortall life was finished.

In which enchanted Sepulchre we will leave him for a time conferring with his damnable Gates, and return to the Christian Knights where we left them travelling towards Babylon, to place the King again in his Kingdom.



CHAP.





CHAP. XIV.

How the seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto the Kingdom : and after how honourably they were received at *Rome*, where *S. George* fell in love with the Emperours, Daughter, being a professed Nun: of the mischief that ensued thereby, and of the desperate end of young *Lucius* Prince of *Rome*:



The Valiant Christian Champions, having as you heard in the Chapter going before, performed the Adventure of the Enchanted Monument, accompanied the Babylonian King to his Kingdome of Assyria, as they had all solemnly promised him.

But when they approached the Confines of Babylon, and made no question of peacefull and princely entertainment, there was neither sign of peace, nor likelihood of joyfull and friendly welcome: for all the Court was enraged with intestine War, four severall Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of right belonged.

The unnatural causes and stirrer up to this blood, devouring controverisie, were four Noble men, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of

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of his Realm, when he went in the Tragical pursuit of his fair Daughter, after his Dream'd illusion that caus'd him so cruelly to seek her death. And the breaking out into this horrible grief first to head in this manner following.

Two years after the Kings departure, these Deputies governed the publick weat in great peace, and with prudent Policy, till after no tidings of the King could be heard, notwithstanding so many Messengers as were into every quarter of the World sent to enquire of him: then did Ambition kindle in all their hearts, each striving to wrest into his hand the sole Possession of the Babylonian Kingdom.

To this end, they all made several Friends: for this had they contend'd in many fights, and now lastly, they intended to set all their hopes upon this wane chance of Warre, intending to fight till they fell, and one remained Victorious over the rest: whose Head should be beautified with a Crown.

But of Treachery and Treason the end is sudden and shameful: for no sooner had Saint George (placing himself between the Battels) in a brief Oration shew'd the adventures of the King, and he himself to the People discovered his reverend face, but they all shouted for joy, and haling the Usurpers presently to death, they re-installed in his Ancient dignity, their true, lawful, and long-wait-for King.

The King being thus restor'd, Married Fidelia for her faithfulness: and after the Nuptial Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest request of Saint Anthony) departed towards Italy: where in Rome the Emperour (spared no cost honourably and most sumptuously to entertain those never daunted Knights, the famous wonders of Christendome.

At that time of the year when the Summers Queen had beautified the Earth with interchangeable ornaments, Saint George (in company of the Emperour with the rest of the Champions, chanced to walk along by the side of the River Tybur, to delight themselves with the pleasant Meads, and beautiful prospect of the Country.

Behold:

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Before they had walked halfe a Mile from the City, they approached unto an Auncient Punnery, which was very fair and of a stately Building, and likewise encompassed about with Chappell streams and many green Bedowes, furnished with all manner of beautiful Trees and Fragrant Flowers.

This Punnery was consecrated to Diana the Queen of Chastity, and none were suffered to live therein, but such chaste Ladies and Virgins as had vowed themselves to a single Life, and to keep their Virginities for ever unpolluted.

In this place the Emperours only Daughter, lived as a professed Nunne, and exempted her self from all company, except it were the fellowship of chaste and Religious Virgins.

This vertuous Lucina (for so was she called) having intelligence before, by the Overseers of the Punnery, how that the Emperour her Father with many other Knights, were coming to visit their Religious Habitation, against their approach she attired her self in a Gown of white Satin, all laid over with Gold Lace, having also her golden locks of Hair somewhat laid loose: and upon her head was knit a Garland of sweet smelling Flowers, which made her seem like some celestial or Divine creature.

Her Beauty was so excellent, that it might have quailed the heart of Cupid, and her bravery exceeded the Paphyan Queens. Never could nature with all her cunning traine more beauty in any one Creature, than was upon her face: nor never could the flattering Syrens more beguile the Travellers, than did her bright countenance enchant the English Champion: for at his first entrance into the Punnery, he was so ravished with her sight, that he was not able to withhold his eyes from her Beauty, but stood gazing upon her rosie coloured Cheeks, like one bewitched with Medusæes looks. And to be short, her Beauty seemed so Angelical, and the burning flames of love so fired his heart, that he must either enjoy her company, or give end to his life by some untimely means.

Saint George being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, assembled his grief, and revealed it not to any one, but

but departed with the Emperour back again to the City, leaving his heart behind him closed in the Stony Monastery with his lovely Lucina.

All that evening night he could not enjoy the benefit of sleep, but did contemplate upon the Divine Beauty of his Lady, and fraughted his mind with a thousand several cogitations how he might attain to her love, being a chaste Virgin and a professed Nun.

In this manner spent he away the night, and no sooner appeared the mornings brightness in at the Chamber Window, but he arose from his restless Bed, and Attired himself in watchet Helmet, to signify his true Love, and wandered all alone unto the Monastery, where he revealed his deep affection unto the Lady, who was as far from granting to his Requests, as the Skies from the Earth, or the deepest Seas the highest Elements: for she protested while life remained within her Body, never to yield her love in the way of Marriage to any one, but to remain a pure Virgin, and of Dianas Train.

No other resolution could Saint George get of the chaste Nun, which caused him to part in great discontent, intending to seek by some other means to obtain her love, so coming to the rest of the Christian Champions, he revealed to them the truth of all things that had hapned: who in this manner counselled him, that he should provide a multitude of Armed Knights, every one bearing in their hands a Sword ready drawn, and to enter the Monastery at such time as the little mistrusted, and first with fair promises and kind speeches to seek her love, but if she yielded not, to fill her ears with cruel threatnings, protesting that if she will not grant to requite his love with like affection, he would not leave one Stone of that Monastery standing upon another, and likewise make her a bloody offering up to Diana.

This policy liked well Saint George, though he intended not to prosecute such cruelty: so the next morning by break of day he went unto the Monastery in company of no other but the Christian Champions, Armed in bright Armour with their glittering Swords ready drawn, which they carried under their side Cloaks to prevent suspicion.

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That when they came to the Monastery, and had entred into the Chamber of Lucina (whom they found kneeling upon the bare ground at her Ceremonious Oylsana) Saint George first profered her kinones by fair promises, but finding that thereby he nothing prebailled, he then made known his pretended unmercifull purpose, and thereupon all of them shaking their bright Swords against her vertuous Breast, they protested (though contrary to their intents) then except she would yield to Saint George her unconquered Love, they would bath their Weapons in her Dearest Blood.

At which words the distressed Virgin being overcharged with fear, sunck down presently to the ground, and lay for a time in a dead agony, but in the end recovering her self, she lifted up her Angelical Face, shyned under a Cloud of pale sorrow, and in this manner declared her mind.

Honour, and well appoyed Knight (said she) it is as difficult to me to climb up to the highest top of Heaven, as to perswade my mind to yeld to the fulfilling of your requests. The pure and chaste Goddess Diana that sits now Crowned amongst the Golden Stars, will revenge my perjured promise if I yeld to your desires, for I have long since deeply vowed to spend my dayes in this Religious House, in honour of her Deity, and not to yeld the flower of my Virginitie to any one, which vow I will not infringe for all the Wealth of Rome: you know brave Champions, that in time the watry drops will make like the hardest Diamond, and time may root this resolution out of my Heart. Therefore I request you by Honour of true Knight-hood, and by the loves you bear to your Native Countries, to grant me the liberty of seven dayes, that I may at full consider with my Heart before I give an Answer to your Demands, and to the intent that I may make some publick Sacrifices, as well to appeale the Wrath which the chaste Goddess Diana may conceive against me, as to satisfie my own Soul for not fulfilling my Vow.

These words were no sooner ended, but the Champions incontinently without any more delay joyfully consented, and

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and mozeober proffered themselves to be all present at the same sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great comfort.

The Champions being gone, Lucina called together all the rest of the Nunns, and declared to them the whole discourse of her assayment, where after amongst this Religious company with the help of some other of their approved friends, they devised a most strange Sacrifice, which hath since been the occasion that so many inhumane and Bloody Sacrifices have been committed.

The next morning after six dayes were finished, no sooner did bright Phoebus shew his Golden Beams abroad, but the Nunns began to prepare all things in readines for the Sacrifice: for directly before the doore of the Monastery, they hired cunning work-men to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with Cloath of Gold, and upon this scold (about the middle thereof) was placed a fair Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloath of Gold, and upon it a Chafin-dish of Coals burning: all this being set in good order, the Emperour with the Christian Champions, and many other Roman Knights being present to behold the Ceremonious Sacrifice, little mistrusted the doleful Tragedy that after hapned.

The Assembly being silent, there was straight-ways heard a sweet and harmonious sound of Clarions and Trumpets, and sundry other kinds of Instruments: these entred first upon the Scaffold, and next unto them were brought seven Kins, all adorned with fine white Tull moze soft in feeling than Arabian Silk, with huge and might charged Horns bound about with Garlands of Flowers, after them followed a certain number of Nunns attyred in black Attires, singing their accustomed Songs in the Honour of Diana: after them followed an ancient Patron dwelt in a Chariot by four comely Virgins, bringing in their hands the Image of Diana: and on either side of her two ancient Nunns of great estimation each of them bearing in their hands rich Vessels of Gold, full of most precious and sweet wines: then after all this came the beautiful Lucina apparrelled with a rich Robe of estate being of a great and inestimable value.

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Thus ceremoniously she ascended the Scaffold, where the Patron placed the Image of Diana behind the Chafing-bitch of Coals that was there burning: and the rest of the Pages continued still singing their Songs and Drinking of the precious Wines that were brought in the Golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the necks of the Rams by cutting their throats, whose Blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, and opened their bowels, and burned their inward parts in the Chafingdish of Coals.

Thus, with the slaughter, they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity: at the sight whereof was present the loving Lober Saint George, with the other six Christian Knights Armed all in bright Armour, and were all very attentive to this that I have here told you,

The Sacrifice ended, this Lucina commanded silence to be made, and when all the Company were still, she raised her self upon her seat, and with a heavy voyce, distilling many salt tears, she said:

O most excellent and chaste Diana, in whose blessed Bosom: the undefiled Virgins do recreate our selves: unto thy most Divine excellency do I now commend this my last Sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods, that I have done my best to continue a spotless Maiden of the most Beautiful Train.

O Heavens, shall I consent to deliver my Virginitie willingly to him, whose Son desires to have the use of it? or shall I my self commit my utter ruine and sorrowful destruction, which proceedeth only by the means of my flourishing Beauty: the which I would it had been as black as the night-Ravens, or like to the tawny-tanned Hogs in the farthest mountains of India.

O sacred Diana thou blessed Queen of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost consent that a Virgin descended from so royal a Race as I am, should suffer the worthiness of her preciousness to be spotted by yielding her Virgin honour to the conquest of Love, without respecting the Chaste Vow I made unto thy Deity?

All, seeing it is so that I must needs violate my self against

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against all humane nature, I beseech thee to receive the solemnity of this my death, which I offer up in Sacrifice to the Divine excellency: for I am here constrained with mine own trembling hand to eat off the flourishing Branches of these my dayes. For this I swear before the Majesty of Diana, that I had rather offer up my Soul into the society and sacred bosome of that great Goddess, than to yield the Castle of my Chastity to the conquest of any Knight in the World.

And now to thee I speak thou valiant Knight of England, behold here I yield into thy hands my lifeless Body, to use according to thy will and pleasure, requesting only this thing at thy hand, that as thou lovest me living, thou wilt love me dead, and like a merciful Champion suffer me to receive a Princely Funeral.

And last of all to thee Divine Diana do I speak, accept of this my blessing Soul, that with so much Blood is offered unto thee.

So, in finishing this sorrowful speech, she drew out a fair and bright shining Sword, which she had hidden secretly under her Gown, and setting the Point against the Scaffold (little looking for of Her Father and those that were present) she suddenly threw her self upon the point of that Sword, in such furious manner, that it parted her Bloody Heart in sunder, and so rendred her Soul to the tuition of her unto whom she offered her most Bloody and ruthless Sacrifice.

What shall I here declare the lamentable sorrows and pittifull Lamentation that was there made by her Father and other Roman Knights that were present at this unhappy mischance? so great it was, that the Wall of the Banqueting Echoed, and their pittifull cries ascended to the Clouds.

But now was more grieved in mind than the afflicted English Champion, who (like a man distraught of sense) in great fury rushed amongst the people, throwing them down on every side, till he ascended upon the Scaffold: and approaching the dead Body of Lucina, he took her up in his Arms, and with a sorrowful and passionate voice he

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said: Oh my beloved joy, and late my only hearts delight, is this the Sacrifice wherein (through thy desperateness) thou hast deceived me, who loved thee more than thy self: is this the respite that thou requiredst for seven dayes, where in thou hast concluded thy own Death and my utter confusion.

Oh noble Lucina, and my beloved Lady, if this were thy intent, why dost thou not first Sacrifice me thy Servant and Love, wholly subjected unto thy Divine Beauty? Woe be unto me, and woe be unto my unhappy Enterprize: for by it is she lost, who was made Sovrain Lady of my heart.

Oh Diana, accursed be this Chance, because thou hast consented to so Bloody a Tragedy: for I do here protest, that never more shalt thou be Worshipped, but in thy stead in every Land and Countrey where the English Champion commeth, shall Lucina be adored. For from henceforth will I seek to diminish thy Name, and blot it from the glory of the Firmament, yea, and utterly extingnish it forever, so that there shall never more memory remain of thee: for this thy Bloody Tyranny, in suffering so lamentable a Sacrifice.

So sooner had he delibered these Speeches, but incensed with fury he drew out his Sword, and parted the Image of Diana into two pieces, protesting to ruinate the Monastery within whose Walls the device of this Bloody sacrifice was concluded.

The sorrow and extreame grief of the Roman Emperour so exceeded for the Death of his Daughter, that he fell to the Earth in a senseless Swoon, and was carryed by certain of his Knights, half dead with griefe, home to his Palace, where he remained Speechlesse by the space of thirty dayes.

The Emperour had a Son, as valliant in Arms as any born Italian except Saint Anthony. This young Prince whose name was Lucius, seeing his Sifters timelesse death and by what means it was committed, he presently intended with a train of an hundred Armed Knights which continually attended upon his Person, to Assaile the

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discontented Champions, and by force of Arms to revenge his Sisters death.

This resolution so encouraged the Roman Knights, but especially the Emperours Son, that he with these two companies began as terrible a Battle as ever was fought by any Knights; the fierceness of their blows so exceeded the one side against the other, that they did resound Echoes, which reached a terrible noise in the neighbouring Woods.

This Battle did continue betwixt them both sharp and fierce for the space of two hours. by which time the valour of the incensed Champions so prevailed that most of the Roman Knights were discomfited and slain: some had their Heads parted from their Shoulders, some had their Arms and Legs lopped off, and some lay breathless, weltring in their own Bloods, in which Encounter many a Roman Lady lost her Husband, many a Widow was bereaved of her Son, and many a Child left fatherless, to the great joyrow of the whole Country.

But when the Valiant young Prince of Rome saw his Knights discomfited, and he left alone to withstand so many noble Champions, he presently set Spurs to his Horse, and fled from them like a heap of Dust forced by a Whirlwind.

After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no glory to their names to triumph in the overthrow of a single Knight, but remained still by the Scaffold, where they buried the sacrificed Virgin, under a Marble Stone close by the Doncaster Wall. The which being done to their contentments, Saint George engraved this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the point of his Dagger, which was in this wise following.

Vnder this Marble Stone interr'd doth lie,
Luckless *Lucina*, yet of Beauty bright:
Who to maintain her spotless Chastity,
Against the assayment of an English Knight,

Vpon

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Upon a blade her tender Breast she cast;
A bloody offering to *Diana* chaste.

So, when he had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-footed Steeds, and hied adue to the unhappy Confinnes of Italy, hoping to find better Fortunes in other Countreys. In which Trabel we will leade them for a time, and speak of the Prince of Rome: who after the Discomfiture of the Roman Knights, fled in such haste from the furies of the Warlike Champions. After which, he like a raging Lyon traverfed along by the River of Tybris, filling all places with his melancholy passions, until such time as he entred into a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary Limbs, and lament his misfortunes. After he had in this solitary place unlaced his Helmet, and hurled it scornfully against the ground, the infernal Furies began to visit him, and to sting his Breast with motions of fiery revenge. In the end he cast up his wretched eyes unto the Skies and said.

O you fatal Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournful Habilliments, to cloak my wandring steps in eternal darkness? O shall I be made a scorn in Rome for my cowardise? O shall I return and accompany my Roman friends in death, whose blood methinks I see sprinkled about the Fields of Italy? He thinks I hear their bleeding Soul fill each corner of the Earth with my base flight: therefore will I not live to be feared a fearful Coward, but die courageously by mine own hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtain the conquest of my death, nor triumph in my fall.

This being said, he drew out his Dagger, and clabe his heart in sunder. The news of whose desperate death, after it was hinted to his Fathers ears, he entered his Body with his Sister Lucinae, and erected ober them a stately Chapel, wherein the Priests and Ceremonious Monks, during all their lives, Sung Dirges for his Childrens Souls.

After this, the Emperour made Proclamation through all

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all his Dominions, that if any Knight were so hardy as to tra-
vel in pursuit after the English Champion, and by force of
Arms to bring him back, or deliver his head unto the Empe-
rour, he should not only be held in great estimation through
the Land, but receive the Government of the Empire after
his Decease. Which rich promise so encouraged the minds of
many Adventurous Knights, that they went from sundry Pro-
vinces in the pursuit of Saint George, but their attempts
were all in vain.



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CAAP.



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CHAP. XV.

Of the Triumphs, Tilts, and Turnaments, that were solemnly held in Constantinople, by the Grecian Emperour, and of the honourable Adventures that were there archieued by the Christian Champions, with other strange accidents that hapned.

In the Eastern parts of the World the Fame & valiant Deeds of the Champions of Christendome was noised, with their honourable Victories, Heroical Acts and feats of Arms, naming them the Mirrour of nobility, and the Types of bright honour: All Kings and Princes (to whose ears the report of their Valours were byrusted) desired much to behold their Noble Baronages. But when the Emperour of Grecia (keeping then his Court in the City of Constantinople) heard of their mighty and valiant Deeds, he thirsted after their sights, and his mind could never be satisfied with content until such time as he had devised a mean to draw them unto his Court, not only in that he might enjoy the benefit of their Companies, but to have his Court honoured with the presence of such renowned Knights; and therefore in this manner it was accomplished.

seven Champions of Christendome.

The Emperour dispatched Messengers into diuers parts of the World, giuing them in charge to publish throughout every Country and Province as they went, of an honourable Tournament that should be holden in the City of Constantinople within six months following, thereby to accomplish his intent and to bring the Christian Champions (whose company he so much desired) unto his Court.

This charge of the Grecian Emperour (as he commanded) was speedily performed, with such diligence, that in a short time it came to the ears of the Christian Knights, as they travelled betwixt the Provinces of Asia and Africa, who at the time appointed, came in great Pomp and Majesty to Constantinople, to furnish forth the Honourable Triumphs.

At the same whereof likewise resorted thither a great number of Knights of great honour and strength: among whom was the Prince of Ergier with a goodly company of noble Persons: and the Prince of Fez with many well proportioned Knights. Likewise came thither the King of Arabia in great state: and with no less Majesty came the King of Sicilia, and a Brother of his, who were both Giants. Many other brave and valiant Knights (whose names I here omit) came thither to honour the Grecian Emperour, so that he was very well esteemed of by them all. And as they came to honour the Triumphs: so likewise they came to prove their Fortitudes, and to get fame and name, and the praise that belongeth to Adventurous Knights. It was supposed of all the Company that the King of Sicilia would gain by his prowess the Dignity from the rest, so that he was a Giant of very big Limbs, although his Brother was taken to be the more furious Knight: who determined not to Just, so that his Brother should get the Honour and Praise from all the Knights that came, but it fell out otherwise, as hereafter you shall understand.

For when the day of Tournament was come, all the Ladies and Damels put themselves in places to behold the Justing, and attyed themselves in the greatest bravery that they could devise, and the great Court swarmed with people that came thither to behold the triumphant Tournament.

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What shall I say here of the Emperours Daughter, the fair Alcida, who was of so great Beauty that she seemed more like a Divine Substance then an Earthly Creature, and late glistering in rich Ornaments amongst the other Ladies, like unto Phoebe in the Chistal Firmament, and was noted of all Beholders to be the fairest Princess that ever mortal eye beheld: so when the Emperour was seated upon his Imperial Throne under a Tent of green Velvet, the Knights began to enter into the Lists, and he that first entered was the Knight of Arabia, mounted upon a very fair and well-adorned Courser, he was Armed with black Armour, all to be spotted with silver knobs, and he brought with him fifty Knights all appaialed with the same Liberty, and thus with great Majestie he rode round about the Palace, making great Obedience unto all the Honourable Ladies and Damels.

After him entered a Wagan Knight, who was Lord of Syria, and Armed with Armour of Lyons Colour, accompanied with an hundred Knights all appaialed in Velvet of the same Colour, and passed round about the Palace, shewing unto the Ladies great Friendship and courtesie as the other did.

Which being done, he beheld the King of Arabia tarrying to receive him at the Iust: and the Trumpets began to sound, giving them to understand that they must prepare themselves ready to the Encounter: whereto these Knights were nothing unwilling, but Spurred their Coursers with great fury, and closed together with courageous valour.

The King of Arabia most strongly made his Encounter, and strook the Wagan without missing upon his Breast: but the Wagan at the next Race, being heated with fury, strook him so surely with his Lance, that he heaved him out of his Saddle, and he fell presently to the ground, after which the Wagan Knight rode up and down with great pride and gladness.

The Arabian King being thus overthrowen, there entered into the Lists the King of Argier, armed with no other furniture but with Silver Mail, and a Breast-plate of bright Steel

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Steele before his Breast; his Pomp and Pride exceeded all the Knights that were then present, but yet to small purpose his Pride and Arrogancy served: for at the first Encounter he was overthrowen to the ground: in like sort did that Pagan and fifteen other Knights of fifteen several Provinces, to the great wonder and amazement of the Emperour and all the Assembly.

During all these valiant Encounters Saint George with the other Christian Champions stood a far off upon a high Gallery beholding them, intending not as yet to be seen in the Tilt.

But now this valiant Pagan after he had rode some six Courses up and down the place, and seeing none entered the Tilt-yard, he thought to bear all the fame and Honour away for that day.

But at the same instant there entered the noble minded Prince of Fesse, being for courage the only pride of his Country, he was a warbellous well-proportioned Knight, and was Armed all in white Armour wrought with excellent knots of Gold, and he brought in his company a hundred Knights, all attired in white Satten, and riding about the place, he shewed his obedience unto the Emperour, and to all the Ladies, and thereupon the Trumpets began to sound.

At the noise whereof the two Knights spurred their Coursers, and made their Encounters so strong, and with such great fury, that the proud Pagan was cast to the ground, and so departed the Lists with great dishonour.

Straight way entered the brave King of Sicilia, who was armed in a glistering Coat of very fine Steel, & was mounted upon a mighty and strong Courser, and brought in his Company two hundred Knights, all apparelled with rich Cloth of Gold, having everyone a several Instrument of Musick in their hands, sounding thereon most delightful Melody.

And after the Sicilian King had made his accustomed compassse, and circled in the place, he locked down his Bebor, and put himself in readinesse to fight.

So, when the sign was given by the chief Harrold at Arms,

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Arms, they spurred their Horses and made their Encounters so valiantly, that the first Blows they made, their Ancestors buried in the Ayre, and the pieces thereof scattered abroad like Aspen leaves in a whirl-wind.

At the second course the young Prince of Fez was carryed over his Horse buttocks, and the Saddle with him before his Legs, which was a great grief unto the Emperours and all the company that did see him, so that he was well beloved of them all, and held for a Knight of great estimation.

The Sicilian King grew proud at the Prince of Fesses overthrow, and was so enraged and so furious, that in a small time he left not a Knight remaining on Horse-back in their Saddle that durst attempt to Joust with him, but every one of what Countrey or Nation soever he was shot in the attempt: so that there was no question among either Nobles or the Multitude but that unto him the undoubted honour of the Victory in triumph would be attributed.

But being in this arrogant Pride, he heard a great noise in the manner of a Tumult drawing near, which was the occasion that he stood still, and expecting some strange accident, and looking about what it should be, he beheld Saint George entering the Lists, as then come from the Gallery, who was armed with his rich and strong Armour, all of purple, full of Golden Stars, and before him rode the Champions of France, Italy, Spain, and Scotland, all on stately Couriers, bearing in their hands four Silken Streamers of four several colours: and there followed him the Champion of Wales, carrying his Shield, whereon was portrayed a golden Lion in a Dable field, and the Champion of Ireland likewise carryed his Spear being of knotty Ash, strongly bound about with Plates of Steel, all which betokened the nobleness of his descent, in that so many brave Knights attended upon him.

So when Saint George had passed by the Royal Seat whereon the Emperour late Inhabited, in whose company were many Princes of great Power, he rode along by the other side, whereas Alcida the Emperours late Daughter late amongst many gallant Ladies and fair Damselfs, richly

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richly apparalled in a Vesture of Gold, to whom he baled his Bonet, shewing them the curtelle of a Knight, and so passed by Alcida, who at the sight of this Noble Champion, could not refrain her self, but with an high and bold voyce she said unto the Emperour: most mighty Emperour and my royal Father, this is the Knight in whose power and strength all Christendome do put their Fortunes, and this is he whom the whole World admires for Chivalry. Which words of the lovely Princess although Saint George heard them very well, yet passed he on as though he had heard nothing.

Now when he was come before the Face of his adversary he took his Shield and his Sphear, and prepared himself in readines to Fight, and loosing both provided, the Trumpets began to sound, whereat with great fury these two Warlike Knights met together, and neither of them missed their blows at their Encounter: but yet by reason that Saint George had a desire to extol his Fame, and to make his name resound through the World, he strook the Gyant such a mighty blow upon his Breast, that he presently overthrew him to the Ground, and so with great state and Majesty he passed along without any shew of disdain, whereat the People gave so great a shout, that it resounded like an Echoe in the Ayre; and in this manner said: The great and furious Boaster is overthrowen, and his mighty strength hath little availed him.

After this many Princes proved their Adventures against the English Champion, and every Knight that was of any estimation Fought with him, but with great ease he overcame them all in less than the space of two hours. So at such time as bright Phœbus began to make an end of his long journey, and the day to draw to an end, there appeared to enter into the Lists the brave and mighty Gyant, being Brother to the Sicilian King, with a mighty great Sphear in his hand, whose glimmering point of Steel glistered through all the Court, he brought with him but only one Squire, attired in silver Habille bringing in his hand another Lance.

So this furious Gyant, without any care of comeliness unto the Emperour or any of his Knights there present,
entered

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entered the place. which being done. the Squire that brought the other S:hear, went unto the English Champion, and said: Sir Knight, yonder brave and valiant Gyant, my Lord and Master, doth send unto thee this Warlike S:hear, and therewithal he willett thee to defend thy self to the uttermost of thy power and strength, for he hath vowed before Sun set, to be either Lord of thy Fortunes or a M:fall to thy Wife, and likewise saith, that he doth not only desire thee in the Tournament, but also challenge thee to mortal Battel.

This braving S:lag caused Saint George to smile, and bred in his Breast a new desire of Honour, and so returned him this Answer: Friend, go thy wayes and tell the Gyant that sent thee, that I do accept his Demand, although it doth grieve my very soul to hear his arrogant Desiance, to the great disturbance of this Royal Company, in presence of so mighty an Emperour: but seeing his stomack is gozged with so much Pride, tell him that George of England is ready to make his Defence, and al'o that shortly he shall repent him by the pledge of my Knight-hood.

In saying these wordes, he took the S:hear from the Squire, and delivered him his Gamitlet from his hand to carry to his Master, and so putting himself to the standing, awaiting for the Encounter.

At that time he was very nigh the place where the Emperour sat, who heard the answer which the English Knight made unto the Squire, and was much displeased that the Gyant in such sort would desse Saint George without any occasion.

But it was no time as then to speak, but to keep silence, & to mark what event came to his great Pride and Arrogancy.

All this time the two Warriors (Mounted upon their Steeds) carryed the sign to be made by the Trumpets, which being given, they set forward their Counters, with their S:hears in their Kells, with so great fury and desire the one to unhorse the other, that they both failed in their Encounter.

The Gyant who was very strong and Proud, when he
saw

saw that he had missed his intent, he returned against Saint George, carryng his Sphear upon his shoulder, and coming nigh unto him, upon a sudden befoze he could clear himself, he struck him such a mighty blow upon his Coller, that his staffe brake in pieces, by reason of the fineness of his Armour, and made the English Knight to double his body backwards upon his Joyles Cupper.

But when he saw the great villany that the Gyant used against him, his anger increased very much, and taking his Sphear in the same sort, he went towards the Gyant and said:

Thou furious and proud Beast, thou scorn of Nature, and Enemy to true knight-hood, thinkest thou so to entrap me treacherously, and to gaze me at unawares like to a savage Boar? Now as I am a Christian Knight, if my knotty Sphear have good success, I will revenge me on thy unclewility.

And in saying this, he struck him so furiously on the Breast, that the Sphear passed thorow the Gyant's body and appeared forth at his Back, whereby he fell presently downe dead to the ground, and yielded his life to the conquest of the fatal Sisters. All that were present were very much amazed thereat, and wondered greatly at the strength and force of Saint George, accounting him the foremost knight that ever wielded Lance, and the very pattern of true Nobility.

At this time the golden Sun had finished his course, leaving nothing above the Horizon but his glittering Beams, whereby the Judge of the Tournaments commanded with sound of Trumpets, that the Jests should cease, and make an end for that day,

So the Emperour descended from his Imperial Throne into the Tilting place, where all his Knights and Gentlemen were, so to receive the Noble Champion of England, and desired him, that he would go with them into his Palace, there to receive all Honours due unto a Knight of such desert: to the which he could not make any denial, but most willingly consented. After this the Emperours Daughter (in company of many Courtly Virgins) likewise descended from their places, where Alcida bestowed upon St.

The second part of the

George her Globe, the which he wore for her sake many a day after in his Burgonet.

The other six Christian Champions, although they merited no Honour by this Tournament, because they did not try their Adventures therein, yet obtained they such good liking among the Grecian Ladies, that every one had his Mistress, and in their presence they long time fixed their chief delights, where we must leave the Champions in the Emperours Court for a time, surfeiting in pleasures, and return to Saint Georges Sons travelling the World to seek out Adventures.



CHAP.





CHAP. XVI.

How a Knight with two Heads tormented a beautiful Mayden that had betrothed her self to the Emperours Son of *Constantinople*: and how she was rescued by Saint *Georges* Sons, and after how they were brought by a strange Adventure into the company of the Christian Champions, with other things that hapned in the same Travels.



His Renowned Emperour (within whose Court the Christian Champions made their abodes) of late years had a Son named *Pollemus*, in all vertues and knightly demeanours, equall with any living. This young Prince in the spring time of his youth, through the piercing darts of blinde Cupid, fell in love with a Mayden of mean Parentage, but in

Beauty and other precious gifts of nature, most excellent.

This *Dulcippa* (for so was she called) being but Daughter to a Countrey Gentleman, was restrained from the Emperours Court, and denyed the sight of her beloved *Pollemus*, and he forbidden to set his affection so low, upon the displeasure

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fare of the Emperour his Father : for he being the Son of so mighty a Potentate, and she the Daughter of so mean a Gentleman was thought to be a match unfit and disagreeable to the Lawes of the Countrey : and therefore they could not be suffered to manifest their loves as they would, but were constrained by stealth to enjoy each others beloved and much desired company.

So upon a time these two Lovers concluded to meet together in a Valley betwixt two Hills, in distance from the Emperours Court some three miles, whereas they might in secret (devoid of all suspicion) unite and tie both their hearts in one knot of true love, and to prevent the determination of their Parents that so unkindly thought to crosse them.

And so when the appointed day drew on, Dulcippa arose from her carefull Bed, and attired herself in rich and costly Apparell, as though she had been going to perform her Baptismall Ceremonies.

And in this manner entered she the Valley, at such time as the Sun began to appear out of his golden Horizon, and to shew himself upon the face of the Earth, glistering with his bright beams upon the Silver-floating Rivers. Likewise the calmy Western Windes did very sweetly blow upon the green leaves, and made a delicate harmony, at such time as the fairest Dulcippa (accompanied with high thoughts) approached the place of their appointed meeting.

But when she found not Prince Pollemus present, she determined to spend the time away till he came, in trimming of her Golden hair, and decking her delicate Body, and such like delightfull pleasures for her contentment and recreation.

So sitting down upon a green Bank under the shadow of a Myrtle Tree, she pulled a golden Cawl from her Head, wherein her hair was wrapped, letting it fall and disperse it self all about her back, and taking out from her Chastellaine Breast an Ivory Comb, she began to comb her hair, her hands and fingers seemed to be of white Alabaster, her Face bearing the beauty of Roses and Lillies mixed together, and the rest of her Body comparable to Hyrens, upon whose love and beauty Mahomet did somewhat note.

But

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But now mark (gentle Reader) how crowning Foz and crossed her desires, and changed her wished joys into unperpetuated sorrows. Foz as she sat in this Divine and Angelicall likeness, there fortune to come wandering by an inhumane Tyrant, surnamed the Knight with two Heads, who was a Ravisher of Virgins, an Oppresser of Infants, and an utter Enemy to vertuous Ladies and strange travelling Knights.

This Tyrant was bodied like unto a man, but covered all over with Locks of Haire. He had two Heads, two Shoulders, and four Eyes, but all as red as blood. Which deformed Creature presently ran unto the Virgin, and caught her up under his Arm, and carryed her away ower the Fountain into another Countrey, where he intended to torment her, as you shall hear moze at large hereafter.

But now return we to Prince Pollemus, who at the time appointed likewise prepared to meet his betrothed Love: but coming to the place, he found nothing but a Wilken Scarfe, the which Dulcippa had let fall through the fearfull frighting she took at the sight of the Two-headed Knight.

So sooner found he her Scarf, but he was appressed extremely, with sorrow, fearing Dulcippa was murdered by some inhumane meanes, and had lost her Hoarse as a token that she infringed not her promise, but performed it, to the losse of her own life. Therefore taking it up, and putting it next his heart he breathed forth this woofull lamentation.

Here rest thou next unto my true loving heart, thou precious token and remembrance of my dearest Lady, never to be hence removed till such time as my eyes may either behold her Body, or my ears hear certain newes of her untimely death, that I may in death consort with her.

From you Glistening Lamps of brightnesse, that gave first light unto this fatal morning, for by your dimmish light the pride of earthly women is dishonoured. Come, come you wrathfull Planets, descend the lucklesse Horizon, and raine upon my head eternal vengeance, oppress my

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my body with conſumall miſery, as once you did the woeful
King of Thebes; for by my ſlothfull negligence and overlong
tarrying, this bloody Tragedy hath been committed.

And for her ſake I bold to travell through the World,
as far as ever golden Phœbus lends his Light, filling each
corner of the Earth with clamours of her Name, and ma-
king the Elements reſound with Echoes of my Lamentation.

In which reſolution he returned home to the Emperour
his Fathers Palace, diſſembling his griefe in ſuch man-
ner that none could ſuſpect his diſcontented ſorowes, nor
the ſtrange Accident that unto Beauteous Dulcippa had
happned.

And ſo upon a day as he was meditating with himſelf,
ſeeking the ſmall comfort that he took in the Court, conſider-
ing the want of her preſence whom he ſo much deſired, he
determined in great ſecret, as ſoon as it was poſſible, to de-
part the Court.

Which determination he ſtraight-wayes put in practice,
and took out of the Emperours Armoury very ſecretly, an
exceeding good Coſſet, the which was all buſſet, and Ena-
melled with Black, and embroidered round about with a
Gilded Edge, very Curioſly and Artiſtically Chaven and
Carved.

Alſo he took a ſpheel of the ſame making, ſaying that it was
not Chaven as the armour was, and commanded a young
Gentleman that was ſon unto an ancient Knight of Con-
ſtantinople, of a good diſpoſition and hardy, that he ſhould
keep them ſafely, and gave him to underſtand of his determi-
ned purpoſe.

Although it did grieve the young man very much, yet for all
that, ſeeing the great friendſhip that he ſtood towards him, in
uttering his ſecrets unto him beſore any other, without re-
plying to the contrary, he very diligently took the Armour
and hid it, till he found convenient time to put it into a ſhip
very ſecretly.

So likewise, he put into the ſame ſhip two of the beſt Hoſ-
ſes which the Emperour had; and ſo forth-with he gave the
Prince to underſtand that all things were then in a rea-
dineſſe,

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readines, and in good order: Pollemus dissembling with the accustomed sorrow that he used, with-drew himself into his Chamber, till such time as the dark night came.

Which when it was come, he made himself ready with his Apparell, and when all the People of the Court were at their rest, and in their deep sleep, he alone with his Page, who was named Mercurio, departed the Palace and went to the Sea-side. His Page did call the Mariners of the Ship, who straight-way brought unto them their Boat, into the which they entred, and went straight away.

And being therein, for that the Wind was very fair, he command to weigh their Anchors, and to hoyle up Sables, and to commit themselves to the mercy of the Waters: as he commanded all was done, and so in short time they found themselves ingulfed in the main Ocean, far from the sight of any Land.

But when the Emperour his Father understood of his secret departure, the Lamentation which he made was very much: and he commanded his Knights to go unto the Sea-side, to know if there were any Ship that departed that night. And when it was told them that there was a Barque that hale Anchor, and hoyle Sable, they supposed straight-way that the Prince was gone away.

I cannot here declare the great grief and sorrow which the Emperour felt in his woful heart for the absence of his Son, which along time he alwayes suspected and feared. But when the departure of Pollemus was bruited throught all Constantinople, all Sports and Feasts ceased, and all the People of the Country were overcome with a general sorrow.

So Pollemus sailed through the deep Seas three dayes and three nights with a very fair and prosperous sorrow-wind.

The fourth day in the Evening being Calm, and no Wind at all, the Mariners went to take their rests, some on the Deck, and some on the fore-ship, for to ease their weary Boords. The Prince (who sat upon the Deck of the Ship) asked his Page for his Lute, the which straight-way was given him: and when he had it in his hand, he played and sang so sweetly, that it seemed to be a most Heavenly melody.

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melody: and being in this sweet Musick, he heard a very lamentable cry as it were of a woman, and leaving his delicate Musick, he gave a listening and attentive eare to hear what this sorrowful creature said, and by reason of the stillness of the night, he might easily hear as it were a woman uttering these words:

It will little profit thee thou cruel Tyrant, this thy bold hardnesse, for that I am beloved of so Worthy a Knight, as will undoubtedly revenge this thy Tyrannous cruelty profered me.

Then he heard another Voyce which seemed to Answer.

Now I have thee in my power, there is no humane creature of strength able enough to deliver or redeem thee from the torments that (in my determination) I have purposed thou shalt endure.

Pollemus could hear no more by reason that the Barque wherein they were, passed by so swiftly, but he supposed that it was his Ladies voyce which he heard, and that she was carryed by force away. So (laying down his Life) he began to fall into a great thought, and was very heavy and sorrowful, in that he knew not how to Adventure for her recovery.

Being in this cogitation, he returned to his Page which was asleep, and struck him with his foot, and awaked him, saying: What, didst thou not hear the great lamentation that my Lady Dulcippa made (as to me it seemed) being in a small Barque that it passed by, and gone forwarde along the Seas? To the which the Page Mercutio answered nothing, for he was still in a sound sleep. To whom the Prince called again, saying: Arise I say, bring forth my Armour, call upon the Partners that they may launce their Boat into the Sea; for by the omnipotent Iupiter, I swear that I will not be called the Son of my Father if I do suffer such violence to be done against my Love, and not procure with all my strength to revenge the same. Mercutio would have replied unto him, but the furious countenance of the Prince would not give him leave; no, not once.

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once to look upon his face : so he brought forth his Arrow out and buckled it on.

In the meantime the Harriners had launced their Boate into the Sea, where into he leaped with a halfe sorry, and carryed with him his Page and four of the Harriners for to tow the Barque, and he commanded them to take their way towards the other company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the night till such time as bright Phoebus with his glistering beams gave unto them such light, that they might discover and see the other Barque, although some, wh it afar off,

So they laboured with great courage till two parts of the day was spent, at which time they saw come after them a Gally which was rowed with eight Dars upon a side, and it made so great speed, that with a trice they were with them, and he saw that there was in her three Knights, in bright Armour, to whom Pollemus called with a loud voyce, saying : Most courteous Knights, I request you to take me into your Gally, that being in her I may the better accomplish my desire.

The Knights which were in the Gally passed by the prince without making return of any answer, but rather shewed that they made but little account of him.

These three Knights were the Sons of the English Champion, who departed from their Father in his journey towards Babyon, to set the King again in his Kingdome.

But now to follow our History, the Prince of Constantinople seeing the little account they made of him, with the great anger and fury that he received, he took an Dar in one hand, and another in the other hand, and with such strength he struck the water, that he made the noathful Barque to flee, & laboured so force at the Dars, that with a trice they were equal with the Gally.

So leaving the Dars, with a light leap he put himself into the Gally with his Helm on, and his Shield at his shoulder, and being within, he said : Now shall you do that by force, which before, I using great courtesie, you would not yield unto.

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This being said, one of Saint Georges Dons took the Encounter in hand, thinking it a blemish to the Honor of Knighthood, by multitudes to assaile him; so they two brave knights without any advantage the one of the other, made their Encounters so Valiently, that it was a wonder to all the Beholders.

The prince of Constantinople struck the English Knight such a furious blow, that he made him to decline his head to his breast, and forced him to recolie backwards two or three steps, but he came quickly again to himself, and returned him so mighty a blow upon his Helmet, that he made all his Teeth to chatter in his head, which was pittifull to see.

Then began betwixt them a marvellous and well fought battel, that all that beheld them greatly admired: with great pollice and strength they endured the bickering all day, and when they saw the dark and tenebrous night come upon them they strove with moze courage and strangth to finish their Battel.

The Prince of Constantinople, puffing and blowing like an enraged Bull, lif up his sword with both his hanggs, and discharged it so strongly upon his Enemy, that perforce he made him to fall to the ground, and therewithal offered to pull his Helmet from his Head. But when the English knight saw himself in that sort he threw his Wyeld from him, and very strongly caught the other about the neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them begana mighty and terrible wrestling, tumbling and wallowing up and down the Gally, breaking their planks and Dars, that it was strange to behold.

At this time the night began to be very dark, wherefore they called the lights, which presently were brought them by the Barriners, in the mean time these knights did somewhat breath themselves although it was not much. So when the Lights were brought, they returned to their old combat with new force and strength.

O Heavens, said Pollemus, I cannot believ: to the contrary but that this is Mars the God of War, that doth contend in battle with me, and for the great envy he bears against me. he goeth about to dishonour me. And with these

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these words they thickned their blowes with great desperate
noise.

And although this last assault continued more than two
houres, yet neither of them did faint, but at the last, they
both together left up their Swords, and charged them toge-
ther, the one upon the others Helmet, with To great strength
that both of them fell down upon the Hatches without any re-
memb:ance.

The rest that looked upon them, did belæve verily that they
were both dead, by reason of the abundance of blood which
came forth at their Wounds, but quickly it was perceived that
there was some hope of life in them. Then presently here
was an agreement made betwixt the Knights of the Valley
and Harriners of the Ba que, that they should conjoin toge-
ther and trabel toither Fortune should conduct them, in this
order as you have hear, carried they these two Knights with-
out any remembrance.

But when the Prince of Constantinople came to himself,
with a lowd voyce he sa'd, Oh love, is it possible to be true
that I am overthrowen in this last Encounter and Assault of
my Knight-hood: here I curse the day of my Creation, and
the hour when first I merited the name of a Knight; hence,
forth Ile bury all my Honours in disgrace, and spend the
remnant of my life in base cowardise; and in speaking these
words, he cast his eye aside, and beheld the English Knight as
one newly risen from a trance, who like to breathe forth
these discontented speeches; Oh unhappy Son of S.^t George,
now a coward and of little valour; I know not how thou
canst name thy self to be the Son of the valiantest Knight in
the world, for that thou hast lost thy Honour in t. is last
Assault.

This being said, the two weary Knights concluded a
peace betwixt them, and revealed each to the other their
names and living, and therefore they adventure to tra-
vell; the which when it was known, they sayled forthward that way
wheremas the Delectious Woman went; so in this sort
they travelled all the rest of the night that remayned, till
such time as the day began to be clear, and straightway
they descryed Land, to which place with great haste they
rowed.

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And coming aland, they found no used way, but one narrow Path, the which they kept: wherein they had not travelled long when they met with a poor simple Countrey man, with a new ground Hatchet in his hand, and he was going to cut some fire-wood off the high broad spreading Trees, of whom they demanded what Countrey and Land it was.

This Countrey (said he) is called Armenia, but yet most courteous Knights you must pardon me, for that I do request you to return again, and proceed no further if you do esteem of your lives; for in going this way there is nothing to be had but death.

For that the Lord of this Countrey is a furious Monster, called the two-Headed Knight, and he is so furious in his tyranny, that never any stranger could as yet escape out of his hand alive: And for proof of his cruelty, no longer than yesterday he brought hither a Lady prisoner, who at her first coming on shore, he all to bewhipt and beat her in such sort that it would make the most tyrannous Tyrant that is, to relent and pittie her distresse, swearing that every day he would so torment her, till her life and body did make their desperation.

Pollemus the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the old mans words, thinking the Lady to be his Dulcippa after whom he so long travelled: the griefe he received at this report struck such a terror to his heart, that he fell into a swoine, and was not able to go any further. But Saint Georges Sons, who knew him to be a Knight of much valour, encouraged him, and protected by the Honour of their Knight-hoods, never to forsake his company, till they saw his Lady delivred from her torments, and he safely conducted home into his own Countrey.

So travelling with this resolution, the night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to seek some convenient place to take their rests, and laying themselves down under abroad branched Oak Tree, they passed the Night, pondering in their minds a thousand imaginations.

So when the morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glister with his beams upon the Mountain

tain tops, these martiall Knights were most ready, but rose up and followed their journeyes.

After this they had not travelled scarce halfe a mile, when that they heard a pittifull Lamentation of a woman, whose voyce by reason of her lowd shteks, was very hoarse; so they staid to hear from whence that lamentable noyse should come.

And presently as farre off, they beheld a high Pillar of Stone, out of the which there came forth a spout of faire and clear water, and thereat was bound a woman all naked, her back fastned to the Pillar, her armes backward embracing it, with her armes fast bound behind her. Her skin was so fair and white, that if it had not been that they heard her lamentation, they would have judged her to have been an Image made artificially of Alabastrer, and joyned to the Pillar.

These warlike Knights laced on their Helmes, and came unto the place where she was; but when the Prince of Constantiople saw her, he presently knew her to be his Lady and lovely Distresse. For, by reason of the coldnesse of the night, and with her great Lamentation and weepings, she was so full of sorrow and affliction, that she could scarce speak. Likewise the Princes heart so grieved at the sight of his unhappy Lady, that almost he could not looke upon her for weeping.

But yet at last, with a sorrowfull sigh he said: O cruel hands! is it possible that there should remain in you so much mischefe, that whereas there is such great Beauty and fairness, you should use such baseness and villany: she nothing more deserue to be loved and serued, than to be in this sort so evil intreated.

This wofull Prince with much sorrow did behold her white skin and back all bespotted with her red blood, and taking a Cloak from one of the Harriners, he threw it upon her, and covered her body, and took her in his Armes whilst the other knights abounded her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, till such time as she was loosed from those bands, and in the Armes of her Loder. But yet she thought that she had been in the Armes of the monstrous two-headed

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Knight, and therefore she gave a terrible sigh, saying: Oh Pollemus, my true betrothed Husband, where art thou now, that thou comest not to succour me? and therewithal ceased her speeches.

This Prince hearing these words, would have answered her, but he was disturbed by hearing of a great noyse of a Horse, which seemed to be in the Woods amongst the Trees.

The rest of the Knights intending to see what it should be, left the Lady lying upon the green grasse in the keeping of Prince Pollemus and the Barreners, and so Saint George's Sonnes went towards that place whereas they heard that rushing noyse, and as they diligently lookt about them, they beheld the two headed Monster mounted upon a furious and great Palefrey, who returned to see if the Lady were alive, so to torment her anew.

But when he came to the Pillar and saw not the Lady, with an ireful look he cast his eyes, looking round about him on every side, and at last he saw the three Knights coming towards him with a slow and quiet pace, and how the Lady was untied from the Pillar where he left her, and in the Arms of another Knight, making her sorrowful complaint.

The two-headed Knight seeing them in this order, with great wrath he came riding upon his furious Horse towards them: and when he was near them, he said: Foul Knights, what wretched folly and madnesse hath bewitched you, that without any leave you have adventured to untie the Lady from the Pillar where I left her, or come you to offer up your bloods in sacrifice upon my ffaithion? To whom one of the three valiant Brothers answered, and said: We be Knights of a Strange Countrey, that at the sorrowful complaint of this Lady arrived at this place, and seeing her to be a faire and beautifull woman, and with ut any desert to be thus evil intreated, it moved us to put our persons in adventure against them that will seem farther to abuse her.

In the mean time that the Knight was speaking these words the ugly deformed Monster beheld him cry fiercely, knitting his brows with the great anger he received in

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in hearing his speeches, and with great fury he spurred his monstrous Beast, that he made him give so mighty a leap, that he had almost fallen on the English Knight: who with great lightness did deliver himself, and so drawing out his Sword, he would have stricken him, but the beast passed by with so great swiftness, that he could not reach him.

Here began as terrible a Battle between the two-headed Knight and Saint Georges Sons, as ever was fought by any Knights, their mighty blows seemed to rattle in the Elements like a terrible thunder, and their Swords to strike sparkling fire in such abundance, as though it had been from a Smiths anvil.

During this conflict, the English Knights were so grievously wounded, that all their bright Armour was stained with a bloody gore, and their Helmets bruised with their terrible strokes of the Monsters Faulchion. Whereat they grew more enraged, and their strength began to increase in such sort that one of them struck an overthrowing blow with his trusty Sword upon his knee, and by reason that his armour was not very good, he cut it clean asunder, so that leg and all fell to the ground, and the two-headed Knight fell on the other side to the earth, and with great roaring he began to rage and stare like a beast, and to blaspheme against the fates for this his sudden mishap.

The other two Brethren seeing this, presently cut off his two heads, whereby he was forced to yield to the mercy of impertinent death.

There was another Knight that came with the Monster, who when he saw all that had passed, with great fear returned the way from whence he came.

These Victorious Conquerors, when they saw that with so great ease they were delivered from the Tyrants cruelty, with joyful hearts they departed, with conquest to be Prince of Constantinople, where they left him comfortless his distressed Lady.

So when they were altogether, they commended the Garrisoners to provide them somewhat to eat, for that they had great need thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their Provision about them: of his Banquet

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Banquet the Knights were very glad, and rejoyced much at that which they had achieved, and commanded that the Lady should be very well looked to, and healed of her harm received.

So at the end of these dayes, when the Princely Lady had recovered health, they left the Country of Armania, and departed back to the Seas, whereas they had left their Ships lying at road, that tarried there until their coming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entred, but the Harriners hoysed Sail, and took their way towards Constantinople, as the Knights commanded. The Winds serued them so prosperously that within a small time they arived in Greece, and landed within two dayes journey of the Court, which lay then at Paru about a mile from Constantinople.

Being aland, the Prince Pollemus consulted with Saint Georges these Sons, what course were best to be taken for their proceeding in the Court. For, saith he, unlesse I may with the Emperour my Fathers consent, enjoy my dearest Dulcippa, I will live unknowen in her company, rather than delight in the Heritage of tenne such Empires.

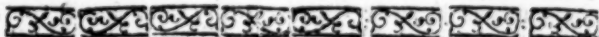
At last, they concluded that the Lady should be covered in a black bair for being known, and Pollemus in black Arms, and the other Knights all suitable should ride together: which accordingly they did, and about tenne in the morning entred the Pallace: where they found the Emperour, the seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall: to whom one of Saint Georges Sons thus spake.

O great Emperour and Noble Knights, this Knight that leadeth the Lady hath long loved her: in their birthys there is great difference, so that their Parents cross their affections: for him she hath endured much sorrow, and for her he will and hath suffered many hazards. His coming thus to your Court is to this end, to approve her the only desertful Lady in the World, himself the faithfulest Knight against all Knights whatsoever, which with your Imperial leave, he, myself, and the two my Associates, will maintain: desiring your self to give judgment as we shall deserve.

The

The Emperour candescended, and on the Green before the Palace, those foure oborthew more than foure hundred Knights: so that Saint George and three other of the Champions entered the Lists, and ran three violent Courses against the Black Knights, without wounding them: who never suffered the points of the Spears to touch the Armour of the Champions: which the Emperour perceiving, guessed them to be of acquaintance: wherefore giving judgement, that the Knight should possess his Lady, at his request they all withdrew themselves.

To describe the delightfull comfort that the English Champions took in the presence of his Children, and the joy that the Emperour received at the returne of his lost Son, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tyed senses can afford. I am therefore here forced to leave the Flowers of Chivalry in the City of Constantinople. Of whose following Adventures I will at large Discourse hereafter: and how all these famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what cause they were called the Seven Saints of Christendome.





CHAP. XVII.

Of the renowned and praise-worthy death of Saint Patrick, how he buried his own self: and for what cause the *Iresh-men* to this day, do wear their red Crosse upon Saint Patricks day.



Ye must y^e suppose (gentle Readers) that time had ran a long Race before these aforesaid thrice-honoured Champions had purchased so many Right Victories: and being now wearied with Age, Death with his gloomy countenance began to challenge an end of all their glorious Atchievements, and to draw their Noble Names to a full perfection; therefore preparing a black Stage for Honour to act his last Scence on, thus it followed.

The valiant Champion Saint Patrick feeling himself weakened with Time and Age, not able any longer to endure the buisles of Princely Atchievements, because an Hermit, and wandering up and down the World in poor Habillments, he came at last to the Countrey of his Birth, which is now called Ireland but in former times Hibernia, where instead of Martiall Atchievements, he offered up in the Name of his Redeemer, devout Prayers, daily making petitions

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fitious to the Deity of Glorie, in behalfe of his desired peace: a life more delightful to his aged heart, than all his former accomplishment. And now willing to bid farewell to the World, he desired a reclosure to be made, and to be pent up in a Strong Wall from the sight of all earthly objects. To which request of this Holy Father (now no soldier but a man of peace) the Inhabitants wholly condescended, and builded him a four-square House of Stone, without either Window or Door, only a little hole to receive his food in, wherein they closed him up, never to be seen more alive by the eyes of mortal men. Also appointing others of the Country to bring him at convenient times food to maintain nature, which they delivered in at the aforesaid hole, which they thought to be a deed of more than common charity, and he (the receiver) to be an Honour to their Country, by the labors and strict course of life he put himself to. Thus lived he the Servant of his God day and night kneeling on the bare ground, till thrice the Winters could have had time departure, and as oft the Summers warmth had cheered up the cold Earth, making his knees hard with kneeling, and his eyes dim with Lamentations for his former offences. In which time the Hairs of his Head were all over-grown and deformed, and the Payles of his Fingers (as it were sawed) like the Talons and Claws of an old Raven, with the which by little and little he digged his own Grave, prepared against the hour of his death to be buried in: the which by process of time came thus to effect as followeth.

When he had walked (as I said before) thrice twelve Months in Divine Contemplations, by Inspiration (as it seemed) he layd him down in the Grave that his own Payles had digged: and feeling his body weak and feeble, ready to deliver up the epre of Life, he began to speak as followeth.

World (quoth he) thou hast been long my kind friende, and hast graced my Name with many Titles of Honour, making me famous in thy large circumference: thou hast given me victories over all mine Enemies, and weakened the boldness of all my withstanders, that my Life and Name might be charactred amongst the rest of our Christian Cham-

Champions, for which I have thought my predestinated to a lasting happiness, in that the Title of my Fortunes challenge so long a memory. Nozd (I say) fare thou wel my life lingreth now to her last minute, which as willingly I here deliver up, as eber I brandisht Weapon against powerful Digan, I need no Pompal Train of Princes to attend my funeral, noz solemn Chimes of Bels to bring me to my Grave, noz Troops of Pourriers in Sable Garments, to furnish out my Obsequy: my self here buries up my self, and all offices of Lamentations belonging to so bad a business is my own hand labour. Earth, I embrace thee: thou gentle Wouldst my Bodies cowering, with humility I kiss thee: no difference is between thy cold nature and my Liffes warm substance, we are both one, Emperours are but Earth, so am I. Thou Earth, gently do I yield my self onto the mouldy bosom. I come, I come, most comforter, into thy hands I commend my Spirit. These and such like, were the last words that eber this good Champion delivered, so yielding to death, the Earth of it self as it were buried up his Body, in the Grave which his own hands had digged.

Thus being changed from a lively substance to a dead Picture, his Attenders, as their usual customs was, came with Food to relie be him, and calling at the hole where he had wont to receive it, they heard nothing but empty eers blowing in and out, which made them confecture presently that death had prevailed, and the fatal Sisters finished up their Labours: so calling to zether more company, they made an entrance there into, and finding what had hapned, how he had buried his own self, they reported it for a wonder up and down the Country being an Accident of much strangeness: so before that time the like never chanced.

Whereupon, by a common consent of the whole Kingdom, they pulled down the aforesaid House or Tower and in the same place, builded in process of time a most sumptuous Chappel, calling it Saint Patrickes Chappel, and in the place where this Holy Father had buried himself, they likewise erected a Monument of much richness, framed upon Pillars of pure Gold, beautified with many artificial sights, most pleasant to behold: whereunto so many years after resorted distressed people, such as were commonly molested

Seven Champions of Christendome.

molested with loathsome Diseases, where making their Orisons at Saint Patricks Tomb, they found help, and were restored to their former healths. By which means the Name of Saint Patrick is growne so famous through the whole, that to this day he is entituled one of our Christian Champions and the Saint for Ireland, where in remembrance of him, and of his Honourable achievements done in his life time, the Irish-men as well in England as in that Country, do as yet in honour of his name keep one day in the year Festival, holding upon the same a great Solemnity, wearing upon their hats each of them a Cross of red silk, in token of his many Adventures, under the Christian Cross, as you have heard in the former History at large discoursed. Whose Noble deeds both in Life and death we will leave sleeping with him in his Grave, and speak of our of our next renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had allotted to Saint David, the Champion for Wales, at that time entituled Chamber-Brittannia.



CHAP.



The Second Part of the



CHA P. XVIII.

Of the honourable Victory wone by Saint *David* in *Wales*: of his death, and cause why Leeks are by custome, of *Welch-men*, worg on Saint *David*s day: with other things that hapned.



Some certain months after the departure of S. Patrick from the City of Constantinople, from the other Champions, as you heard before in the last Chapter, S. David having a heart still fired with fame, thirsted even to his dying day for honourable Achievements, and although age and time had almost wearied him away, yet would he once more make his adventure in the field of Mars, and seal up his honours in the records of fame with a Noble farewell.

So upon a morning framing himself for a knightly Enterprize, he took his leave of the other Champions, and all alone well mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnished with sufficient Habilliments, for so brave an enterprize, he began a Journey home towards his own Countrey, accounting that his best for, and the sole of his most comfort. But long had he not travelled, ere he heard of the distresses thereof: how Wales was beset with a people of a Savage Nature, thirsting for blood, and the ruine of that brave Kingdome: and how that many Battels had been fought to the disparagement

ment of Christian Knight-hood. Whereupon among himself with true resolution, he went forward with a courageous mind, either to redeem the same, or to lose his best blood in the Honour of the Adventure.

Whereupon al the way as he travelled, he drew into his Aid and Assistance, all the best Knights he could find, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them promises of noble rewards, and such entertainment as befitte so worthy a fellowship. By this means before he came upon the Borders of Wales, he had gathered together the number of five hundred Knights, of such noble resolutions, that all Christendome could not afford better, the seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battell, entered the Countrey, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gilliant Houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruined, Fields of Corn consumed with fire: yea, everything so out of order, as if the Countrey had never been inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved mind take the Region of his Birthplace so consumed, and nothing but noises of murder and death sounding in his ears, he summoned his Knights together, placing them in Battell Array, to travele high up into the Countrey, for the performances of his desired hopes. But as they marched along with an easie pace to prevent dangers, there related to them People of all Ages, both young and old, bitterly complaining of the wrongs thus done unto their Countrey. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of Wales, whom so long they had desired to see, their hopes so exceeded, that all former woes were abolished, and they emboldened to nothing but revenge. The rest of the Knights that came with S. David, perceiving their forces and numbers to encrease, purposed a present on set, and to draw themselves befoze their Enemies, which lay incamped amongst the mountains, with such strength and policy, that hard it was to make an Assault.

Whereupon the Noble Champion, being then their Generall and leader, called his Captaines together, and with a bold courage said as followeth:

Now is the time, brave Partisallists, or never, to be Canonized the Heroes of Fame: this is the day of dignity or dishonour, an Enterprize to make us ever live, or to end our names

The Second Part of the

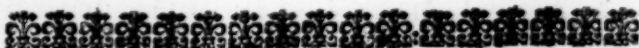
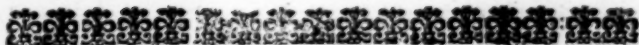
names in obscurity: let not chill fear, the Cowards companion, pull us back from the golden Throne where the Ambitious should sit in glory deservedly: we are to trample in a field of death and dead mens bones, and to buckle with an Enemy of great strength, a Wigan power that seeks to over-run all Christian Kingdomes, and to wash our Cambrian fields with innocent blood. To Armes, I say, brave followers, I will be the first to give death the onset, and for my Colonies or Ensigne doe I weare upon my Burgonet (you see) a green Lake beset with Gold, which shall (if we win the Widow) hereafter be an Honour unto Wales, and on this day, being the first of March, be so ever woyn by the Welsh-men in remembrance hereof: which words were no sooner spoken by the Champion, but all the Rogall Army of every degree and calling got themselves the like Recognizance, which was each of them a green Lake upon their Huts or Heabers, which they wore all the time of the Battell, and by that means the Champions followers were known from the others. This was not long a going before Saint David and his Companies beheld descending from the Mountaines, an Army of Wigans, as it seemed numberlesse, people of such mighty stature, whose sights might even have daunted their noble resolutions, had not the brave Champion still animated them forward with Diligent encouragements. Time stayed not long ere the Battels joined, and the Wigans with their Iron Clubs and Bats of Steele, so layd about them, that had not our Christian Army been preserved by miracle, such a slaughter had been made of the Champions and the Knights, that well might have caused the whole World to wonder at.

But the Duenn of Chance so favoured Saint David and his followers, that what with their nimble Lances, keene Darts, and Arrows that from their quick Bowes, and Welsh Hooks in great abundance, the Sunne also lying in the Wigans faces, to their great disadvantage, that in short time the noble Champion wonnes the Widow. The ground lay all covered with mangled Carcasses, the Grass fields changed from green into red colour with the mingled blood that ran from Wound and in this mannered. A noble Policy was it for all our Christians in that Battell

Seven Champions of Christiendome.

to weare green Laks in their Bargonets for their Colours, be
which they were all known and preferred from the slaughter of
one anothers Swords, only Saint David himselfe excepted, who
being Vict., in the highest pride of his glory was last vanquished.
Oh unhappy fate, to cut off his Honour that was the only Dar-
ling of Honour! Help me Melpomene to bewaile his losse, that
having worne almost his deare life, a life that the whole World
might well have misse of. Oh fatal! chance! for coming from
the battell, over heated in blood, a sudden cold congealed in all
his lifes members, that without recovery he was forced to yield
into death to the great griefe of all his Knights and Followers,
who for the space of forty dayes mourned for him in great hea-
viness, and after attended him unto his Grave with much sorowe.

Which being done, in the Honour of his Name they ordained
a custome, that the day of his Victory should be canonized, and
called in all after Ages Saint Davids day, being holden still upon
the first of March, and in remembrance thereof, upon the same
day should likewise be worne by all well-willers to the same
Countrey, certain green Laks in their Hats, or on their
bosomes, in true honour of this noble Partisan, which is still
a playe worthy Custome in these our Northern Climates. wch
time beloved Soules we will now leaue sleeping in his Tomb
in peace, and go forward in our other intended Diuine Dis-
courses.



C H A P. XIX.

of Saint Denis was beheaded in his own Countrey, and how by a Miracle shewed at his death, the whole Kindome of France received the Christian Faith.

Saint Denis being the third in this our Pilgrimage of Death, was likewise desirous of the sight of his own Countrey, which he had not seen in many years, and purposing a toylsome Travell to the same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether willing to loose so noble a Champion: yet considering the desire of his mind, they quickly consented, wishing him the best well-wish of Knight-hood: and so parting, they to their Princely Pavillions, and he to his restless Journey, as well mounted, and as richly furnished with Habilliments of Knight-hood, as any Partisallist in all Arabia, in which Countrey he was then: but leaving that place, and to satisfy his desire, he travelled day by day toward the Kingdome of France, without any adventure worth reporting, till he arrived upon the borders of that faire Countrey that he had so long wished to behold. But no soile how false frowned: the welcome he expected was suddenly converted into a deadly hatred; for there was remaining in the French Kings favour a Knight of Saint Michaels Order who in former times hearing of the notable Adventures of this noble Champion Saint Denis, and reckoning this same to be a disparagement to his Knight-hood and the rest of that Order, conspired to betray him, and to bring all his former Honours with his life to a small overthrow.

Whereupon, this envious Knight of Saint Michaels, goes unto the King (being as then a Wagon Wynde, one that had no true knowledge of the Deity) and said, that there was come into his Kingdome a strange Knight, a false Believer, one that in time would deprive the love of his Subjects from him, to the worship of a strange God: and that in despite of him and his Countrey, he would establish a falsified opinion: and that he wore upon his breast the Christians Crosse, with many other things contrary to the Lawes of his Kingdome.

Seven Champions of Christendome.

Upon these also said false Informations, the King greiv so enraged, that without any more consideration, he caused the good Knight Saint Denis, to be attached in his Bed-chamber, other- while a scope of the best Knights in all France had not been sufficient to bring him answer to the Kings presence: before whom being no sooner come, but with more than humane fury, without cause he adjudged him speedy death, and by Martfall Law (without any further Tryall) to receive the same.

The good Champion Saint Denis, even in death having a most noble resolution, nothing at all dismayed, & knowing his cause to be good, and that he should suffer for the same of his sweet Redeemer, he most willingly excepted of the same judgement, saying: Most mighty, but yet cruell King, think not but this thy exceeding Cruelty will be requited in a strange manner: thy sentence I take with much joy, in that I die for him who Colours I have worn from mine Infancy, and thus my death sets up the obligation of all my comforts. And then sweet Country where I first took life, receive it again as a Legacy due unto thee: for this my blood which here I offer up into thy bosome, is the best gift I can bestow upon thee, Farewell Knight-hood, farewell honourable Adventures and Princely Achievements. Never may this daimelle Temptandis Weapon more in the Honour of the Christians Crosse: for death awaitseth at my back to cut off all such noble hopes, and I by Cruelty am betrayed therunto.

These speeches being uttered, he was forced to stand silent, and in the presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yield his body to the fatal stroke, where his head being layd upon the Block, was by a base Executioner quickly dismembered from the rest of his manly members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion libelless, but the Elements, beset with cloudy exhalations, sent down such a terrible Thunder-clab, that struck presently dead the Knight of St. Michael that accused him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attachment, at which strange and fearfull spectacle the King himself grew so amazed, that he deemed him to be a Blessed Creature, and that he had suffered wrongfully, and how his cause for which he so willingly rendred up his life, was the true cause, which all must have a desire to die in. Wherefore incontinent from a Pagan, the King turned Christian, and caused the same to be proclaimed thorough all his Dominions, ordaining Churches to be built in remembrance of this great man. And likewise in the place where he suffered, he caused with all speed to be built an Hermitage of relief, for poor Pilgrims to find succour in, and such as travelled in the Honour of that God, in whose Name this good Champion dyed. Thus received France the true Faith, in which we leave it flourishing, & speak of St. James the Spanish Champion, and how he dyed.



CHAP. XX.

Of the Tyrannous death that the Spanish Champion was put unto : and how God revenged the same in a strange manner : and of other things that hapned.



Err, gentle Reader, with a sad eye, prepare to geve entertainment to the dolorous manner of the Spanish Champions death, who by tyranny and cruell dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For age and Time, as upon the former, grew upon him, & so entebled his strength, that he was no longer able to manage the Adventures of Chivalry, nor fight the Battels of his Saviour : Wherefore resolving to spend

the remnant of his dayes in peace, he desired leave likewise to commit his fortunes to the Queen of Chance : which as the other was, he quickly obtained, and so leauing Constantinople, he put himself to sea toward the Countrey of his first being, not decked in his shining Armour, nor mounted on his Spanish Gannet : but now and bare in outward habit, though inwardly furnished with Gold and Jewels of an inestimable value, which he had sowed up in the patches of a russet Garberdin, the better to travell with : where instead of a bright shining Curle-Are, his Pilgrims Staffe served him to walk with, and for his Burgonet of glistering Steel, he covered his Head (now as white as Whistledown with Age) with a Hat of gray colour, bzoached with a broad Scallop-shell, his Princely Lodgings were changed to green pastures, and his Canopies to the Skies azure covering, where the Nightingale and Lark told the times passage. These were now his best contents and comforts, that Time and Age bestowed upon.

Seven Champions of Christendome.

In which manner travelling many a day and night, giving still as he went the poor and needy, such small pieces of Silver as he well could spare; he arrived at last upon the Confinnes of Spain: wherein Honour of that God, for whom he had foughten so many Battels, he builed up at his own charge a most sumptuous Chappell, to this day bearing the name of St. Iaques Chappel: and for the maintenance thereof purchased others Lands adjoining: with Ministers to sing day & night therein Alleluiah to his Redeemer.

This Celestial gift and gloriou: Customs so prepared, begot such love of the meaner sort of People, that they esteemed him more than a man, with a reverence of such regard bestowed upon him, that the very name of this noble Champion won greater admirations than the high Tittles of their Countreys King, who being then a cruel Tyrant, and a proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government, grew so envious thereat, that he caused good St. Iaques, with the whole Quire of his celestial Singers, to be closed up together in the Chappel which the Champion had erected, and so starved them to death. Oh bloody butchery, and inhumane cruelty: a death of more terrors than ever was heard of. Nero in ripping up his Mothers Womb to see the Beo of his Creation, was not half so cruel. But to be short, hunger prebailled, and they dead, their bodies putrified and in time consumed away to dust and mould, whereupon the Lord to shew how they died in his service, and the love of Heaven, inflicted such a light in the Chappel, that it shined day and night with such a glorious Brightness, as if it had been the glorious Pallace of the Sun: and likewise continually was heard therein (though no Creature remaining) such a quire of melodious Harmony, as if it had been the sound of Celestial Musick. Which strange pleasures both to the eyes & ears, bred so great an amazement to the whole Countrey, that all with a common consent, accused their King for the Tyrannous putting to death of these good men so cruelly murdered: but especially the noble St. Iaques, that they purposed to hold him for their Countreys Saint & Champion till the Worlds dissolution. The proud King perceiving now his own rashness, and his Commons hate against him for this deed doing, took such an inward conceit of grief, that without taking any sword or er, he languished away and died: Thus have you heard the Tragedy of the Spanish Champion, whom we likewise commit to the sweet slaps of Eternity, and pass on further to more deathful Accidents.

The second Part of the



CHAP. XXI.

Of the Honourable and worthy death of the *Italian* Champion, hew in the height of pleasure in his own countrey, death by a Propheticke seized upon him.



After all these aforesaid proceedings, Nature the common nurse of us all, so wrought in the heart of St. Anthony the Champion for Italy, that he undertook the next Tragical Enterprize, and leaving St. George with St. Andrew, resting their crazed bones in the Emperours Court of Constantinople, where they lately atcheded so many prizes of knight hood, he took his journey towards Italy, and knowing by the course of nature, that his days were not many, purpose there to set up his liues rest, and in death to finish up all Earthly troubles. So comming after long Journey to the City of Rome, where the Emperour Domitian kept his Court, and the City being then in her chiefest pomp and gloze, wone great desire in the Champions mind to see the Monuments of the same.

So upon a morning going from his Lodging, he walked up and down the streets with great admiration, and set his eye with many delightful objects. First, with great wonder he stood gazing up on the Monuments that were erected in the Honour of all their famous Emperours, Consuls, Patrons, and Conquerours, things which yielded him great pleasure. The next thing that his eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve Sybels, a most miraculous building: in which Temple were all their Prophecies inscribed, as also the beginning and ending of the whole Catalogue of the Heathen Gods, as Mars, Iubiter, Saturn, Appollo, and such like, with their manner of worship. The next that he saw was the house of Remus and Romulus that builded Rome, a building of much worthiness. Next unto it stood an ancient Prison (an old rotten thing) where the man lay that was condemned to death, and could
have

seven Champions of Christendome.

hate his body come to him and succour him, but was searcht, yet
was kept alive a long space by sucking of his daughters breasts.
After this he saw Pompeys Theater, reputed one of the Five won-
ders of the World: the Emperour Nero's Tombe manifested
with disgrace, for the offence he did in setting Rome on fire. He
conclude, he spent many dayes in viewing the Martyrs Tombs,
and other Reliques brought from Ierusalem, Amongst many other
delightful sights, he came into a Chappel dedicated unto himself,
called The Honour of St. Anthony: wherein was portrayed in Al-
ablaster Pictures, the true formes of all the Champions of Christ-
endome, with the stories of all their Adventures, Combats, Tur-
naments, and Battels, their Imprisonments, Dangers, and En-
chantments, all Portrayed and Pictured up by Enchantments &
Witchcraft, whereupon ran a Prophecie, that the Patron of this
Chappel should ever live unconquered, and never embrace death.
till his eyes were witnesses of the same Portraytures to which in
golden Letters were subscribed over the Chappel Doze of En-
france. All which when St. Anthony had beheld, and knowing
by Inspiration himself to be the man, with a meek mind embraced
his obitery, and never after departed the Chappel, but remained
knelling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Pylons of
repentance to the eternal Deity, till pale Destiny had cut off the
threads of his old dayes.

And thus being converted to monke by earth, the Emperour caused
him to be Intombed in the same Chappel: and ever afterwards to
be set a magnificent Chair, in which Chair for many years after,
the Roman Conquerours received their Laurel rewards of Glor-
ious Victory, under whose Banner and Banner, even to this day they
make their Adventures: so with high Honour and Fame, both lives
and eyes this place was the Champion St. Anthony of Italy.



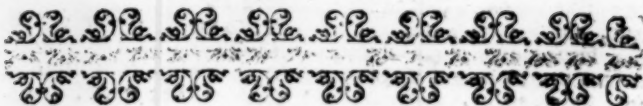
CHAP. XXII.

Of the Martyrdome of St. *Andrew* the Scottish Champion, and how his death was revenged by the King of that Countrey, and by what means *Scotland* was brought unto the Christian Faith.



Saint George and St. Andrew were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as it seemed, the dearest love remained between them two: but yet rusty Time, with his swift course would needs part them, and break this their united Fellowship. For the summons of Honour so animated the bold heart of the Scottish Champion, that he burned with desire to see his native Countrey, and to behold the place of his first being. For leaving Constantinople, only honoured with the presence of Saint George and his three Sons. in great sollicitude of mind he travaileth moneth by moneth, week by week, day by day, till Time and Fate set him happily in the Kingdoms of Scotland: where having not been in many years before, he received such entertainment as if he had been the greatest Emperour of the world: for all the Streets and Passages as he went, were furnished with people of the best regards, to give him a gracious welcome to his native home: especially the King himself, who for the love and honour he bore unto his Name and Knight-hood, lodged him in his own Palace, and proclaimed for his Noble welcome, a Princely Tournament to be holden for the space of fifteen daies: in which time all the Nobility and Martiall Knights of Scotland performed such well approved Achievements, that not Greece, Constantinople, Rome, nor Jerusalem could equal them in the least regard: but St. Andrew being now gotten Aged, and unapt for such Princely Encounters, sat as a beholder, censuring of the best deserber, and gave such due commendations as befit a gallant a Company: and for a farewell of such

such time honoured Pastimes, he desired leaue of the King to re-
 part, and to spend the remnant of his life in private contemplati-
 ons, for the good of his Soule, and to wash away with the water
 of true penitence, all the blood he had spilt in his Treachery about
 the King, in the maintenance of his knight-hood: a request so rea-
 sonable, that the King could not refuse but give his consent. So
 taking leaue of his Majesty, and the rest of the Nobility and
 knights there present, he departed up to a Mountain farre re-
 mote from the Kings Court, under which by Nature was erected
 a Cave or hollow Vault, wherein he remained therein for the
 space of a year studying Divinity, and the commandes of his Re-
 deemer, Scotland being then a rude and Heathenish Countrey,
 where the common sort of people inhabited, by which means he
 was much admired, & suppose to be sent from some place unknown,
 as a Messenger to bring them evil tidings. And hereupon those
 misbelieving people by a common consent (taking him for some
 subtil Conspirer against their Pagan Gods, which as then they
 worshipped) put him secretly to death, and after cutting off his
 Head in hope of Reward, bore it to the King, deeming they done a
 Deed of much deserved commendations. Which inhumane cruelty
 when the King saw, with much grief he lamented the loss of this
 good man, and with all speed in revenge of his death, raised a
 power of his best resolved knights of War, puttinge everyone to
 the sword, both man, woman, and child, that in any manner
 consented to the Champions Martyrdom: and after in proceesse of
 time, appointed a Monastery to be built in the same place where
 he died, causing the whole Kingdome to be brought in subjection to
 a quiet Government, and Christened in the right Belief of this
 holy Father. This was the last Deed of Saint Andrew, by whose
 death Scotland received the true Faith, in which it now remain-
 eth.



C H A P. XXIII.

Of the Adventure performed by Saint *George*: how he received his death by the sting of a venenous Dragon: and of the Honour, and Royalties done unto his Name, being Entitled our English Patron of Knight-hood.



NOW drops my weary Dose, so she is come unto her latest Tragedy; Saint *George* is summoned to the Bar of Death, where magnificent Honour stands ready to give his Name a Noble Renown to all ensuing Ages.

This illustrious Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the company of his three Sons Guy, Alexander & David, strange imaginations day by day possessed his mind, that he could not rest nor sleep: sometime supping his companions there in great distress: other while how they had won the chiefest goals of Honour, little needing his knightly service and assistance: sometimes one thing, sometimes another so molested him, that he must needs make his adventure to follow them. Whereupon calling his three Sons together, he went to the Grecian Emperor and requested that they might all four depart with his leave & liking, for knightly Adventures had challenged them all to appear in some foreign Region where noble Achievements were to be performed; but where and in what Countrey his Destiny had not yet revealed to him. So furnishing them all four in Habillments of shining Steel, they left Constantinople, as it were guided by fate, untill they came into England, then called Brittain, whose chalky Cliffs Saint *George* had not seen in twice twelve years, and now embracing with a sweet embracement of his native Countrey, he gave his three Sons therein a most joyfull welcome,

welcome, shewing them (to their great comfort) the happy
 situation of the Towns and Cities, and the pleasant prospects of the
 fields as they passed, until they came within the sight of the City
 Coventry, where he was born, & received his first being: upon whose
 glistering Minnacles no sooner calling his eyes sight, but the Inha-
 bitants interrupted his pleasurable Delights with a dolefull re-
 port, how upon Dunsmore-Heath, as then, remained an Infectious
 Dragon, that so annoyed the Countrey, that the Inhabitan-
 ts thereabouts could not passe the Heath without great danger: and
 how that fifteen Knights of the Kingdome had already lost their
 lives in adventuring to suppress the same. Also giving him coun-
 derstand of a Prophecie, That a Christian Knight never born of
 Woman, should be the destroyer thereof, and his Name in after Ages
 for accomplishing the Adventure, should be holden for an eternall
 Honour to the Kingdome. S. George no sooner hearing thereof,
 and what wrongs his native Countrey received by this Infecti-
 ous Dragon, and knowing himself to be the Knight, grew so en-
 couraged, that he purposed presently to put the Adventure in tryal,
 and either to free his Countrey from so great danger, or to finish his
 dayes in the attempt: so taking leave of his Sons and the rest
 there present, he rode forward with as noble a spirit, as he did in
 Egypt, when he there combated with the burning Dragon. So
 coming to the middle of the Plain, where his infectious enemy
 lay couching the ground, in a deep Cive, who by a strange in-
 stinct of nature knowing his death to draw near, made such a gel-
 ling noise, as if the Element had burst with Thunder, or the Earth
 had thock with a terrible Erhalation, so coming fram his
 Den, and spying the Champion, he ran with such fury against
 him, as if he would have debounced both man and horse in a mo-
 ment, but the Champion being quick and limble, gave the Dra-
 gon such way, that he mist him, and with his sting ran full two
 foot into the Earth: but recovering, he turn'd again with such rage
 upon Saint George, that he was almost bane his horse ober and o-
 ber, but that the Dragon having no stay of his strength, fell with
 his backfeet downward upon the ground, and his feet upward, where-
 at the Champion taking advantage kept him still down with his
 horse standing upon him, fighting as you see in the Picture of
 Saint George, with his Lance goring him thorow in divers parts
 of the body; and with all contrariwise the Dragons sting annoyed
 the good Knight in such sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slain
 and he was tread in his Venemous Gore, but Saint George likewise
 took his death wound by the deep C.okes of the Dragons sting.

which he received in divers parts of his Body, and blew in such abundance, that his strength began to enfeeble, and grow weak, yet retaining the true Nobleness of mind, valiantly returned thence to the City of Coventry, where his three Sons with the whole Inhabitants stood without the Gates in great royalty to receive him, and to give him the Honour that belonged to so worthy a Conqueror, who no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dragons Head which so long had annoyed the Countrey, but took with the abundance of blood that issued from his deep wounds, and the long bleeding without stopping the same, he was forced in his Sons Armes to yield up his breath, for whom his three Nobly Sons long lamented, making the greatest moan that ever was made many Kingdoms, and again they were so concerned with the grief of the whole Countrey, that all the Land from the King to the Shepherds, mourned for him for the space of a Month: which heavy time being ended, the King of this Countrey being a Vertuous and Noble Prince, Advanced Saint George's three Sons to Noble Offices: first, the eldest of them named Guy, to be Earle of Warwick, and high Chamberlain of his Household. Then next named Alexander, according to his name, to be Captain General of his Knights of Chivalry. And the youngest named David, to be his Cupbearer: and Controller of all his Revels and Delights. And likewise in remembrance of their Noble Father the Christian Champion, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemn Procession about the Kings Court, by all the Princes and chief Nobles of the Countrey, upon the 22. day of Aprill, naming it Saint George's Day, upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the City where he was born, and caused a stately Monument to be erected in Honour of him, though now by the ruines of Time defaced and abolished. He likewise decreed by the consent of the whole Kingdom, that the Patron of the Land should be named Saint George, our Christian Champion, in that he had fought so many battels in the Honour of Christendome. All which we see (with many more Honours) to this day here maintained in remembrance of this good Knight, who (no doubt) resteth in eternall peace with the other renowned Champions of Christendome: so God grant we may do all. Amen.

